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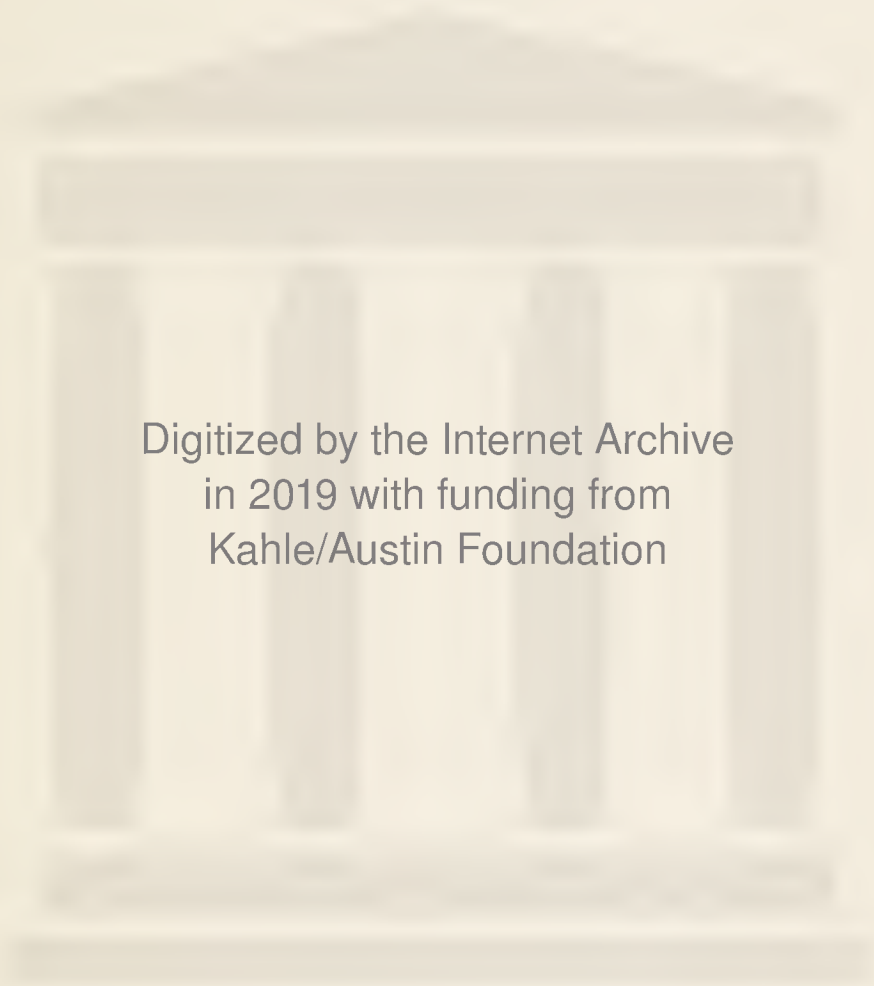
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THE COURT OF ENGLAND

VOLUME IX.

Memoirs of the Court of England

FROM THE REVOLUTION IN 1688 TO THE DEATH OF GEORGE THE SECOND.

BY JOHN HENEAGE JESSE

IN FOUR VOLUMES

VOLUME III.

PRINTED FOR

FRANCIS A. NICCOLLS & CO.

BOSTON

80342

DA420 .J59 v.3

EDITION DE LUXE.

Limited to One Thousand Copies.

No. 670

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THE COURT OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER I.

CHARLES MORDAUNT, EARL OF PETERBOROUGH.

Lord Peterborough's Romantic and Adventurous Turn of Mind — His Birth — Embarks for Tangiers — Joins the Prince of Orange at The Hague, and Is Subsequently Appointed a Lord of the Bedchamber and First Lord Commissioner of the Treasury — Created Earl of Monmouth — Serves under King William — Engaged in an Intrigue against the Duke of Ormond and Lord Orford — Publishes an Attack against the Duke — Committed to the Tower in Consequence — His Publication Burned by the Common Hangman — Succeeds to the Earldom of Peterborough — Gets into Favour with Queen Anne — Anecdote of the Earl Related by Richardson — The Earl's Contempt for Appearances — His Letter to Pope — His Admiration of Penn the Quaker — Accompanies him to Pennsylvania — His Character as a Letter Writer — Specimen of His Poetry — His Literary Society — Pope's Account of His Last Illness — His Singular Letter to Lady Suffolk — His Death — Sketch of His Person — His Autobiography Suppressed by His Widow.

LORD PETERBOROUGH appears to have been the last of that peculiar class of heroes who mingled, with an almost romantic courage and a Quixotic

love of adventure, a taste for literature and a devotion to poetry and the fine arts. To these qualities may be added a chivalrous admiration of the fair sex, an agreeable figure, and a graceful wit. He was formed in the same mould as Lord Herbert of Cherbury, Sir Kenelm Digby, and the Admirable Crichton, and if the days of chivalry be indeed over, they may be said to have expired with the hero of Barcelona and the accomplished courtier of Queen Anne.

Charles, eldest son of John, first Viscount Mordaunt, was born in 1658. He was descended from an ancient family, his ancestor, Sir Osbert le Mordaunt, having accompanied William the Norman to England, and having been rewarded with a grant of land by the Conqueror. His family appear to have ever devotedly attached themselves to the service of their sovereign; and during the civil wars, both his father, Lord Mordaunt, and his uncle, the Earl of Peterborough, having zealously supported the royal cause, were declared traitors by the Parliament, and deprived of their estates. They both figured in their generations as gallant, but profligate men; in addition to which the circumstance of their professing the Roman Catholic religion rendered them peculiarly obnoxious during the rule of the Puritans. Their gallantry and their profligacy appear to have been the only qualities which descended from them to their illustrious relative. Rejecting those preju-

dices in favour of passive obedience, which had long been the characteristic of his race, he seems to have regarded with equal contempt the principle of non-resistance and the doctrine of transubstantiation. In the one case, he deserted the fortunes of King James for those of King William; and in the other, rejected the tenets of the Church of Rome to profess himself a deist.

Of the youthful days of Lord Peterborough we know little beyond his own confession, that he had been guilty of three capital crimes before he was twenty.[1] In 1675, at the age of seventeen, he succeeded his father as Viscount Mordaunt; and on the 4th of June, 1680, embarked with Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, and the Earl of Plymouth, for Tangiers, where he distinguished himself in some encounters with the Moors. He served also in his youth under Admirals Byng and Narborough against the Algerines.

During the brief reign of James the Second, Lord Mordaunt joined in the secret intrigues against the government of that monarch, and is said to have been the first of the English nobility who invited the Prince of Orange to England. He afterward joined the prince at The Hague, and accompanied him during his expedition to England; on which occasion, according to Burnet,

[1] One of these vaunted crimes was probably the share which he had in the intrigues of Algernon Sidney and Lord Russell, the former of whom he accompanied to the scaffold.

it was solely owing to his advice that the prince was induced to land his forces in the west. His services met with an adequate reward. William, almost immediately after his being called to the throne, appointed him a lord of the bedchamber, a member of the Privy Council, and first lord commissioner of the treasury. At the same time, on the 9th April, 1689, he was created Earl of Monmouth, and the following month was appointed lord lieutenant and custos rotulorum of the county of Northampton.

During the reign of King William, there occurs little in Lord Mordaunt's history worthy of record. He served, however, under that monarch in Flanders during the campaign of 1692, and, in 1697, we find him engaged in a disgraceful attempt to suborn the unfortunate Sir John Fenwick, to accuse the Duke of Ormond and Lord Orford of a design of restoring King James. About the same time, conjointly with Doctor D'Avenant, he published an attack against the Duke of Ormond, under the name of Smith. The share which he had in this transaction subsequently transpired, and his conduct met with the punishment which it deserved. He was committed a prisoner to the Tower; the House of Peers ordered the book to be burned by the common hangman; and the Commons declared it to be a scandalous attempt to breed dissensions between the king and his best friends. The

same year (1697) he succeeded, by the death of his uncle, to the Earldom of Peterborough.[1]

On the accession of Queen Anne, he once more found himself in favour at court, and was reappointed lord lieutenant of the county of Northampton, and on the 27th of March, 1705, was readmitted to the Privy Council. It was at this period that he was afforded a proper stage for displaying that military genius and romantic daring for which his character is principally conspicuous. The English government having determined to land forces in Spain, for the purpose of expelling Philip the Fifth from the throne of that country, and of securing the accession of Charles the Third, the command of the expedition was entrusted to the Earl of Peterborough. At the same time, he was appointed joint admiral of the fleet, with Sir Cloudesley Shovel, with whom he sailed from England the 24th of May, 1705.

The expedition having, in the first instance, touched at Lisbon, for the purpose of taking on board King Charles, eventually effected a landing in the Bay of Barcelona. The pen and the sword of Lord Peterborough were immediately put in requisition. With the former he composed mani-

[1] In a letter dated the 13th of May in this year, he is spoken of as "talking only of following the plough, and his wife of being a dairy woman." His uncle, whose heir he was, died on the 19th of the following month, which probably altered his views.

festoes, which had a powerful effect in exciting the inhabitants in his favour, while, with the latter, he performed a series of exploits only to be paralleled in the pages of romance. His first attempt was on Fort Montjovi, which commands the city of Barcelona, which he took, sword in hand, at the head of a thousand men, notwithstanding the place had hitherto been regarded as impregnable. Of this exploit, which, unfortunately, cost the Prince of Darmstadt his life, we find the following notice in the *London Gazette:* "Our men, who were with the Prince of Darmstadt, upon his Highness's being killed, began to give ground, but the Earl of Peterborough came immediately, and rallied them; and, being animated by his lordship's presence and example, they beat the enemy into the fort, and lodged themselves in all the outworks." The capture of this place, as a necessary consequence, led to the capitulation of Barcelona, into which town Charles the Third made his entrance in triumph.

From this period, success followed success, and one feat of chivalry succeeded another, till, in an incredibly short space of time, Lord Peterborough found himself in possession of Catalonia, Valencia, Arragon, and Majorca, with a considerable part of Murcia and Castile. Valencia he overran and conquered with a force amounting to only two hundred and eighty horse and nine hundred foot. It has been objected to him, in his capacity of

general, that his exploits were but "happy temerities;" that he possessed neither the genius nor the prudence to command a large army; and that, though he undoubtedly arrived at extraordinary results with very inadequate means, yet that his successes were owing rather to a happy combination of circumstances, and to the chivalrous spirit which he had infused into his men, than to any superiority of military talent.

There may, possibly, be some truth in these objections. Nevertheless, the world will ever regard that man as a hero, who, during a long series of splendid exploits, never despatched a hundred men on an expedition without accompanying them himself, and, moreover, we can scarcely fail to award him the merit of being a great general, when we consider that, though at the head of only ten thousand men, he drove Philip the Fifth and the French army out of Spain, the forces of the latter being nearly treble his own.

It was consequent on these extraordinary successes that the Earl of Galway was enabled to advance, without opposition, to Madrid, and that Charles the Third had an opportunity of fixing himself at the Escurial. Unfortunately, however, Charles hesitated to follow up his good fortune, and, by his refusal to proceed to the capital, as well as by his conduct on other occasions, seems to have occasioned great annoyance to the English general.

To the Duchess of Marlborough, Peterborough writes in July, 1706: "Your Grace has, before this can come to your hands, heard of my Lord Galway's being at Madrid, but will wonder, when I tell you, we cannot prevail with the King of Spain to go thither; and his wise ministers have thought fit to defer it from the time it was possible, at least two months, if some accident do not prevent it for ever. I might, before now, have sent your Grace letters from thence, and the king have passed thither without difficulty or danger; and three several councils of war had resolved his Majesty's march by Valencia, when I was forced to make a siege, and take Requens to clear his way, which, when done, he is advised to take another, contrary to all I could write, or the Portuguese ambassador and the queen's envoy could say. Her Majesty's happy stars and our good luck may prevent accidents; but I cannot but lament to your Grace the trying such dangerous experiments. Your Grace has not been without some great mortifications of this kind, when the want of power has prevented the amazing successes which always attended the Duke of Marlborough when at liberty; but mine of this kind are eternal, and no history ever produced such an everlasting struggle of the ministers against the interest of their master."

Throughout his Spanish campaign, Peterborough no less distinguished himself by his romantic gal-

lantry than by his humanity to the inhabitants and his even-handed justice. When at Barcelona, he restored to the citizens the property of which they had been plundered by the troops of the Prince of Hesse, while, on the other hand, a Spaniard having killed a British officer, he hung the offender at the knocker of his own door.[1] His disinterestedness was no less remarkable. Far from attempting to enrich himself at the expense of his country, he was extremely frugal of the public money, and when compensation was offered him for the loss of his baggage, valued at £8,000, he positively refused the proffered indemnification, insisting only that his army should be supplied with corn, of which it stood in need.

His love of women, indeed, was carried beyond all bounds; and Spain, a country so proverbially famous for beauty and intrigue, afforded him opportunities enough of indulging in this passion. Many years afterward, he writes to the famous Countess of Suffolk, then the professed idol of his affections: "The Spanish ladies, of all others, have the most noble and reasonable sentiments of love. From the queen, down to the maid of honour, they all accept of a profession of love with a decent gratitude; they never pretend to scorn or reprove a lover, but will thank and — refuse. They know how to make themselves understood;

[1] He once said to Pope, speaking of General Cadogan, that, after all, "A general was but a hangman-in-chief."

but then they expect to be obeyed, and not importuned. The unhappy admirer must acquiesce upon the first hint; he soon perceives his good or bad destiny. If it be a man the lady esteems, he commonly becomes her confessor, and she gives him the best excuse, owning she likes elsewhere. As this justifies the lady, it probably may cure the lover; and thus wounds (if curable) are healed without rancour against the fair one who innocently gave them." A characteristic story is related of Lord Peterborough, that, during his Spanish campaign, a beautiful woman having taken refuge in a convent, he ordered artillery to be pointed against the walls in order that, by frightening her forth, he might obtain a view of her person.

Whatever may have been the causes of difference between Lord Peterborough and Charles the Third, certain it is that the former was recalled from the scene of his glory in consequence of the charges preferred against him by the Spanish monarch. These charges were afterward investigated in the House of Lords, when not only were they declared to be utterly unfounded, but the House voted that "during the time he had the command of the army in Spain, he performed many great and eminent services, for which he had the thanks of their House." The lord chancellor addressed him in a most flattering speech, in which his "wonderful and amazing success," his "per-

sonal bravery and conduct," and his "wise counsels" are dwelt upon in the most glowing language. "My lords," said Lord Peterborough, in reply, "for the great honour and favour I have received from your lordships, I return my most humble thanks, with a heart full of the truest respect and gratitude. No service can deserve such a reward. It is more than a sufficient recompense for my past hardships, and to which nothing can give an addition. I shall endeavour in all my future actions not to appear unworthy of the unmerited favour I have this day received from this great assembly." According to Lord Lansdowne, immediately after quitting this splendid scene, he ordered his coach to stop at a poulterer's shop, where he alighted and purchased a fowl for his dinner.

During the years 1710 and 1711, Lord Peterborough was employed in various embassies at Vienna, Turin, and the Italian courts. So rapid were his movements at this period, that it was said of him that he had seen more kings and more postilions than any man in Europe. Swift writes to him, about this time, that, not knowing where to address his letters, instead of writing to him, he wrote at him. In the closet he appears to have exercised the same expedition with his pen; indeed, so wonderful is said to have been his despatch of business, that, according to an eye-witness, he was able to dictate to nine different amanuenses, on as many different subjects, at the same time.

This circumstance was related by Pope to Spence. "Lord Peterborough," said Pope, "could dictate letters to nine amanuenses together, as I was assured by a gentleman who saw him do it, when ambassador at Turin. He walked about his room and told each in his turn what he was to write. One, perhaps, was a letter to the emperor, another to an old friend, a third to a mistress, and a fourth to a statesman, and so on; and yet he carried so many and so different connections in his head all at the same time."

His civil services appear to have been rewarded more liberally than his military. On his return to England in 1712, he was appointed colonel of the horse guards, and general of marines, and on the 4th of August, 1713, was created a Knight of the Garter. At the close of the year he was sent ambassador to the King of Sicily, at whose court he remained till the death of Queen Anne. Two years after that event, while wandering among the Italian states, we find him arrested at Bologna, by order of the papal legate, on a charge of intending to assassinate the Pretender. His innocence was easily proved, and on his speedy release from prison, not only was every reparation offered by the papal government for the indignity, but it was questioned whether the English fleet would not receive orders to avenge it.

Originally, a friendly feeling had existed between the Duke of Marlborough and Lord Peter-

borough, which ceased, however, as soon as they became rivals for fame. Shortly after the accession of Queen Anne, the latter had been named for the appointments of Captain-General of the plantations of America, and Governor of Jamaica, but owing to a remonstrance of the Duke of Marlborough, that it was unadvisable to confide such important trusts to a man whose temper was so uncertain, and whose passions were so headstrong, the government excused themselves from fulfilling their intentions. The duke's share in this transaction not improbably rankled in the mind of Peterborough; for though we still find him corresponding in friendly terms with the Duchess of Marlborough, yet, not long afterward, he openly opposed the measures of the duke in Parliament, and latterly is said to have spoken of him with contempt.

Generally speaking, the animosities of the Duchess of Marlborough were those of her husband, and, consequently, the seeds of dissension were no sooner sown between Peterborough and her lord than the hero of Barcelona became an object of the most virulent abuse. Her invectives are, on all occasions, amusing from their cordiality, and in the case of her old friend, Lord Peterborough, are not a little curious. Speaking of him conjointly with Lord Rivers,[1] she says: "It is

[1] Richard Savage, fourth Earl Rivers. He married Penelope, daughter of John Downs, Esq., of Wardley, in Lancashire, and

hardly worth while to mention two lords, who, being discontented that favours and rewards were not heaped upon them by the ministry, became mere tools to promote the designs of their enemies. The one was Lord Rivers, a man scandalous and vile in his character to a very low degree, of no better reputation than a common cheat or pickpocket, having robbed his own father, and gone under the name of Tyburn Dick for many years. The other was Lord Peterborough, a man who, to the same vileness of soul, had joined a sort of knight-errantry that made up a very odd sort of composition; one who had wasted his fortune and worn out his credit, and had nothing left but so much resolution and so little honour, as made him capable of anything they had to put upon him."

Even after the death of Queen Anne, when the interests of Peterborough and her husband no longer clashed, and when both of these celebrated men were treated with equal indifference by the new monarch, the duchess expresses herself not a little provoked at the earl entering her drawing-room with the same ease and unconcernedness as if their interests had ever been the same, and as if he had never been the opponent of her illustrious lord. For instance, on one of his early letters to

died without leaving male issue, in 1712. On the death of his kinsman and successor, John, fifth Earl Rivers, the earldom became extinct.

her, we find the following very curious endorsement in her own handwriting: "This lord made speeches against the Duke of Marlborough in Parliament when he served my Lord Oxford's Abigail,[1] and since the queen's death he comes to me and talks as if he had always been of our interest and of our opinion." It would seem by this passage that the rancour of the duchess originated quite as much in his having espoused the cause of Mrs. Masham as in his having been the maligner of the duke. To have been the enemy of her husband might have been forgiven; but to have been the confidant of her detested rival was, in the mind of the acrimonious duchess, a crime the most heinous that could possibly have been committed.

An anecdote is recorded of Lord Peterborough, which, while it displays the quickness of his wit, shows how ready he was to exercise it at the expense of his illustrious contemporary, the Duke of Marlborough. At the time when the latter was in the height of his unpopularity, a mob, mistaking Lord Peterborough for the duke, gathered rather tumultuously around his chair, and began to threaten him with personal violence. "Gentlemen," said the earl, "I can convince you, for two reasons, that I am not the Duke of Marlborough. In the first place, I have only five guineas in

[1] Abigail Hill, the celebrated Mrs. Masham.

my pocket, and, in the second, they are heartily at your service."

In a letter dated the 23d of January, 1697, from James Vernon, secretary of state to King William, to the Duke of Shrewsbury, there is an amusing account of one of Lord Peterborough's early adventures :

"Sir John Talbot," says Vernon, "came to me last night upon a very remarkable occasion which he had in the morning communicated to my lord keeper; and it is thus: One Talbot tells him he has had a pretty long acquaintance with one Brown, whom he knew a student in the Temple, where his father made him reasonable allowance till his estate came to be forfeited; and since that time he has lived by play, sharping, and a little on the highway. This man, with three or four more, set upon my Lord Monmouth last summer. The account he gives of it is that they took from him his hat, sword, periwig, a ring he had on his finger, and six shillings in money, which was all he had.

"My lord, making them a compliment, that by their behaviour they looked like gentlemen, and to take that course only out of necessity, and therefore desired to know how he might place ten guineas upon them. They immediately gave him all his things again, except the six shillings which he would not take. The guard from Chelsea college coming to the hedge-side about that time,

and firing upon them, they told my lord they should be obliged to mischief him, if he did not call to the guard that there were none but friends, which he did, and bid his coach drive on.

"Sôme time after this, Brown made my lord a visit and told him his errand. My lord asked him how he durst venture himself in coming thither. He returned my lord his compliment, that he knew he was a man of honour, he came with assurance of what he had said to them, and those who were necessitated to lead his life ran great dangers elsewhere. My lord gave him a guinea or two, and encouraged his coming again, and after that he had frequent meetings with his lordship at some mistress's lodgings."

Of the hearty manner in which Lord Peterborough enjoyed a joke, the following anecdote is related by the younger Richardson. "The great Earl of Peterborough," he says, "who had much sense, much wit, and much whim, leaped out of his chariot one day on seeing a dancing-master with pearl-coloured silk stocking slightly stepping over the broad stones, and picking his way, in extremely dirty weather. He ran after him — who soon took to his heels — with his drawn sword, in order to drive him into the mud, but into which he of course followed himself."

From the period when Lord Peterborough ceased to figure as a soldier and a statesman, — or rather from the time when he was unable to

obtain employment from the state, — we find him solacing himself with the society of the wits of the period, and assuming a character for that kind of philosophy which affects a superiority to the common evils of life, and delights in laughing at coxcombs and fools. His utter contempt of the fops of the day, and of all outward appearances, seems to have carried him into the opposite extreme, slovenliness, and into a disregard for the decencies of life. His personal eccentricities, and especially his indifference to the common observances of society, are frequently alluded to by his contemporaries. Lady Hervey writes to Lady Suffolk from Bath, on the 7th of June, 1725: "Lord Peterborough is here, and has been so some time, though, by his dress, one would believe he had not designed to make any stay; for he wears boots all day, and, as I hear, must do so, having brought no shoes with him. It is a comical sight to see him with his blue ribbon and star, and a cabbage under each arm, or a chicken in his hand, which, after he himself has purchased at market, he carries home for his dinner."

The change which had taken place in Lord Peterborough's character — a change from the indulgence in headstrong passions to philosophical pursuits — is dwelt upon by him, apparently with much satisfaction, in one of his letters to Pope: "I must give you some good news," he writes, "with relation to myself, because I know you

CHARLES MORDAUNT EARL OF PETERBOROUGH

wish me well. I am cured of some diseases in my old age, which tormented me very much in my youth. I was possessed with violent and uneasy passion, such as a peevish concern for truth, and a saucy love for my country. When a Christian priest preached against the spirit of the gospel; when an English judge determined against Magna Charta; when a minister acted against common sense, I used to fret. Now, sir, let what will happen, I keep myself in temper. As I have no flattering hopes, I banish all useless fears."

Notwithstanding the anxiety which he professes in this passage that Christianity should be preached in its true spirit, Lord Peterborough is well known to have been a deist. He once paid a visit to the amiable Fenelon at the episcopal palace at Cambrai. After prolonging his stay for some weeks, he one day observed to the Chevalier Ramsay: "Upon my word, I must quit the archbishop as soon as I can; for if I stay a week longer, I shall be made a Christian of in spite of myself." He remarked on another occasion, in conversation with Pope: "One morning, I went to hear Penn preach; for 'tis my way to be civil to all religions." Such was his admiration of Penn, that he once accompanied the philanthropist across the Atlantic for the purpose of visiting his new colony of Pennsylvania, from whence he returned, highly gratified with its primitive enjoyments and admirable laws.

Horace Walpole observes of Lord Peterborough that he was "one of those men of careless wit and negligent grace, who scatter a thousand bon-mots and idle verses, which we painful compilers gather and hoard, till the owners stare to find themselves authors." The poetry of Lord Peterborough, however, is now deservedly forgotten, and his letters, for which he was once famous, have also been stripped of their celebrity. According to Pope, "he would say pretty and lively things in his letters, but they would be rather too gay and wandering." Swift also remarks on a letter which he had received from him: "He writes so well, I have no mind to answer him; and so kind that I must answer him." Even Walpole has condescended to praise his epistolary talents, observing that "four very genteel letters of his are printed among Pope's." Posterity, however, has recently had access to many private collections, and among the correspondence of the last century several letters of Lord Peterborough have seen the light. These, for the most part, are in the highest degree disappointing. Occasionally, indeed, we find a caustic remark; a well-turned though elaborate sentence; and something like an approach to humour. Whenever he addresses a woman, however, his compliments out-herod even the stately nonsense of the day; while his love-letters — of which several, addressed to Mrs. Howard, are inserted in the "Suffolk Correspondence" — are,

without a single exception, turgid, and often absurd.

Notwithstanding the slender claims of Lord Peterborough to the reputation of a poet, his character is in every respect so remarkable, that a single specimen of his poetical powers may not be unacceptable to the reader. The following verses, indeed, which he addressed to Mrs. Howard, the celebrated mistress of George the Second, are not without the merit which such trifles may claim, and are at least superior to the ponderous prose eulogiums which he addressed to the same lady:

"I said to my heart, between sleeping and waking,
'Thou wild thing that always art leaping or aching,
What black, brown, or fair, in what clime, in what nation,
By turns has not taught thee a pit-a-pat-ation?'

"Thus accused, the wild thing gave this sober reply:
'See, the heart without motion, though Celia pass by!
Not the beauty she has, not the wit that she borrows,
Give the eye any joys, or the heart any sorrows.

"'When our Sappho appears, — she, whose wit so refined
I am forced to applaud with the rest of mankind —
Whatever she says is with spirit and fire;
Every word I attend, but I only admire.

"'Prudentia as vainly would put in her claim,
Ever gazing on heaven, though man is her aim:
'Tis love, not devotion, that turns up her eyes —
Those stars of this world are too good for the skies.

"'But Chloe, so lively, so easy, so fair,
Her wit so genteel, without art, without care;
When she comes in my way — the motion, the pain,
The leapings, the achings, return all again.'

"O wonderful creature! a woman of reason!
Never grave out of pride, never gay out of season;
When so easy to guess who this angel should be,
Would one think Mrs. Howard ne'er dreamt it was she?"

There are two rather curious circumstances connected with these verses. In the first place, at the period when Lord Peterborough was thus addressing Mrs. Howard in the language of a lover, the one had attained to his sixty-fifth, and the other to her fortieth year. In the next place, Horace Walpole (whom we have seen speaking of himself as a "painful compiler" in regard to the "bon-mots and idle verses" of Lord Peterborough) falls into a strange error in recording the verses to Mrs. Howard. "This lord," he says, "wrote a ballad beginning, 'I said to my heart, between sleeping and waking.' He was also the author of those well-known lines, 'Who'd have thought Mrs. Howard ne'er dreamt it was she?'" The reader will have seen that Walpole has manufactured two poems out of one, having quoted the first and last line of the verses to Mrs. Howard, as the initial lines of two separate productions.

Lord Peterborough lived on the most intimate terms with Swift, Pope, Gay, and the many cele-

brated men who have immortalised the reign of Queen Anne as the Augustan age of England. By his contemporaries, he seems to have been both loved and admired; and it was no slight compliment to his talents that, though Pope spoke of him as "not near so great a genius" as Lord Bolingbroke, yet that he should for a moment have thought of coupling his idol and Peterborough in the same breath, thus indirectly implying that a comparison was possible. "I love the hang-dog dearly," was the remarkable encomium of Swift; and Pope once observed of him: "He has too much wit as well as courage to make a solid general."

Early in life Lord Peterborough had united himself to Carey, daughter of Sir Alexander Fraser, of Dotes, in Scotland. By this lady he had two sons, who seem to have shared the impetuous valour of their father, and who distinguished themselves in the service of their country; he had also one daughter, Henrietta, married to Alexander, second Duke of Gordon, the grandfather of the last duke of that title. Lady Peterborough died in May, 1709, and within eleven months from that event her husband had also occasion to bewail the loss of his two gallant sons. John, Lord Mordaunt, his eldest son, died of the smallpox on the 6th of April, 1710, surviving his younger brother, Henry, who died of the same disease, about six weeks.

In 1735, more than a quarter of a century after the death of his first wife, Lord Peterborough, at the age of seventy-seven, acknowledged his marriage with a beautiful singer, Anastasia Robinson. She was the daughter of a Mr. Robinson, a painter, whom she supported, in his old age, by singing at the opera and teaching music and the Italian language. Gay celebrates her vocal powers:

> "O soothe me with some soft Italian air,
> Let harmony compose my tortured ear!
> When Anastasia's voice commands the strain,
> The melting warble thrills through every vein.
> Thought stands suspended, silence pleased attends,
> While in her notes the heavenly choir descends."

Of the year in which they were married we have no record; indeed, it was only when broken down by disease, and when harassed by her repeated refusals to live under the same roof with him, unless he acknowledged her as his wife, that he was induced to make the confession to the world. When he proclaimed his weakness, it was in a very characteristic manner, by calling aloud in the rooms at Bath "for Lady Peterborough's chair," when the company immediately arose and congratulated her on her marriage. Their intercourse, however, must have been long notorious, for as many as twelve years before Lord Peterborough had horsewhipped a foreign singer, Senesino, at

a rehearsal, for some offence which he had given to Miss Robinson.[1]

For some years previous to his death, Lord Peterborough appears to have suffered acutely from disease in an aggravated form. Yet if mortal ever was superior to pain, it was this extraordinary man. "I am not afraid," he once observed, "I never saw occasion to fear." In October, 1730, at the age of seventy-two, he writes to Lady Suffolk, with something of his former gallantry: "It is certain you or none must have the credit of my recovery. The doctors have told me mine is an

[1] Lady Mary W. Montagu writes to her sister, the Countess of Mar, in 1723: "Would any one believe that Mrs. Robinson is, at the same time, a prude and a kept mistress? She has engaged half the town in arms, from the nicety of her virtue, which was not able to bear the too near approach of Senesino in the opera, and her condescension in her accepting of Lord Peterborough for a champion, who has signalised both his love and courage upon this occasion in as many instances as ever Don Quixote did for Dulcinea. Poor Senesino, like a vanquished giant, was forced to confess upon his knees that Anastasia was a nonpareil of virtue and beauty. Lord Stanhope, as dwarf to the said giant, joked on his side, and was challenged for his pains. Lord Delawar was Lord Peterborough's second; my Lady miscarried, — the whole town divided into parties on this important point. Innumerable have been the disorders between the two sexes on so great an account, besides half the House of Peers being put under arrest. By the providence of Heaven, and the wise cares of his Majesty, no bloodshed ensued. However, things are now tolerably accommodated, and the fair lady rides through the town in triumph, in the shining merlin of her hero, not to reckon the more solid advantage of £100 a month, which 'tis said he allows her."

inward pain; if so, I can have no cure from any other person. You blame me for seeking no remedies, and yet you know vain attempts of any kind are ridiculous. I have, some time since, made a bargain with fate to submit with patience to all her freaks; some accidents have given me a great contempt, almost a distaste of life. Shakespeare shall tell you my opinion of it:

> "'Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
> Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.
> Life is a walking shadow, — a poor player
> That frets and struts his hour upon the stage,
> And then is seen no more.'

Do not wonder, then, if the world is become so indifferent to me that I can even amuse myself with the thoughts of going out of it. I was writing, some days ago, a dialogue betwixt me and one that is departed before me; one that would have kept his promise to you, if possible. When the case falls out, Mr. Pope shall give it to you."

Pope has bequeathed us some very curious particulars respecting the last days of Lord Peterborough. "'Tis amazing," he says, "how Lord Peterborough keeps up his spirits under so painful and violent an illness as that he is afflicted with. When I went down to see him in Hampshire, a few weeks ago, I did not get to him till the dusk of the evening; he was sitting on his couch, and entertained all the company with as much life and

sprightliness of conversation as if he had been perfectly well; and when the candles were brought in, I was amazed to see that he looked more like a ghost than a living creature. Dying as he was, he went from thence to Bristol; and it was there that it was declared that he had no chance for a recovery, but by going through the torture of a very uncommon chirurgical operation, and that, even with it, there were a great many more chances against him than for him. However, he would go through it; and the very day after set out from Bristol for Bath, in spite of all that St. André and the physicians could say to him."

"It was some time after this," adds Spence, who continues the narrative, "that I saw him at Kensington; I was admitted into his *ruelle*, for he kept his bed, and everybody thought he would not last above five or six days longer, and yet his first speech to me was: 'Sir, you have travelled, and know the places; I am resolved to go to Lisbon or Naples.' That very day, he would rise to sit at dinner with us, and, in a little time after, actually went to Lisbon." Pope informs us that he seriously contemplated accompanying him, and when Spence remonstrated that it must be a melancholy thing to be constantly with a person in so distressing a condition, "That is true," he said; "but if you consider how I should have been employed in nursing and attending a sick friend, that thought would have made it agreeable." During his ill-

ness, Lady Peterborough is said to have attended him with unwearying kindness.

The chirurgical operation alluded to by Pope was the very painful one of being cut for the stone. He refused to be bound during the operation, and when the surgeon remonstrated with him on his obstinacy, "No, sir," he said, "it shall never be reported that a Mordaunt was seen bound: do your best, sir." He then desired to be placed in the position most favourable for using the knife, and underwent the agony without flinching. Three weeks afterward, he was at his own seat at Bevis Mount.

It was about this period that, at the age of seventy-seven, he addressed the following singular letter to Lady Suffolk, — a lady whom he had formerly addressed in the language of a lover, and with whom he still corresponded as a friend:

"BEVIS MOUNT,[1] July, 1735.

"MADAM: — I return you a thousand thanks for your obliging inquiry after my health. I struggle on with doubtful success; one of my strongest motives to do so is the hopes of seeing you at my cottage before I die, when you either go to Bath or to Mrs. Herbert's.

[1] The seat of Lord Peterborough, in Hampshire. Horace Walpole writes to Richard Bentley, Esq., on the 18th of September, 1735: "Going into Southampton, I passed Bevismount, where my Lord Peterborough

"'Hung his trophies o'er his garden gate;'

"In my most uneasy moments I find amusement in a book, which I therefore send you;[1] it is one of the most interesting I ever read. I had gathered to myself some notions of the character from pieces of history written in both extremes, but I never expected so agreeable and so fair an account from a priest. In one quarter of an hour, we love and hate the same person without inconstancy. One moment, the emperor is in possession of our whole heart, and the philosopher fully possessed of our soul; within four or five pages, we blush for our hero, and are ashamed of our philosopher.

"What courage, what presence of mind in danger! the first and bravest man in a Roman army; sharing with every soldier the fatigue and danger! The same animal hunting after fortune-tellers, gazing upon the flight of birds, looking into the entrails of beasts with vain curiosity; seeking for cunning women (as we call them) and silly men to give him an account of his destiny, and, if it can be believed, consenting to the high-

but General Mordaunt was there, and we could not see it: we walked long by moonlight on the terrace along the beach." Walpole's quotation, though somewhat mangled, is from a couplet of Pope, in which the poet was thought to allude to the entrance of Lord Peterborough's lawn at Bevismount:

> "Our generals now, retired to their estate,
> Hang their old trophies o'er the garden gate."

[1] Apparently, the "Life of Julian the Apostate," by the Abbé de la Bléterie, published in 1735.

est inhumanities in pursuit of magical experiments.

"Yet, when we come to the last scene, the most prejudiced heart must be softened. With what majesty does the emperor meet his fate! showing how a soldier, how a philosopher, how a friend of Lady Suffolk's ought — only with juster notions of the Deity — to die.

"The lady, the book, or both together, have brought me almost into a raving way; I want to make an appointment with you, Mr. Pope, and a few friends more, to meet upon the summit of my Bevis hill, and thence, after a speech and a tender farewell, I shall take my leap toward the clouds, as Julian expresses it, to mix amongst the stars; but I make my bargain for a very fine day, that you may see my last amusements to advantage.

"Wherever be the place, and whenever the time, I shall remain to the utmost possibility, etc., PETERBOROUGH."

It was observed of Lord Peterborough by Pope, that "he would neither live nor die like any other mortal." In his last illness he said, alluding to "Bishop Burnet's History of His Own Time," which had recently been published, "I would willingly live to give that rascal the lie in half his history." The work in question he carried with him when he departed for Lisbon, having already illustrated it with several marginal notes,

which, unfortunately, have never been permitted to see the light.

Lord Peterborough died on his passage to Portugal on the 25th day of October, 1735, in his seventy-eighth year. His remains were brought to England, and interred at the ancient seat of his family, Turvey, in Bedfordshire. He was succeeded in his titles by his grandson, Charles Mordaunt, in whose son, Charles Henry Mordaunt, fifth Earl of Peterborough, the earldoms of Peterborough and Mordaunt became extinct.

In person, Lord Peterborough was above the common height, but was so thin that Swift called him a skeleton. "He is a well-shaped thin man," says Macky, "with a very brisk look." The same writer adds: "He affects popularity, and loves to preach in coffee-houses and public places; is an open enemy to revealed religion; brave in his person; hath a good estate; does not seem expensive, yet always in debt, and very poor." There is extant a fine portrait of Lord Peterborough by Kneller.

The great Lord Peterborough, in addition to other literary compositions, was the author of his own memoirs, which his widow, unfortunately, suppressed. Literature must ever regret the loss of such a treasure. Lady Suffolk told Horace Walpole that Lord Peterborough had himself shown her as many as three volumes of his autobiography.

CHAPTER II.

FRANCIS ATTERBURY, BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

Educated at Westminster and Oxford — His Literary Attainments — Assists His Pupil, C. Boyle, in His Dispute with Bentley — His Jacobitism — His Letter to His Father — His Skepticism in Early Life — Enters into Holy Orders — Marries a Lady of Fortune — Appointed Chaplain in Ordinary to King William — Enters into a Controversy with Doctor Wake — Created Dean of Westminster and Bishop of Rochester — His Polemical Controversies — The Reputed Author of the Speech Made by Sacheverel on His Trial — George the First's Accession Fatal to Atterbury's Ambitious Hopes — His Disaffection — Committal to the Tower — Speaker Onslow's Character of Him — Public Sympathy for Atterbury — His Harsh Treatment in the Tower — His Letter to Pope — His Eloquent Speech on His Trial — Sentence Passed on Him — Trial of Strength between Atterbury and Sir R. Walpole during the Proceedings against the Former — Atterbury Quits England, and Resides Chiefly in Paris till His Death — Death of His Favourite Daughter — The Duke of Wharton's Poetical Address to Atterbury — Atterbury's Letter to Dicconson on His Daughter's Death — His Last Meeting with Her at Toulouse — His Death at Paris in 1731 — His Body Brought to England, and the Coffin Opened by Order of Government — His Interment in Westminster Abbey.

THIS elegant scholar and ambitious churchman was born on the 6th of March, 1662, at his father's

rectory at Milton-Keynes, near Newport-Pagnel, in Buckinghamshire. He was educated at Westminster school, from whence he was removed in 1680, to Christ Church college, Oxford, where he was indefatigable in his pursuit after knowledge, and very shortly distinguished himself by his classical attainments. As early as 1682, when only in his twenty-first year, he published a Latin version of Dryden's poem of "Absalom and Achitophel." He translated, also, about the same period, the two exquisite odes of Horace, "*Donec gratus eram tibi*" and "*Quem tu Melpomene semel*," of which odes Scaliger said that he would sooner have been their author than be King of Aragon. Like all others who have attempted the impossible task of translating Horace, Atterbury has, unquestionably, failed. His versification, however, is not without merit, and, as he is little known as a poet, a single specimen of his muse may not be unacceptable. We prefer giving the following trifle, which he is said to have addressed to the lady whom he afterward married:

"ON A LADY'S FAN.

"Flavia, the least and slightest toy,
Can with resistless art employ.
This fan, in meaner hands, would prove
The engine of small force in love;
Yet she, with graceful air and mien,
Not to be told, or safely seen,

Directs its wanton motions so,
That it wounds more than Cupid's bow;
Gives coolness to the matchless dame, —
To every other breast a flame."

In 1684 Atterbury took his degree of Bachelor of Arts, and in 1687 that of Master of Arts. In the latter year he published his "Considerations on the Spirit of Martin Luther, and the Original of the Reformation," and is said also to have materially assisted his pupil, Charles Boyle, afterward Earl of Orrery, in his spirited dispute with Bentley, as to the genuineness of the epistles of Phalaris. Atterbury appears to have instilled into the mind of his pupil not only his classical taste, but his Jacobite principles. When the bishop was committed a prisoner to the Tower, in 1722, on account of his presumed intrigues in the cause of the Pretender, he was shortly afterward joined by his old pupil, who was incarcerated on the same charge. The change which had taken place in their habits and principles could not fail to suggest very striking reflections to each of them. The academical seclusion of Christ Church was exchanged for the dangerous solitude of the Tower; the champion of Martin Luther and of the principles of the Reformation had enlisted in the cause of a Roman Catholic prince; while both tutor and pupil, instead of engaging in classical discussions on the bulls of Phalaris, found themselves far more deeply interested in the

proceedings of the Pretender and the bulls of the Pope.

Restless, turbulent, and ambitious; dissatisfied with the small credit to be derived by academical preëminence; wearied with conventual rules and habits, and with a society necessarily restricted to the narrow understandings proverbially generated by a collegiate life, the spirit of Atterbury fretted within the narrow limits of a cloister, and he looked about him for a wider sphere on which to exercise his talents, and for a communion with men whose intellectual faculties were more congenial with his own.

After a residence at the university of about ten years, he writes to his father from Oxford, 14th October, 1690: "My pupil (Mr. Boyle) I never had a thought of parting with till I left Oxford. I wish I could part with him to-morrow on that score, for I am perfectly wearied with the nauseous circle of small affairs, that can now neither divert nor instruct me. I was made, I am sure, for another scene and another sort of conversation, though it has been my hard luck to be pinned down to this. I have thought and thought again, sir, and for some years; now I have never been able to think otherwise, than that I am losing time every minute I stay here. The only benefit I ever propose to myself by the place is studying, and that I am not able to compass. Mr. Boyle takes up half my time, and I grudge it

him not, for he is a fine gentleman; and while I am with him, I will do what I can to make him a man. College and university business take up a great deal more; and I am forced to be useful to the dean in a thousand particulars; so that I have very little time."

Judging from the contents of the foregoing letter, it is, perhaps, not uncharitable to presume that, when Atterbury entered into holy orders the following year, the step was taken rather with a view to temporal aggrandisement, and as offering the means of escaping from the tedious thraldom of a college life, than from any laudable zeal for the sacred profession. We have the authority, indeed, of his friend Pope, that, though religion was afterward the boasted solace of Atterbury in his misfortunes, yet that in early life he was a skeptic. His skepticism, however, seems, at this time, to have been confined to his own breast, for it certainly proved no bar to his preferment. No sooner, indeed, did he appear in the metropolis, whither he seems to have hastened as offering the best stage on which to display his talents, than his extraordinary eloquence in the pulpit rapidly brought him into notice and repute. About this period, with the view of advancing his worldly interests, he married a lady named Osborne, a relation of the Duke of Leeds, with whom he received a fortune of £7,000.

The first step of any importance which Atter-

bury obtained in his profession was the appointment of chaplain in ordinary to King William and Queen Mary, shortly after which he was elected preacher at Bridewell, and lecturer of St. Bride's. A sermon "On the Power of Charity to Cover Sin," which he preached before the governors of Bridewell in 1694, brought him into further notice. It was attacked by Hoadley, afterward Bishop of Winchester; while another sermon which he preached the same year, before Queen Mary at Whitehall, entitled the "Scorner Incapable of True Wisdom," was no less severely commented upon by an anonymous writer. These attacks, added to the fame of his eloquence and to his acknowledged powers as a writer, brought him into great repute; while his celebrity was by no means diminished by a controversy which he entered into, in 1700, with Doctor Wake, afterward Archbishop of Canterbury, "On the Rights, Powers, and Privileges of Convocations." Such was the learning and ingenuity which he displayed during this celebrated dispute, that the Lower House of Convocation voted him their solemn thanks for his "learned pains in asserting and vindicating the rights of convocation," while the University of Oxford conferred on him the degree of Doctor in Divinity. The some year he was installed in the Archdeaconry of Totness.

On the accession of Queen Anne, the continued zeal with which Atterbury had advocated the doc-

trines of the High Church procured him the honours and preferment at which he aimed. He was immediately appointed one of the queen's chaplains; in October, 1704, he was raised to the Deanery of Carlisle;[1] in 1712, he was appointed Dean of Christ Church, and in June, the following year, was advanced to the Deanery of Westminster and Bishopric of Rochester. During the few years which preceded this last step, his busy and contentious spirit appears to have been seldom at rest. In 1706 he entered into a fresh dispute with Hoadley, concerning the advantages of virtue with regard to the present life, which, in 1707, was followed by another controversy respecting passive obedience. Neither was his pen solely employed in polemical discussions. He was one of the divines engaged to revise an intended edition of the Greek Testament; and besides being the reputed author of the celebrated speech delivered by Doctor Sacheverel on his trial, he had the principal share in drawing up a once famous document, the "Representation on the Present State of the Church and Religion."

The elegant taste of Atterbury led him to seek the society and to become the friend of the wits. He was the intimate companion of Pope, Boling-

[1] In 1709, Sir John Trevor made him preacher of the Rolls Chapel, entirely from the admiration which he had conceived of his talents, and the delight with which he had listened to his eloquence in the pulpit.

broke, Swift, and Gay, and by his social wit and intellectual powers shone forth not the least brilliant luminary in that hemisphere of genius. Gay celebrates him in his "Epistle to Pope," —

> "See Rochester approving nods his head,
> And ranks one modern with the mighty dead."

And Pope exclaims, in his "Epistle to Arbuthnot," —

> "How pleasing Atterbury's softer hour;
> How shines his soul unconquered in the Tower!"

It would be interesting to search into the secret history of remarkable friendships. For instance, Atterbury, Bolingbroke, and Pope were professedly, and are now historically, spoken of as friends. And yet we find Bolingbroke observing of Atterbury, that there is "no man living whom he has less reason to trust!" and when Atterbury had once an opportunity of defending the character of Pope, he chose to shake his head significantly. "*Mens curva*," he said, "*in corpore curvo.*" ("He has a crooked mind in a crooked body.") The former anecdote will be found in the "Townshend Papers," the latter in Horace Walpole's letters.

Of Atterbury's conversational talent and wit, more than one specimen has been recorded. "In 1715," says Doctor King, "I dined with the Duke

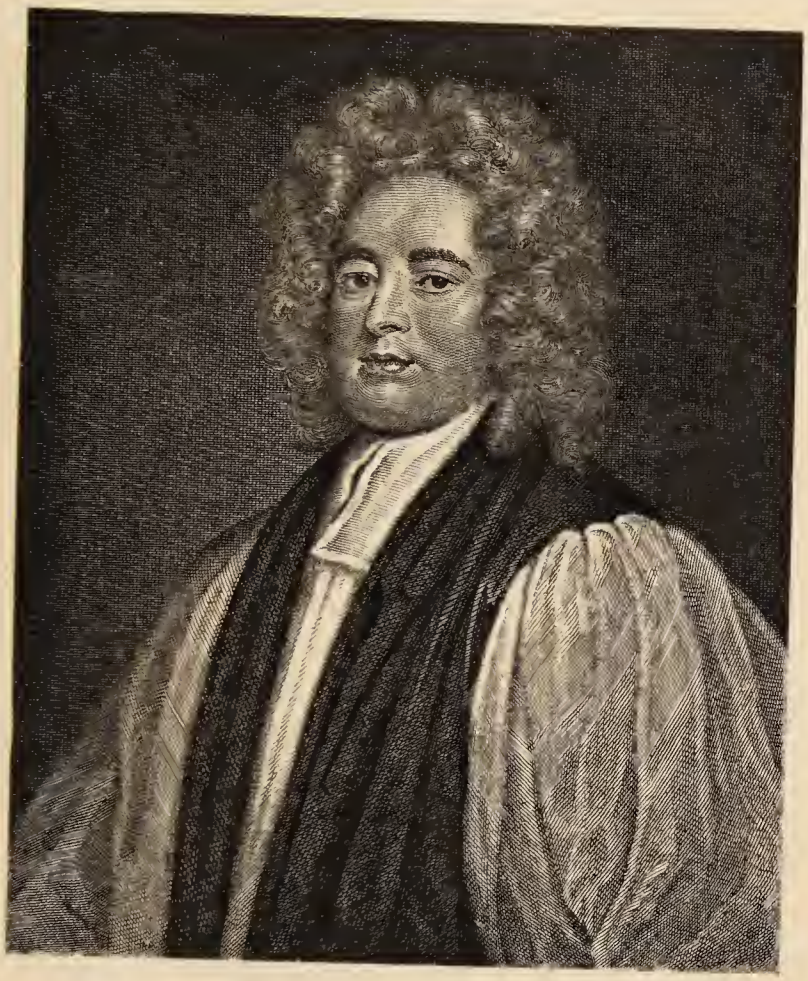
of Ormond at Richmond. We were fourteen at table. There was my Lord Marr, my Lord Jersey, my Lord Arran, my Lord Lansdowne, Sir William Wyndham, Sir Redmond Everard, and Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester. The rest of the company I do not exactly remember. During the dinner there was a jocular dispute (I forget how it was introduced) concerning short prayers. Sir William Wyndham told us that the shortest prayer he had ever heard was the prayer of a common soldier just before the battle of Blenheim, 'O God, if there be a God, save my soul, if I have a soul!' This was followed by a general laugh. I immediately reflected that such a treatment of the subject was too ludicrous, at least very improper, where a learned and religious prelate was one of the company. But I had soon an opportunity of making a different reflection. Atterbury, seeming to join, and applying himself to Sir William Wyndham, said, 'Your prayer, Sir William, is indeed very short; but I remember another as short, and a much better, offered up likewise by a poor soldier in the same circumstances, "O God, if in the day of battle I forget thee, do thou not forget me!"' This, as Atterbury pronounced it with his usual grace and dignity, was a very gentle and polite reproof, and was immediately felt by the whole company. And the Duke of Ormond, who was the best bred man of his age, suddenly turned the discourse to another subject." The author imag-

ined, on first meeting with this anecdote, that the retort of Atterbury was merely a happy invention of the moment. He has since discovered, however, that it was actually the prayer of a gallant cavalier, Sir Jacob Astley, before the battle of Edgehill. "O Lord," he said, "thou knowest how busy I must be this day. If I forget thee, do not thou forget me." He then rose from his knees, and, exclaiming to his men, "March on, my boys!" led them on to battle.

Of the ready wit of Atterbury, a still more pleasing instance is related by Doctor King. "Atterbury, when a certain bill was brought into the House of Lords, said, among other things, 'that he prophesied last winter this bill would be attempted in the present session, and he was sorry to find that he had proved a true prophet.' My Lord Coningsby, who spoke after the bishop, and always spoke in a passion, desired the House to remark, 'that one of the right reverend bishops had set himself forth as a prophet; but for his part he did not know what prophet to liken him to, unless to that furious prophet Balaam, who was reproved by his own ass.' The bishop in reply, with great wit and calmness, exposed this rude attack, concluding thus: 'Since the noble lord hath discovered in our manner such a similitude, I am well content to be compared to the prophet Balaam; but, my lords, I am at a loss how to make out the other part of the parallel. I am sure

that I have been reproved by nobody but his lordship.'" Doctor King informs us, that such was the elegance and propriety of Atterbury's language, that if everything which he let fall in common conversation had been committed to writing, it would have been regarded as the model of a beautiful style.

The decease of Queen Anne, and the accession of George the First to the throne, proved a deathblow to the ambitious hopes of Atterbury. He was well known to be attached to the exiled house of Stuart, and, consequently, his dangerous principles and high rank in the Church rendered him peculiarly an object of dislike and distrust. His disaffection, indeed, is said to have proceeded to such lengths that, on the death of Queen Anne, when statesmen and soldiers alike held back for fear of the consequences, the churchman was the only adherent of the exiled family who boldly proposed to proclaim the Pretender as King of England. Among others whom he endeavoured to gain over to his views was the lord chancellor, Simon, Lord Harcourt. According to the statement of that personage, as related in Birch's papers, Atterbury paid him a visit on the queen's death, and gave as his opinion, in the present juncture of affairs, that nothing remained but immediately to proclaim King James. He further added that they had only to give him a guard, and he would put on his lawn sleeves and head the procession.



"Never," he afterward exclaimed to a friend, "was a better cause lost for want of spirit."

Some curious evidence in support of these facts was brought forward by Dean Lockier in conversation with Spence. The latter informs us on the authority of the dean: "Upon the death of the queen, the Duke of Ormond, Atterbury, and Lord Mareshal held a private conversation together; in which Atterbury desired the latter to go out immediately, and to proclaim the Pretender in form. Ormond, who was more afraid of consequences, desired to communicate it first to the council. 'Damn it,' says Atterbury, in a great heat, for he did not value swearing, 'you very well know that things have not been concerted enough for that yet, and that we have not a moment to lose.' Indeed it was the only thing they could have done. Such a bold step would have made people believe that they were stronger than they really were, and might have taken strangely. The late king, I am fully persuaded, would not have stirred a foot, if there had been a strong opposition; indeed, the family did not expect this crown; at least nobody in it but the old Princess Sophia." [1]

Sir Robert Walpole, in a speech delivered some years afterward in the House of Commons, ob-

[1] Mother of George the First. She was the daughter of Frederick, King of Bohemia, by Elizabeth, daughter of James the First, King of England. Had she survived Queen Anne, the crown would have descended to her by the act of succession.

served: "Evident proofs will appear of a meeting having been held by some considerable persons, one of whom is not far off, wherein it was proposed to proclaim the Pretender at the Royal Exchange." The person to whom allusion is made as not far off was, unquestionably, the Bishop of Rochester, who was referred to as being in his seat in the House of Lords.

The neglect which Atterbury encountered from George the First and his ministry tended not a little to increase his disaffection to the government. Accordingly, when — on the landing of the Pretender in Scotland in 1715 — the Archbishop of Canterbury called on the bishops in and near London to testify their abhorrence of the rebellion, and to exhort the clergy and people, under their care, to be zealous in the discharge of their duties toward King George, Atterbury boldly opposed himself to the wishes of the primate, and indeed positively refused to sign the declaration of the bishops, of their attachment to the Crown. At length, after he had secretly intrigued against the existing government for about eight years, the ministry, affirming that they had obtained certain information of his being engaged in a plot in favour of the Pretender, caused him to be apprehended on the charge of high treason. He was seated in his dressing-gown in the deanery at Westminster, when the under-secretary of state, accompanied by one of the messengers of his office,

suddenly entered his apartment, and declared him a prisoner of the state. His papers were immediately seized, and Atterbury himself was hurried before the Privy Council at the Cockpit, by whom, however, he is said to have been treated with the utmost respect. During his examination, he is reported to have replied to a question put to him in the words of our Saviour, "If I tell you, ye will not believe, and if I also ask you, ye will not answer me, nor let me go." The investigation lasted three-quarters of an hour, and at its conclusion he was ordered to be conveyed to the Tower in his own coach.

The ambition of Wolsey and the High Church principles of Laud, appear to have centred in the breast of Atterbury. Speaker Onslow observes: "Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, was a man of great parts and of a most restless and turbulent spirit; daring and enterprising, though then very infirm, and capable of any artifice; but proud and passionate, and not of judgment enough for the undertakings he engaged in. His views were not only to be the first churchman, but the first man also in the state — not less than Wolsey, whom he admired and thought to imitate, and found he could only succeed in this by the merit of his overturning the present government, and advancing that of the Pretender in its stead." The plot, of which he was accused, is believed to have been communicated to the English government by the

Regent Duke of Orleans, who, however, is said to have stipulated that no one should suffer on the scaffold through his means.

The committal of Atterbury to the Tower appears to have excited in the strongest degree the commiseration of the public. On the ground of his being in ill health, — and it appears that he was really suffering acutely from the gout, — he was publicly prayed for by the clergy in most of the churches of London and Westminster; a print of him also was in circulation, wherein he was represented as looking through the bars of a prison, holding in his hand a portrait of Archbishop Laud, to which were added some verses describing him as:

> ". . . a second Laud,
> Whose Christian courage nothing fears but God."

With reference to the arrest of Atterbury, the following anecdote has been related: Shortly after the committal of the bishop to the Tower, some of the leading Whigs discussing in the drawing-room the best means of disposing of him, Lord Cadogan observed, somewhat brutally, "Fling him to the lions." "The bishop," says Spence, "was told of this, and soon after, in a letter to Mr. Pope, said that he had fallen upon some verses by chance in his room, which he must copy out for him to read. These were four extremely severe

lines against Lord Cadogan; and, in the last in particular, he called him, —

"'A bold, bad, boisterous, blustering, bloody booby.'"

The four lines in question (a sufficiently fierce tirade, considering the author was a bishop) are said to have been as follows:

"By fear unmoved, by shame unawed,
Offspring of hangman and of bawd,
Ungrateful to th' ungrateful man he grew by,
A bold, bad, boisterous, blustering, bloody booby."

Notwithstanding the respect with which Atterbury had been personally treated, when undergoing his examination before the Privy Council, the usage which he afterward experienced, when a prisoner in the Tower, was, to say the least, disgraceful to the ministry who authorised such cowardly oppression.[1] Atterbury himself says, in his celebrated trial speech in the House of Lords: "I have been under a very long and close confinement, and have been treated with such severity and so great indignity as I believe no prisoner in the Tower, of my age and function and rank, ever was; by which means, what strength and use of

[1] Coxe, in his "Life of Sir Robert Walpole," endeavours to exculpate the ministry from the charge of cruelty toward Atterbury; his defence, however, amounts to little more than the relation of a single act of leniency on their part, and in no degree exonerates them from the harshness of which they have been accused.

my limbs I had when I was first committed in August last is now so far declined that I am very unfit to make my defence against a bill of such an extraordinary nature. The great weakness of body and mind under which I labour, such usage, such hardships, such insults as I have undergone, might have broken a more resolute spirit and much stronger constitution than falls to my share." This eloquent description of his sufferings and ill-usage there is no reason to believe exaggerated. It has even been asserted that he was encouraged to write private letters, in order that the contents might afterward be employed to support the accusation against him. At all events, his favourite daughter was for some time refused admission to him, and, even when the restriction was withdrawn, their free communion was interrupted, and all expression of natural feeling repressed by the presence of one of the underlings of the administration. Moreover, during the early visits paid him by his son-in-law, Mr. Morrice, who came to assist him in preparing his defence, the bishop was only allowed to communicate with him from a distance. Atterbury, during their interviews, was compelled to give his direction from a two pair of stairs window, while Mr. Morrice was standing in an open area below. Among further evidences of the strictness with which he was guarded, and of the precautions taken to prevent his communicating with his friends, it may be mentioned that even some

pigeon pies, which he was in the habit of receiving for his dinner, underwent a rigid examination by order of the government. "It is the first time," writes Pope to Gay, "that dead pigeons have been suspected of carrying intelligence."

The following letter, addressed by Atterbury to his friend Pope, during the period of his imprisonment, is not only interesting, owing to the peculiar circumstances under which it was written, but may also be received as a fair specimen of the bishop's epistolary style:

"TOWER, 10 April, 1723.

"DEAR SIR: — I thank you for all the instances of your friendship, both before and since my misfortunes. A little time will complete them, and separate you and me for ever. But in what part of the world soever I am, I will live mindful of your sincere kindness to me; and will please myself with the thought that I still live in your esteem and affection as much as ever I did, and that no accidents of life, no distance of time or place, will alter you in that respect. It never can me, who have loved and valued you ever since I knew you, and shall not fail to do it when I am not allowed to tell you so, as the case will soon be. Give my faithful services to Doctor Arbuthnot, and thanks for what he sent me, which was much to the purpose, if anything can be said to be to the purpose in a case that is already determined.

Let him know my defence will be such that neither my friends shall blush for me, nor will my enemies have great occasion of triumph, though sure of the victory. I shall want his advice before I go abroad, in many things. But I question whether I shall be permitted to see him, or anybody, but such as are absolutely necessary toward the despatch of my private affairs. If so, God bless you both! and may no part of the ill-fortune that attends me ever pursue either of you! I know not but I may call upon you at my hearing to say somewhat about my way of spending my time at the deanery, which did not seem calculated toward managing plots and conspiracies. But of that I shall consider. You and I have spent many hours together upon much pleasanter subjects; and that I may preserve the old custom, I shall not part with you now till I have closed this letter with three lines of Milton, which you will, I know, readily, and not without some degree of concern, apply to your ever affectionate, etc.

"'Some natural tears he dropped, but wiped them soon,
The world was all before him where to choose
His place of rest, and Providence his guide.'"

On the 9th of April, 1723, a bill passed the House of Commons, proposing the infliction of certain pains and penalties on Francis, Lord Bishop of Rochester, which the same day was carried up to the House of Lords for their concurrence. On

the 6th of May, the day fixed upon by the Lords for the first reading of the bill, Atterbury was brought from the Tower to Westminster. The proceedings lasted altogether about a week, at the expiration of which time the bishop received permission to plead for himself. It was then that he delivered that celebrated oration, which even the counsel for the prosecution admitted to be almost unrivalled for eloquence, and which, with the exception of Strafford's memorable appeal before a similar tribunal, was, perhaps, the most brilliant and forcible appeal that was ever addressed by a state criminal to his peers.

The principal evidence adduced against Atterbury, and that which had been particularly insisted upon by Pulteney, who drew up the report of the secret committee, was derived from a trifling but somewhat singular incident. The government, it seems, had obtained possession of some treasonable letters, written under the fictitious names of Illington and Jones, in several of which there were allusions to a little dog about to be sent to "Mrs." Illington from France. It was by this means that the ministry obtained a clue to the real authors of the correspondence. The animal was traced to the house of a Mrs. Barnes, who subsequently underwent an examination before the Privy Council. It appeared by the evidence of this person that "a spotted little dog called Harlequin, which was brought from France, and had a leg broken,

was left with her to be cured; that the said dog was not for her, but for the Bishop of Rochester; and that one Kelly, who had sent over the dog, had promised to get it of the Bishop of Rochester for her in case it did not recover of its lameness." This would clearly identify the bishop and Illington as the same person, and though Atterbury did not condescend to take notice of the circumstance in his defence, it is said to have made no little impression on the minds of his judges. Swift has agreeably ridiculed it in his verses "On the horrid plot discovered by the Bishop of Rochester's French dog:"

"Now let me tell you plainly, sir,
Our witness is a real cur,
A dog of spirit for his years;
Has twice two legs, two hanging ears.
His name is Harlequin, I wot,
And that's a name in every plot:
Resolved to save the British nation,
Though French by birth and education;
His correspondence, plainly dated,
Was all deciphered and translated:
His answers were exceeding pretty
Before the secret wise committee;
Confessed as plain as he could bark,
Then with his fore foot set his mark."

At the period when the House of Lords sentenced Atterbury as a criminal, it may reasonably be questioned whether they had sufficient evidence before them to justify their decision, and whether,

if the sentence were a just one, it was in fact strictly legal. Documents, indeed, have since been brought to light which sufficiently establish Atterbury's guilt, but still the evidence which they contain was not in the possession of his judges, and consequently could in no degree have influenced their decision. It is principally on account of the light which they throw on Atterbury's conduct that these documents are now of value. Considering, indeed, what unquestionable evidence they contain of his criminality, we are not a little startled at the passionate protestations which at his trial he made of his innocence, and the solemnity with which he appealed to Heaven for their truth.

A single extract from Atterbury's famous defence may, perhaps, not be unacceptable to the reader. After affecting to ridicule the very existence of the plot in which he was accused of having been engaged, "What could tempt me," he says, "to step thus out of my way? Was it ambition and a desire of climbing into a higher station in the Church? There is not a man in my office farther removed from this than I am. Was money my aim? I always despised it too much, considering what occasion I am now like to have for it, for out of a poor bishopric of five hundred pounds per annum, I have laid out no less than a thousand pounds toward the repairs of the church and episcopal palace; nor did I take one shilling for dilapidations. The rest of my little income

has been spent as is necessary, as I am a bishop. Was I influenced by any dislike of the established religion, and secretly inclined toward a church of greater pomp and power? I have, my lords, ever since I knew what popery was, opposed it; and the better I knew it the more I opposed it. I began my study in divinity when the popish controversy grew hot, with that immortal book of Tillotson's when he undertook the Protestant cause in general; and as such I esteemed him above all. You will pardon me, my lords, if I mention one thing: thirty years ago I wrote in defence of Martin Luther, and have preached, expressed, and wrote to that purpose from my infancy; and, whatever happens to me, I will suffer anything, and, by God's grace, burn at the stake, rather than depart from any material point of the Protestant religion, as professed in the Church of England." [1]

The bishop concludes his appeal as follows: "If, on any account, there shall still be thought by your lordships to be any seeming strength in the proofs against me, if, by your lordships' judg-

[1] Even the worst enemies of Atterbury admit that he never swerved from the principles of the Reformed religion. "He reprobated with warmth," says Coxe, "the conduct of the Duke of Wharton, Lords North and Grey, and others, who had sacrificed their religion with a view to obtain the Pretender's favour; he even quarrelled with the Duke of Berwick, who proposed giving a Catholic preceptor to the young Duke of Buckingham, and used his influence over the duchess to place none but Protestants about the person of her son."

ments, springing from unknown motives, — if, for any reasons or necessity of state, of the wisdom and justice of which I am no competent judge, — your lordships shall proceed to pass this bill against me, I shall dispose myself quietly and tacitly to submit to what you do. God's will be done: naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return; and whether he gives or takes away, blessed be the name of the Lord!"

The bishop's speech, according to his own computation and that of Pope, lasted two hours. On the following Monday he was again brought from the Tower, to hear the rejoinder of the king's counsel, and three days afterward, on the 16th of May, after a vehement opposition from his own party, the bill, declaring him guilty of high treason, passed the House of Lords, by a majority of eighty-three to forty-three. Agreeably with its provisions, he was deprived of all his benefices; declared incapable of exercising any office, and enjoying any dignity, within the king's dominions; and sentenced to be exiled for life. He was even debarred from the society of his countrymen residing abroad; the bill providing that whoever should hold any correspondence with him, unless licensed under the king's sign manual, should be adjudged felons, without the benefit of clergy.

The following interesting anecdote, which has reference both to Atterbury's imprisonment in the Tower, and to his presumed skepticism in regard

to revealed religion, was frequently related by Lord Chesterfield, in conversation with his friends. "I went," he said, "to Mr. Pope one morning at Twickenham, and found a large folio Bible, with gilt clasps, lying before him upon his table; and as I knew his way of thinking upon that book, I asked him, jocosely, if he was going to write an answer to it. 'It is a present,' said he, 'or rather a legacy, from my old friend, the Bishop of Rochester. I went to take my leave of him yesterday in the Tower, where I saw this Bible upon his table. After the first compliments, the bishop said to me, "My friend Pope, considering your infirmities, and my age and exile, it is not likely that we should ever meet again; and, therefore, I give you this legacy to remember me by it. Take it home with you, and let me advise you to abide by it." "Does your lordship abide by it yourself?" "I do." "If you do, my lord, it is but lately. May I beg to know what new light or arguments have prevailed with you now, to entertain an opinion so contrary to that which you entertained of that book all the former part of your life?" The bishop replied: "We have not time to talk of these things; but take home the book, I will abide by it; and I will recommend to you to do so too, and so God bless you!"'" Doctor Johnson, in his "Life of Pope," incidentally mentions Atterbury presenting the poet with a Bible, at their last interview in the Tower, but seems to have been

ignorant of the interesting circumstances connected with the gift. Pope once said of Atterbury in a moment of unusual tenderness, "Perhaps it is not only in this world that I may have cause to remember the Bishop of Rochester."

We have already seen Atterbury writing to his friend Pope, intimating that he might possibly require his evidence at his trial. The poet, it seems, was actually summoned as a witness, — a circumstance which appears to have caused him some embarrassment. Alluding, sometime afterward, to his having been present at the trial, "I never could speak in public," he says, "and I do not believe that, if it was a set thing, I could give an account of any story to twelve friends together; though I could tell it to any three of them with a great deal of pleasure. When I was to appear for the Bishop of Rochester on his trial, though I had but ten words to say, and that on a plain, easy point, — how that bishop spent his time while I was with him at Bromley, — I made two or three blunders in it; and that, notwithstanding the first row of lords, which were all I could see, were mostly of my acquaintance."

But, perhaps, the most remarkable event which took place during the proceedings against Atterbury was a trial of strength between the bishop and the prime minister, Sir Robert Walpole, the latter, probably by his own contrivance, having been summoned as a witness for the prosecution.

Speaker Onslow observes, in his "Remarks on various parts of Sir Robert Walpole's conduct:" "The bishop used all the art his guilt would admit of, to perplex and make Walpole contradict himself; but he was too hard for the bishop upon every turn, although a greater trial of skill this way scarce ever happened between two such combatants. The one, fighting for his reputation, the other for his acquittal. The expectation of people in it, as they were differently inclined to the parties, and the cause and solemnity of it, from the place and the audience it was in, made it look like a listed field for a combat of another sort, and the joy of victory as great as there."

On the 18th of June, 1723, Atterbury bade farewell for ever to his country. Accompanied by his favourite daughter, Mrs. Morrice, he embarked on board the *Aldborough*, man-of-war, from which vessel he was landed at Calais. Sir Robert Walpole writes to Townshend on the 20th of the month: "The Bishop of Rochester went away on Tuesday. The crowd that attended him before his embarkation was not more than was expected; but great numbers of boats attended him to the ship's side. Nothing very extraordinary, but the Duke of Wharton's behaviour, who went on board the vessel with him; and a free conversation betwixt his Holiness and Williamson;[1] with menaces of a day of vengeance."

[1] The Governor of the Tower.

A popular commotion, it seems, had been apprehended by the ministry, but the affair passed off quietly, and without the slightest tumult.

The Duke of Wharton, it may be remarked, in addition to defending Atterbury in a magnificent speech in the House of Lords, commemorated his exile in a copy of verses of some merit:

"Farewell! renowned in arts, farewell!
Thus conquered by thy foe;
Of honours and of friends deprived,
In exile must thou go:
Yet go content; thy look, thy will sedate,
Thy soul superior to the shocks of state.

"Thy wisdom was thy only guilt,
Thy virtue thy offence;
With god-like zeal thou didst espouse
Thy country's just defence;
Nor sordid hopes could charm thy steady soul,
Nor fears nor guilty numbers could control."

From Calais, Atterbury proceeded, in the first instance, to Brussels and thence to Paris, in which capital he continued principally to reside till his death. Here, he formed acquaintance with the most distinguished men of letters in France, in whose society he was enabled at times to forget that he was an exile, and to escape from a melancholy communion with his own thoughts. The turbulent spirit of Atterbury was, indeed, far from being at rest. Like his friend, Bolingbroke,

he boasted a serenity of mind which he did not experience, and preached a philosophy which he was unable to practise. At the very time when he was vaunting the consolation which he derived from religion and books, and when his loyalty to King George, and his respect for the existing institutions of his native country, formed the topics on which he principally dwelt in his private letters to his friends, we have now certain evidence to prove that he was secretly corresponding with the partisans of the Pretender, and devoting his whole energies to advance the cause of that unfortunate prince.[1]

Atterbury, notwithstanding his many faults, was a person of strong affections, and, latterly, all the tenderness of his nature was centred in his beloved daughter, Mrs. Morrice, who accompanied him in his exile, and tended him in his old age. The death of this amiable woman, who expired in his arms, in the latter part of 1729, affected him in the most sensible manner. Separated from his own family, and debarred from the society of

[1] These facts are proved, first, by the bishop's correspondence with the rebels in Scotland, published by Sir David Dalrymple; secondly, by the accounts received by the English government, from their spies at Paris; thirdly, from Atterbury's private letters to his son-in-law, Mr. Morrice, published by Coxe, in his supplementary volumes of the "Life of Sir Robert Walpole;" and, lastly, from a particular letter addressed by the bishop to Mr. Morrice, in which, in 1728, he mentions that he has quitted the service of the Pretender, not from principle, but from disgust.

his countrymen, the once splendid and admired Atterbury was left, by this bereavement, almost alone among strangers, and was condemned to pass the brief remainder of his long life in a manner which might have excited the commiseration of even his enemies.

It is impossible to read, without emotion, the following passage, in which Atterbury communicates to his friend, Mr. Dicconson, the tidings of his daughter's decease. The passage in question occurs in a letter dated Montpelier, 4th December, 1729:

"I have your letter of the 15th November, and am much obliged to you for the friendly concern you express in it. As to the article of my poor daughter, of whom, seven days before the date of it, God was pleased to deprive me, upon a melancholy but comfortable meeting I had with her at Toulouse, where she survived her arrival twenty-four hours, and spent that little time that was left her in such a manner as will make her memory ever dear and valuable to me. I thought nothing could have added to the affection and esteem I had for her, but I found myself mistaken in those last moments when she took her leave of me. She is gone and I must follow her. When I do, may my latter end be like hers! It was my business to have taught her to die; instead of it, she has taught me. I am not ashamed, and I wish I may be able to learn that

lesson of her. What I feel upon her loss is not to be expressed, but the reflection on the manner of it makes me some amends. God has tempered the severity of the one by the circumstances of the other, and has dealt with me, as in the rest of his inflictions, so as, together with the great burden he laid on me, to enable me at the same time in some measure to bear it."

In a letter from a Mr. Evans, who had accompanied Mrs. Morrice and her husband from England, we find the following passage: "It was well worth my while to have taken so long a voyage, though I was immediately to return home again, and reap no other benefit from it than seeing what passed in the last hours of Mrs. Morrice." The fact is a striking and painful one, that not only did the last melancholy meeting between Atterbury and his expiring daughter take place in a land of strangers, but the permission granted them to meet once more was wrung from the English ministry only by the most humble solicitations on the part of the exiled prelate, and on payment of very large and inconvenient fees of office. When Mrs. Morrice obtained permission to embrace her father for the last time, consumption had made such terrible ravages in her constitution that she was unable to undergo the fatigues of a land journey. She proceeded as far as Bourdeaux by sea (the bishop being then at Toulouse expecting her), but was so exhausted

on reaching the land that it seemed unlikely she would be reserved for further exertions. It had been her earnest prayer that she might be permitted to behold her father once more, and that prayer was granted. Ill as she was, she ventured all night up the river Garonne, and the next morning was in the presence of her father at Toulouse. Twenty-four hours afterward she expired in his arms.

The bishop, it may be remarked, in addition to the misfortunes of proscription and exile, had already had occasion to lament the loss of a wife and three children. His only remaining issue was the Rev. Osborne Atterbury, Rector of Oxhill, in Warwickshire.

Atterbury expired at Paris on the 15th of February, 1731, in his sixty-ninth year, surviving the loss of his beloved daughter only fifteen months. His body was brought to England, and it may be mentioned as a curious circumstance that the hearse which contained his remains was stopped in its progress to the metropolis, and the coffin opened by order of the government. The circumstance occasioned a great outcry at the time. It was affirmed, however, by the partisans of the ministry, that the outrage was solely the act of the custom-house officers, who had obtained information that some brocades, and other prohibited articles of foreign manufacture, were concealed in the coffin. The remains of Atter-

bury were interred, on the 12th of May, 1731, in the sacred repository of departed genius, Westminster Abbey. The country, which had rejected him when living, seemed proud to receive his ashes when dead.

CHAPTER III.

MRS. MASHAM.

Abigail Hill, Afterward Mrs. Masham, Daughter of Mr. Hill, a Turkey Merchant — Placed as a Waiting-woman with Lady Rivers — Her Relationship to the Duchess of Marlborough, Who Places Her in the Queen's Household — Anecdote of Her Related by the Duchess — The Latter's Communication to Bishop Burnet — Extract from the Duchess's Memoirs — Her Kindness to the Hill Family — Abigail Hill's Marriage to Mr. Masham, Gentleman of the Bedchamber to Prince George of Denmark — Queen Anne Present at the Ceremony — Extracts from the Duchess of Marlborough's Memoirs — The Duke's Remarks on Mrs. Masham's Influence — His Letter to the Queen — Brief Account of Mr. Masham — He Is Created Baron Masham of Otes — Lord Dartmouth's and Swift's Opinions of Mrs. Masham — She Retires with Her Husband, on the Death of the Queen, to Her Seat at Otes — John Locke Their Guest — Mrs. Masham's Death in 1734.

It is remarkable how little is known of this celebrated woman, who, from an almost menial situation, rose to be the favourite of her sovereign; who governed both Queen Anne and her councils; who expelled ministries, and gave birth to others almost at her will; and who, without positive talent, or, apparently, merit of any sort,

could boast that she had on more than one occasion changed the destinies of Europe.

The maiden name of Mrs. Masham was Hill. She was the daughter of a Mr. Hill, a Turkey merchant, and, according to Lord Dartmouth, who was well acquainted with her, had originally been a "waiting-woman" to a Lady Rivers, in Kent.[1] She was an indigent relation of the Duchess of Marlborough, a circumstance which, added to the general propriety of her conduct, her apparent humility, and a character which she had obtained of being a peculiarly trustworthy person, appears to have induced the duchess to place her relative near the queen. It was an act of good-nature which she very shortly had reason to repent; and, in after years, any allusion to the "incurable baseness" of Mrs. Masham — almost the very mention of the name of the aspiring bedchamber-woman — was sufficient to throw the duchess into a tempest of rage. "After I brought this woman into the court," observes her Grace, "she always had a shy, reserved behaviour toward me; always avoided entering into a free conversation, and made excuses when I asked her to go abroad with me. And what I thought, then, ill-

[1] The assertion that Mrs. Masham had been a "waiting-woman" to Lady Rivers is corroborated by a statement of Coxe. "Abigail," he says, "was so reduced as to enter into the service of Lady Rivers, wife of Sir John Rivers, Bart., of Chafford, in Kent, as I was informed by the late John Rivers, Esq. She was raised from her humble situation by the duchess."

breeding, or surly honesty, has since proved to be a design deeply laid, as she had always the artifice to hide very carefully the power and influence she had over the queen, an instance of which I remember, when I was with the queen at Windsor, and went through my own lodgings a private way and unexpected. She unlocked the door in a loud, familiar manner, and was tripping across the room with a gay air, but upon seeing me she immediately stopped short, and, acting a part like a player, dropped a grave curtsey, and when she had gone a good way without making any, and, in a faint, low voice, cried, 'Did your Majesty ring, pray?'" The reflection, indeed, must have been not a little provoking to the imperious duchess, that she had not only been outmanœuvred by her humble kinswoman, but owed her own fall, and that of her husband, to the machinations of a woman whom she affected to have raised from the dirt.

Amongst the mass of acrimonious abuse with which the duchess, alike in her memoirs and her private letters, invariably loads the name of her rival, we occasionally find some curious particulars relating to Mrs. Masham. To Bishop Burnet, who had apparently applied to her for some addition to the stock of agreeable scandal which he was preparing for posterity, the duchess — anxious, on all occasions, that her name should stand well with posterity — thus eagerly replies: "You inquire into the ground of favour to the Hills. I can

only tell you, that I did not know there were such people till about twenty years ago, when I was told by an acquaintance that I had relations that were in want, and that this woman was a daughter of my father's sister.[1] My father had in all two and twenty brothers and sisters, and though I am very little concerned about pedigrees or family, I know not why I should not tell you that his was reckoned a good one, and that he had in Somersetshire, Kent, and St. Albans four thousand pounds a year. However, it was not strange that, when the children were so many, their portions were small, and that one of them married this Mr. Hill, who had some business in the city, rather as a merchant or proprietor, and was some way related to Mr. Harley, and by profession an Anabaptist. From the time I knew their condition, I helped them every way as much as I could, to which I had no motive but charity and relationship."

The duchess, in her memoirs, introduces some further and no less interesting particulars respecting the early history of Mrs. Masham, and her own share in establishing the fortunes of the future favourite. After again adverting to their relationship, she adds that she has been informed, on good authority, that her uncle Hill "lived very well" in the city, till he turned projector,

[1] It appears by this statement that the Duchess of Marlborough and Mrs. Masham were first cousins.

when his indiscretions entailed ruin on his family. "But," proceeds the duchess, "as this was long before I was born, I never knew there were such people in the world till after the Princess Anne was married, and when she lived at the Cockpit, at which time an acquaintance of mine came to me, and said she believed I did not know that I had relations who were in want, and she gave me an account of them. When she had finished her story, I answered that indeed I had never heard before of any such relations, and immediately gave her out of my purse ten guineas for their present relief, saying I would do what I could for them."

If the statements of the duchess are to be relied upon (and, though her pictures are, occasionally, highly coloured, there is no reason for questioning the truth of her assertions), she behaved in the most exemplary manner toward her poor relations, and extended to them the kindness of which they stood so greatly in need. She appears to have frequently relieved the necessities of Mrs. Hill; while the subject of the present memoir, then a young and unmarried woman, appears to have been particularly honoured by her notice and regard. "The elder daughter, afterward Mrs. Masham," says the duchess, "was a grown woman. I took her to St. Albans, where she lived with me and my children; and I treated her with as great kindness as if she had been my sister.

After some time, a bedchamber-woman of the Princess of Denmark's died, and as, in that reign, after the princesses were grown up, rockers, though not gentlewomen, had been advanced to be bedchamber-women, I thought I might ask the princess to give the vacant place to Mrs. Hill. At first, indeed, I had some scruple about it; but this being removed by persons I thought wiser, with whom I consulted, I made the request to the princess, and it was granted."

Neither did her charity stop here. For an elder brother of Mrs. Masham she procured a place in the custom-house, and even induced a relation of the Duke of Marlborough to become security for him to the amount of two thousand pounds. A younger brother, afterward well known among his contemporaries as "Jack Hill," she placed at a school at St. Albans, and though the duchess admits, or rather affirms, that he was "good for nothing," she persuaded the Duke of Marlborough to take him as his aid-de-camp, and subsequently to confer on him a regiment. There now remained but one of her uncle's children to provide for. This was a younger daughter, for whom she procured an appointment as laundress in the household of the young Duke of Gloucester, and, on the death of that promising scion of royalty, obtained for her a pension of two hundred a year.

These were no trifling benefits to confer on one family. The account, indeed, is taken from the

statement of the duchess herself, but there exists no reason to believe that she has exaggerated her philanthropy. Coxe, indeed, informs us that there are preserved among the Marlborough papers several letters from Mrs. Hill, the mother of Mrs. Masham, which teem with the warmest expressions of gratitude for the kindness of the duchess, and prove, beyond doubt, that she procured places or establishments for the children of her widowed aunt.

Among the letters of expostulation which, after her loss of power, the duchess frequently addressed to her royal mistress, there is one in which she particularly vaunts the favours conferred by her on her rival. Speaking of her "cousin Hill," she says: "I have several letters under her hand to acknowledge that never any family had received such benefits as hers had done from me; which I will keep to show the world what returns she has made for obligations that she was sensible of." As the queen was certain to display this passage to her new favourite, it is needless to add that, unless the duchess had really conferred many important benefits on her ungrateful kinswoman, she would scarcely have boasted of them in so confident a manner.

On the other hand, it must be observed, in justice to Mrs. Masham, that the account which the duchess gives of her own munificence, and the picture which she draws of the ingratitude of her

relative, constitute, after all, but an ex-parte statement. Admitting even the correctness of her Grace's assertion; allowing her the credit of having freely administered to the wants of a suffering family, and of having raised its members from comparative indigence and obscurity; it still becomes a question how far the haughty duchess may have been influenced by family pride, and whether she may not have cancelled the obligation by subsequent unkindness, or by the proud and patronising manner in which her favours were conferred. From the insight which we possess into the character of the duchess, it is far from improbable that she assumed the part of a "Lady Bountiful;" that she exacted on all occasions a due equivalent for her charity, and, by treating her cousin (at the time when she was a member of her household) rather as a dependent than a friend, purchased for herself the hatred, instead of the gratitude, of her future rival.

Mrs. Masham, it appears, had for many months been gradually undermining the Duchess of Marlborough in the affections of their royal mistress, long before the duchess conceived the remotest suspicion that her influence was in danger. At length a particular circumstance served to enlighten her on the subject. Mrs. Masham, who, up to this period (1707), was merely regarded as plain Abigail Hill, one of the queen's dressers, had formed an attachment for Mr. Masham, one

of the gentlemen of the bedchamber to Prince George of Denmark. Masham, it seems, from motives of self-interest, rather than from any feeling of regard for the lady's person, was induced to make her an offer of his hand; moreover, by the advice of the insidious Harley, the queen was made the confidante of their amours, with the understanding that the Duchess of Marlborough was to be excluded from all knowledge of the affair. Not, indeed, that there existed any reasonable ground for making a matrimonial engagement between a gentleman of the bedchamber and a royal waiting-woman a matter of state importance; more especially as both parties seem to have been very equally matched in rank and fortune; but Harley, at this juncture, was deep in female jealousies and intrigues; he was aware of the habitual awe, mingled with increasing dislike, with which the queen regarded the Duchess of Marlborough; it was his object to accustom his royal mistress to resistance, in order to extricate her from the trammels in which she was entangled; and, with this object, he sought to implicate her in a private transaction, in which, for the first time since the commencement of her long intercourse with the duchess, the queen should be induced to engage without the knowledge of her domineering favourite. The result fully answered the expectations of the designing statesman. Anne not only signified her approval of the marriage, but consented to be

present at its celebration. The ceremony was performed in the apartments of Doctor Arbuthnot, in the most private manner, no other person except the queen being present.

When, in the course of time, the report of this secret marriage became matter of court gossip, the duchess, who was as yet ignorant of the queen's share in the transaction, immediately hastened with pretended congratulations to her relative. "I went to her," says the duchess, "and asked her if it were true; she owned it was, and begged my pardon for having concealed it from me. As much reason as I had to take ill this reserve in her behaviour, I was willing to impute it to bashfulness and want of breeding, rather than to anything worse. I embraced her with my usual tenderness, and very heartily wished her joy; and then, turning the discourse, entered into her concerns in as friendly a manner as possible. I then inquired of her, very kindly, whether the queen knew of her marriage, and very innocently offered her my service, if she needed it, to make that matter easy. She had, by this time, learnt the art of dissimulation pretty well, and answered, with an air of unconcernedness, that the bedchamber-women had already acquainted the queen with it." The suspicions of the duchess appear, by this time, to have been fully aroused. She immediately went to the queen, and, warming probably into one of her not unfrequent paroxysms of rage, "expostulated"

with her Majesty on the silence which she had maintained. "But," says the duchess, "all the answer I could obtain from her Majesty was this, 'I have a hundred times bid Mrs. Masham tell it you and she would not.'"

"The conduct both of the queen and Mrs. Masham," adds the duchess, "convinced me that there was some mystery in the affair, and thereupon I set myself to inquire as particularly as I could into it. And in less than a week's time I discovered that my cousin was become an absolute favourite; that the queen herself was present at her marriage in Doctor Arbuthnot's lodgings, at which time her Majesty had called for a round sum out of the privy purse; that Mrs. Masham came often to the queen, when the prince was asleep, and was generally two hours every day in private with her. And I likewise then discovered, beyond all dispute, Mr. Harley's correspondence and interest at court by means of this woman. I was struck with astonishment at such an instance of ingratitude, and should not have believed it, if there had been any room left for doubting." No wonder that the duchess was struck with astonishment and alarm. From the hour that the queen first listened with complacency to the insinuating arguments of the humble dresser, the power of the haughty and insolent duchess, of her illustrious husband, and of the entire Whig party, was virtually, if not actually, at an end.

There is something almost amounting to simplicity in the manner in which the Duke of Marlborough replies to the representations of his duchess, that Mrs. Masham was stealthily supplanting her in the affections of the queen. Apparently unable to conceive the possibility that one whom he had as yet merely known as a poor dependent could dream of jostling him in his career of greatness, he writes to his indignant duchess, on the 3d of June, 1707: "If you are sure that Mrs. Masham speaks of business to the queen, I should think you might, with some caution, tell her of it, which would do good. For she certainly must be grateful and will mind what you say." As if a few words spoken in caution could stop a headstrong woman in her career of ambition and intrigue! The duke lived to trace his own fall and that of his party to the machinations of this apparently innocuous female; indeed, only ten months after the date of the foregoing letter, we find his language, in speaking of the favourite, of a very different character. In April, the following year, he writes to his duchess from The Hague: "The credit of Mrs. Masham occasions a good deal of disagreeable discourse in this country," and, again, in another letter he styles her, amusingly, a "viper."

But a communication which he subsequently addressed to the queen (in which he haughtily deprecates the preference that she showed for

her new favourite) evinces how deeply wounded and how indignant were his feelings. Speaking of one of the numerous insults and injuries which he had experienced at the hands of Harley and Mrs. Masham, "This," he observes, "is only one of a great many mortifications that I have met with, and as I may not have many opportunities of writing to you, let me beg of your Majesty to reflect what your own people, and the rest of the world, must think, who have been witnesses of the love, zeal, and duty with which I have served you, when they shall see that, after all I have done, it has not been able to protect me against the malice of a bedchamber-woman."

It may be questioned whether, had the queen lived, Mrs. Masham would have continued to retain her influence over her sovereign. Swift writes from Windsor in September, 1711: "Mrs. Masham is better, and will be here in three or four days; she had need, for the Duchess of Somerset is thought to gain ground daily." Lord Dartmouth says: "She grew to be very rude and jealous, which I took no notice of; but the queen had a suspicion that she, or her sister, listened at the door all the time I was with her, which, with some disrepects shown to the Duchess of Somerset, gave her Majesty some thoughts of making of her a lady of the bedchamber, and laying of her down softly." "I was desired," adds Lord Dartmouth, "to propose her husband's being made

a peer, which I found was not very acceptable. The queen told me she never had any design to make a great lady of her, and should lose a useful servant about her person; for it would give offence to have a peeress lie upon the floor,[1] and do several other inferior offices; but at last consented, upon condition she remained a dresser, and did as she used to do."

Of the private character of Mrs. Masham, — whether her virtues or her vices preponderated, — we have, unfortunately, no faithful record. Lord Dartmouth (who, however, admits that he lived on bad terms with the favourite) observes: "She was exceeding mean and vulgar in her manners; of a very unequal temper; childishly exceptious, and passionate." Swift, on the other hand, draws a very pleasing portrait of Mrs. Masham. "She was a person," he says, "of a plain sound understanding, of great truth and sincerity, without the least mixture of falsehood or disguise; of an honest boldness and courage to her sex; firm and disinterested in her friendship; and full of love, duty, and veneration for the queen, her mistress; talents as seldom found as sought for in a court, as unlikely to thrive while they are there." Mesnager, also, in his "Minutes of the Negotiations at the Court of

[1] It is evident, from this passage, that the ancient custom of a person sleeping across the doorway of the royal bedchamber was continued even as late as the reign of Queen Anne.

England," speaks of her in the highest terms, and adds that he knows no woman more worthy to be the favourite of a queen. It seems to be questionable whether her person was ever agreeable. Swift, in recording his first introduction to her, observes: "I dined to-day at lord treasurer's with Mrs. Masham, and she is extremely like one Mrs. Malolly, that was my landlady in Trim; she was used with mighty kindness and respect, like a favourite." From the numerous notices of her by Swift, who was afterward frequently thrown into her society, we glean little more than that she was an affectionate mother to her children, and that she had no objection to a game of piquet with the dean.

On the death of Queen Anne, Lady Masham and her husband retired to their seat at Otes, where the immortal philosopher, John Locke, spent ten years of his life as their guest. Locke, it may be remarked, breathed his last at Otes, and, at his own desire, was buried in the churchyard of that place.

Of the husband of Mrs. Masham, it may be necessary to say a few words. Samuel, younger son of Sir Francis Masham, Bart., had originally been a page of honour to Queen Anne, and subsequently held the appointments of equerry and gentleman of the bedchamber to the Prince of Denmark. He was related, not very distantly, to the Cromwells. Prince George obtained for

him the command of a regiment, and the rank of a brigadier-general, in addition to which he was subsequently appointed cofferer of the household, and obtained a reversionary grant of the office of remembrancer of the exchequer, to which place he succeeded on the 23d of October, 1716, on the death of Simon, Lord Fanshawe.

The influence of Mrs. Masham with the queen procured her husband's elevation to the peerage. On the 31st of December, 1711, he was created Baron Masham of Otes, in Essex, having, a short time previously, succeeded his nephew as fourth baronet.

Lady Masham was the mother of four children: George, who died in the lifetime of his father; Samuel, who succeeded to the title, and at whose death, in 1776, the barony became extinct; Francis, who died young; and Anne, married to Henry Hoare, Esq., and mother of Susannah, Countess of Aylesbury. Lady Masham died on the 6th December, 1734, having survived her husband about fourteen months. They were both buried at Otes.

CHAPTER IV.

ROBERT FIELDING, BEAU FIELDING.

Beau Fielding, the "Orlando" of the *Tatler* — Descended from an Old Warwickshire Family — Sent to London to Study the Law — His Great Personal Beauty and Foppish Habits — His Extraordinary Popularity with the Fair Sex — His Success as a Gambler — Fantastic Liveries of His Servants — Portraits of Him by the Three Great Artists of the Day — His First Wife, Daughter and Heiress of Lord Carlingford — His Second, the Celebrated Duchess of Cleveland, Mistress of Charles the Second — Their Matrimonial Unhappiness — Duchess's Discovery that He Had Committed Bigamy — He Is Tried at the Old Bailey — Singular Evidence Adduced at the Trial Respecting Fielding's Intrigues to Obtain the Hand of a Rich Widow, Deleau — Curious Statement Made by the Counsel for the Prosecution — Evidence of Mrs. Villars, and of Fielding's Servant, Boucher — Fielding Found Guilty, but Afterward Pardoned by Queen Anne — His Marriage with the Duchess of Cleveland Annulled.

THE history of a fine gentleman of the reign of Queen Anne, as it throws an amusing light on the manners of the period, may not be unacceptable to the reader.

Robert Fielding, the "Orlando" of the *Tatler*, was a cadet of a good family in Warwickshire, and, at an early age, was sent to London for the purpose of studying the law. Vanity, however,

and a taste for dissipation, gradually weaned him from his professional pursuits, and when, on an occasion of his appearing at court, his sovereign spoke of him, *par excellence*, as "the handsome Fielding," the circumstance is said to have stamped him for ever as a fop. Granger speaks of him as "uncommonly beautiful," and if we are to judge from the notices of him by his contemporaries, the encomium scarcely appears to be exaggerated.

Popular with the fair sex, almost beyond precedent, the sums which he received for conferring his favours on the old he is said to have lavished profusely on the young. The gaming-table also afforded him occasional means of subsistence, and, though a vice which rarely enriches its votaries, he is said, as a gamester, to have proved unusually successful. Whatever may have been the secret means of his subsistence, he figured for a series of years, in his proper sphere, the metropolis, in dazzling, though borrowed plumes; and, by the splendour of his dress and the fantastic liveries of his servants, appears to have never failed in attracting public attention. His domestics are described as habited in yellow liveries, with black sashes, and black feathers in their hats. One circumstance is curious, and, moreover, affords tolerable evidence of Fielding's self-love, that he caused himself to be painted by the three great artists of their time, Lely, Wissing, and Kneller. All three of their portraits have been engraved.

The first wife of Fielding was the daughter and sole heiress of Barnham Swift, Lord Carlingford. On the death of this lady, trusting, as usual, to retrieve his fortunes by his handsome person, he paid his addresses to the celebrated Duchess of Cleveland, formerly the dazzling and scornful mistress of Charles the Second, but who at this period must have been verging on her sixty-sixth year. They were married on the 25th of November, 1705, and, as is usually the case where there exist such glaring disparities of age and character, their union proved unhappy in the extreme. The reflection, indeed, cannot fail to be a melancholy one, that a woman who (profligate and undeserving as she is admitted to have been) had formerly enslaved a powerful sovereign, and made him subservient to her slightest caprice, should not only so far have demeaned herself as to become the wife of a needy adventurer, but should eventually have been compelled to seek refuge from his violence in a court of law.

Fortunately, the duchess, under somewhat remarkable circumstances, was afforded an opportunity of extricating herself from her matrimonial engagements. She had been united to her dissipated husband about a year, when rumours, in the first instance, reached her that Fielding had already another wife alive, and some time afterward a female actually made her appearance at Cleveland House, who stoutly maintained the priority of her claim.

An inquiry was immediately instituted by the friends of the duchess, of which the result was a determination to prosecute Fielding for bigamy. Accordingly, on the 4th of December, 1706, he was placed at the bar of the Old Bailey, charged, in a formal indictment, with having intermarried Barbara, Duchess of Cleveland, his former wife, Mary Wadsworth, being still alive. From the evidence elicited at the trial, there transpired the singular fact that Fielding, within the short space of sixteen days, had been united to two different women. His marriage with Mary Wadsworth took place on the 9th of November, 1705; his union with the Duchess of Cleveland on the 25th of the same month.

The circumstances connected with the case render it not a little amusing, and, perhaps, will excuse our introducing them somewhat in detail. It appears, then, that a young widow, a Mrs. Deleau, had been left, or was reputed to have been left, a large fortune, and that Fielding, tempted by the rumours of her wealth, had conceived the project of making her his wife. As yet he was unacquainted with even her person; but having paid a visit to Doctors' Commons, and discovering that report had not exaggerated her fortune, he speedily concerted his plans for obtaining an interview.

The next step of the fortune-hunter was to pay a visit to Mrs. Deleau's seat at Waddon, where,

under a pretence of being desirous to inspect the house and gardens, he was politely admitted by the owner. It seems that he was disappointed in his object of obtaining an interview with the widow; however, at the moment he was quitting the premises, observing a lady at the window, whom he conceived to be Mrs. Deleau, he gave her full opportunity of admiring his handsome person, and retired firmly persuaded he had made the impression he wished. On another occasion, we find him attending a horse-race on Banstead Downs, with a view of being formally presented to the widow, but, from some accident, Mrs. Deleau was prevented from being present. He even went so far as to address a letter to her; but her servants, either aware of his character, or, probably, not having been softened by a bribe of sufficient magnitude, allowed it to pass no farther than themselves.

It appears by the evidence produced on Fielding's trial that, in the first stage of the proceedings, he applied to a Mrs. Streights for her assistance as a go-between. Mrs. Streights, on her part, referred him to a Mrs. Charlotte Villars, whose only acquaintance with Mrs. Deleau was having been sent for by her, on one occasion, to cut her hair. This latter fact, however, Mrs. Villars (who appears to have been a woman of the worst character) carefully concealed from Fielding, and pretending that, from her intimacy with the widow, she was able materially to assist him in his views,

obtained from him a promise of five hundred pounds in the event of Mrs. Deleau becoming his wife.

Such was the commencement of a very ingenious plot, which was subsequently conducted with the most extraordinary success. Mrs. Villars having, in the first instance, procured the connivance of a young woman, named Mary Wadsworth (whose morals appear to have been almost as indifferent as her own, but who, fortunately, somewhat resembled Mrs. Deleau in person), she waited in due time on Fielding, and informed him that she had introduced the subject of his wishes to the widow. Mrs. Deleau, she said, had, in the first instance, refused to listen to her entreaties and arguments, but had latterly given them more favourable attention. To this she added her own conviction, that if the affair were managed with proper prudence, it would eventually terminate as he wished.

Part of Mrs. Villars's plot (and it is extraordinary that she should have succeeded in so completely deluding and mystifying a man of the world) was to obtain valuable presents from Fielding, which she persuaded him were duly delivered to Mrs. Deleau. She herself admits in her evidence at the trial, "Diverse presents were sent from Mr. Fielding by me to the lady. The first present was a gold apron stuck with green. That was the first present Mr. Fielding sent to Mrs. Wadsworth, whom he thought was Mrs. Deleau all the while;

but it was Mrs. Wadsworth. I did not think Mrs. Deleau, who was a great fortune, would agree to marry a man of Mr. Fielding's character. Mr. Fielding kept sending of letters and presents from that time, from the latter end of Bartholomew-tide to my Lord Mayor's day. He sent her a suit of white satin knots, and gloves, and other things."

At length, having wearied the patience, and, probably, very nearly exhausted the finances of the adventurer, Mrs. Villars informed him, to his great satisfaction, that Mrs. Deleau had at last consented to an interview, and that in a few days she would conduct her to his lodgings in Pall Mall. "He desired," she says, in her evidence, "that I would bring her to his lodgings on Lord Mayor's day, at night, which I did about nine o'clock, in a mourning-coach. Mr. Fielding was not at home, but came immediately. When he came in, he fell down upon his knees, and kissed her, and expressed abundance of fond expressions. He asked her why she staid so long, and whether she loved singing. He said he would send for Margaruita[1] to come

[1] A well-known singer at the Opera. According to Mrs. Manley, the Earl of Nottingham purchased her favours for four thousand pounds, and afterward bought her silence for a similar sum. Swift mentions her in a letter to Stella from Windsor, 1711: "We have a music-meeting in our town to-night. I went to the rehearsal of it, and there was Margaruita and her sister, and another drab, and a parcel of fiddlers; I was weary, and would not go to the meeting, which I am sorry for, because I heard it was a great assembly."

up. When she came up, Mr. Fielding bid her sing the two songs he loved, which she did; the one was 'Charming Creature,' and the other, 'Ianthe the Lovely.' After which Mr. Fielding sent for two pints of wine and some plum-cakes."

Mr. Montague, who had been retained as counsel for the prosecution, in his opening speech at the trial, thus describes the interview and subsequent proceedings: "The prisoner was not within at the time they came there, but, being sent for, came in soon after, and was extremely complacent for some time; but at length, though he had been cautioned not to let the lady know they were his lodgings, yet he could not forbear showing her his fine clothes, and what furniture he had; and a little time after sent for Mrs. Margaruita to sing to her, and pretended he was so extremely taken with her that nothing would satisfy him but being married that night. But she, with a seeming modesty, checked his forward behaviour, and made a show of going away in displeasure; but, before they parted, he prevailed upon her to promise not to put off their marriage longer than Wednesday se'nnight. Mr. Fielding rightly judged by this conversation what an interest he had fixed in the lady, and looking upon himself to be sure of her, he actually went to a goldsmith and bespoke a ring,[1] and directed himself what posie should be

[1] At Fielding's express desire, the motto "*tibi soli*" was engraved on the wedding ring.

engraved. When the day came, which had first been agreed on, sham pretences were made, not to seem over hasty in so serious a matter, and the marriage was put off till the Friday following; at which time, Mrs. Villars and the lady came again to Mr. Fielding's lodgings, where he received them with an extraordinary transport of joy, and the marriage must immediately be proceeded on. But she for some time feigned several put-offs, and at length made an offer to have gone away, but Mr. Fielding would by no means permit her to go, without making her his own, which he was resolved should be done presently; and, to make all things sure, he ran out and locked the chamber door, to keep her and Mrs. Villars in whilst he went for a priest." This important personage was obtained by Fielding at the embassy of the emperor, and he was married to the supposed Mrs. Deleau the same night.

Mrs. Villars, in her evidence, affords some curious particulars respecting this extraordinary wedding. "The priest," she says, "called for water, salt, and rosemary, to make holy water. Boucher (Fielding's man servant) brought up water and salt, but could get no rosemary. Mr. Fielding and I received it at the dining-room door. Then Mr. Fielding locked the door, and took the key on the inside. Mr. Fielding asked Mrs. Wadsworth whether it should be done in the bed-chamber or dining-room? Mrs. Wadsworth agreed

it should be in the bedchamber. There were none present but Mr. Fielding, Mrs. Wadsworth, the priest, and myself. The priest made holy water, and blessed it. Then he set Mrs. Wadsworth at the right of Mr. Fielding. The priest stood before them, and read the ceremony in Latin, as I understood; and Mrs. Wadsworth said she was not yet satisfied he was a priest. Says Mr. Fielding to her, 'Do you think, my dear, that I would have anybody to do this business but the holy father?' Mrs. Wadsworth was well satisfied till he came to that part, 'Wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife?' She desired it might be spoke in English by him. He did so. He asked Mr. Fielding whether he would have this gentlewoman to his wedded wife. He said, 'Yes, with all my heart.' He asked the lady then, whether she would have this gentleman for her husband. She said 'Yes,' faintly. 'But,' says Mr. Fielding, 'you must speak it so earnestly as I do. You must say with all my heart and soul.' Which she did. Then the priest blessed the ring and gave it to Mr. Fielding to put on the lady's finger. He said something in Latin, but what it was I know not. Then we went into the dining-room. Boucher brought up wine, and when all had drank, the priest was discharged."

Boucher, Fielding's servant, corroborates in every respect Mrs. Villars's statement. "My master," he says, "ordered me to be at home and

get clean sheets, wax-candles, and sconces; and fires in both the rooms. He told me some ladies would be there that night, and ordered, if he was not at home when they came, to tell them that he would be there presently. Accordingly they came, and he was not at home, but in a little time he came, and went up to them. Some time after that he came down-stairs in great haste, and said, 'Boucher, go and bespeak a dish of pickles.' I did so, and brought over a cloth and the rest of the things and left them in the window. I stayed by the stairs till he came back in a hackney-coach, with a priest along with him, in a long gown, and long beard, and a fur cap. I knew him to belong to the emperor's envoy, and I heard Mr. Fielding call him reverend father. Then I was ordered to set the table, and glasses, and wine, and things of that kind, upon the sideboard. I waited at table all the while. When supper was over, Mr. Fielding ordered me to go down, and fetch water, salt, and rosemary. I went and got water and salt, but could get no rosemary. Then I was ordered to go down, and they were locked in, about three-quarters of an hour. He then called. 'Boucher,' says he, 'will you fill some wine?' I did so, and perceived upon the thumb of this lady, upon her left hand, a plain gold ring which before supper she had not. When this was over, the priest went away. Presently after, says Mr. Fielding, 'Take the sheets from my bed, and lay them on the

other bed for Mrs. Villars, and see that none lie there.' I told my master it was done. Mrs. Villars, in the meantime, put the lady to bed. When I came down to tell them of it I saw the lady's clothes on a stool in the chamber, and Mrs. Villars folding them up and laying them in another room. I then lighted Mrs. Villars to bed, and then went to bed myself. In the morning I was called to make a fire. I then perceived Mr. Fielding and this lady in bed together. The fire being made, I was ordered to get a hackney-coach. Mrs. Villars dressed the lady hastily, and she was carried away in the hackney-coach."

Under what circumstances Fielding was made aware of the impudent manner in which he had been duped, we have unfortunately not been made acquainted. As his marriage, however, with the Duchess of Cleveland took place within little more than a fortnight, the *dénouement* could not long have been delayed. The ladies, on their part, grew, as might have been expected, exorbitant in their demands for money, to which Fielding not only turned a deaf ear, but insisted on his presents being returned. Their repeated visits to Cleveland House must have caused him not a little annoyance. At last, apparently wearied out with their importunities, he sent for Mrs. Villars, and, on her refusing to deny his marriage with Mrs. Wadsworth, not only gave her a severe beating, but told her if she still persisted in declining to

comply with his demands, he would slit her nose, and "get two blacks, one of whom should hold her on his back, and the other break her bones." Mrs. Wadsworth was treated with scarcely more consideration. On her presenting herself at Cleveland House to claim him as her lawful husband, he beat her with a stick and made her nose bleed.

Fielding was found guilty at his trial and sentenced to be burnt in the hand, though he was afterward pardoned by Queen Anne. On the 23d of May, 1707, his marriage with the Duchess of Cleveland was annulled in the Arches Court, and from henceforth we discover no mention of either the fortune or the name of Robert Fielding.

CHAPTER V.

BEAU WILSON.

Beau Wilson's Mysterious Rise from Poverty to Affluence — Serves a Campaign in Flanders — Is Broken for Cowardice, and Returns to England with Forty Shillings in His Pocket — His Extraordinary Show of Wealth Immediately after His Return — Various Conjectures on the Subject — Extract from Madame Dunois's Memoirs — Her Belief That Wilson Owed His Good Fortune to the Favour of the Duchess of Cleveland — Wilson Engaged in a Duel with Law, and Killed — Extract from Evelyn's Diary —Law Tried and Condemned — His Escape from Prison — His Death at Venice in 1729.

THE preceding memoir of Beau Fielding throws so curious a light on the manners and customs of the last century that we are tempted to introduce the portrait of another individual of the same stamp, who, though he figured a few years previously to his brother in dissipation, yet resembles him not a little in the ephemeral splendour of his existence, and the precarious sources from which his magnificence was derived.

The person known as Beau Wilson, whose mysterious rise from extreme poverty to the greatest affluence afforded our ancestors so wide a field for curiosity and conjecture, was a younger brother,

for whom his friends had purchased a commission in the army. He served a campaign with the army in Flanders, but having been early broken for cowardice, as some have asserted, set out on his return to England with the small sum of forty shillings, which some charitable friend had lent him to pay the expenses of his passage.

This obscure and apparently degraded individual had hardly made his appearance in the metropolis more than a few weeks when, according to a contemporary, "he appeared the brightest star in the hemisphere; his coaches, saddle, hunting, race-horses, equipage, dress, and table being the admiration of the world." Curiosity was eagerly at work to discover the secret source of this magnificence. It was questioned whether such extraordinary wealth could be derived from any of the fair sex, for there were few able to sustain him in such lavish expenditure. The manner in which he spent each day could always be accounted for, and, even when intoxicated, he was invariably on his guard against impertinent inquiries. Some believed that he had discovered the philosopher's stone; others affirmed that he had robbed a mail from Holland of a large quantity of rough diamonds; while another report was prevalent that he was supported by the Jews, though the motive of their liberality does not appear.

Madame Dunois says, in her memoirs: "He never played, or but inconsiderably; entertained

with profuseness all who visited him; himself drank liberally; but in all hours, as well sober as otherwise, he kept a strict guard upon his words, though several were either employed, by the curiosity of others or their own, to take him at his looser moments, and persuade him to reveal his secret; but he so inviolably preserved it that even their guesses were but at random, and without probability or foundation. He was not known to be an admirer of ladies, though he might doubtless have had the good fortune to have pleased, his person being no ways despicable. What adds to our surprise is that he was at all times to be found, and ever with some of his people, seemingly open in conversation, free from spleen or chagrin; in a word, he had that settled air, as if he was assured his good fortune would for ever continue. One of his friends advised him to purchase an estate whilst he had money. Mr. Wilson thanked him, and said that he did not forget the future in the present; he was obliged to him for his counsel, but whilst he lived it would be ever thus, for he was always certain to be master of such a sum of money."

Such is the well-known history of Beau Wilson. Madame Dunois, however, informs us that he unquestionably owed his good fortune to the weakness of a certain great lady, by which insinuation the Duchess of Cleveland is evidently meant. The duchess, it would seem, seeing him stretched

on the grass in some public gardens, conceived a predilection for his handsome person, and took pains to ascertain his history and name. She afterward received him in private, though their interviews, in order that he might remain ignorant to whom he owed his good fortune, invariably took place in the dark.

We learn from the same authority, that Wilson, instead of contenting himself with his unexpected good fortune, persisted in teasing the duchess to acquaint him to whom he was obliged. This fact he is said to have eventually discovered, by hearing the voice of the duchess as he passed her in Hyde Park, and subsequently perceiving a particular diamond ring on her finger. The duchess was naturally exasperated at the discovery, and sent him word that, if he disclosed her secret to any human being, she would adopt the promptest measures to have him despatched; while, on the other hand, if he consulted his own interests and security, he might depend upon receiving her bounty as before.

Whether Wilson was imprudent enough to neglect the hint does not appear. Madame Dunois, however, informs us that Law, the celebrated financier, received a sum of money from the duchess for putting him out of the way, and that he effectually fulfilled his engagement. That Wilson fell by the hands of Law there is no doubt. The former challenged him on some pretence about

his sister, and in the encounter was killed. The duel took place at the close of 1694, and in the *Gazette* of the 3d of January, 1695, a reward is offered for Law's apprehension. The proclamation describes him as a "black, lean man, six feet high, with large pock-marks in his face, big high nose, and speech broad and loud."

Evelyn, in his diary, gives a somewhat fuller account of the cause of the duel. Wilson's singular career, and the mysterious means by which he supported his magnificence, were sufficient to excite the curiosity of even the sober-minded philosopher. "April 22, 1694: A young man named Wilson, the younger son of one who had not above two hundred pounds a year estate, lived in the garb and equipage of the richest nobleman, for house, furniture, coaches, saddle-horses, and kept a table and all things accordingly, redeemed his father's estate, and gave portions to his sisters, being challenged by one Law, a Scotchman, was killed in a duel, not fairly. The quarrel arose from his taking away his own sister from lodging in a house where this Law had a mistress; which the mistress of the house thinking a disparagement to it, and losing by it, instigated Law to this duel. He was taken and condemned for murder. The mystery is, how this so young a gentleman, very sober and of good fame, could live in such an expensive manner; it could not be discovered by all possible industry, or entreaty of his friends to

make him reveal it. It did not appear that he was kept by women, play, coining, padding, or dealing in chemistry; but he would sometimes say that, if he should live ever so long, he had wherewith to maintain himself in the same manner. This was a subject of much discourse."

With Wilson died his extraordinary secret. Law was apprehended, and subsequently tried and condemned; but having the good fortune to break out of prison, he escaped to the Low Countries, where his expensive manner of living so far exceeded his ostensible means of subsistence as to afford grounds for curiosity and surmise. Law, it may be remarked, who mingled a life of pleasure with an application to more methodical pursuits, died at Venice in 1729, at the age of fifty-eight.

CHAPTER VI.

GEORGE THE FIRST.

His Birth — His Near Relationship to the Stuarts — Sketch of His Mother — Serves a Campaign under His Father, When in His Fifteenth Year — Fights in the Imperial Army against the Turks — Accompanies King William during a Series of Campaigns — Created by Him a Knight of the Garter — Is Subsequently Created by Queen Anne, Marquis and Duke of Cambridge, etc., with Precedency of All the Peers of Great Britain — Visits England with a View to Make Overtures for the Hand of the Princess Anne, afterward Queen — Recalled by His Father, and Forced to Marry the Daughter of the Duke of Zell — Story of Sophia Dorothea, of Zell — Her Compulsory Marriage with George the First in Her Sixteenth Year — Her Beauty and Intelligence — Neglected and Insulted by Her Husband — Count Coningsmark's Avowed Admiration of Her — Indignation of Her Father-in-law — Imprisoned in the Castle of Alden — Divorced from Her Husband in 1694 — Her Criminality Doubtful — Her Son's Affection for Her — Her Dignified Conduct during Her Imprisonment — Her Death in 1726 — George the First's Accession to the English Throne — His Indifference on the Subject — His Arrival at Greenwich — Anecdote — His Person and Habits — Extracts from Horace Walpole and Archdeacon Coxe — The King's Male Favourites — Their Rapacity — The King's Aversion to the English — His Profligate Expenditure.

GEORGE LEWIS, Elector of Hanover, who, agreeably with the provisions of the Act of Settlement

succeeded to the throne of these realms, as the head of the only Protestant branch of the house of Stuart, was born at Osnaburg, on the 28th of May, 1660. He was the eldest son of Ernest Augustus, Elector of Hanover, by Sophia, the youngest daughter of Elizabeth, the amiable and unfortunate Queen of Bohemia, only daughter of King James the First of England. King George was thus nearly related to the several members of the house of Stuart. He was great-grandson of King James I., nephew to King Charles I., first cousin to King Charles II., and James II., and first cousin, once removed, to Queen Mary, Queen Anne, and James Frederick Edward, commonly called the Pretender.

Of Ernest Augustus, the father of King George, we know little but that he was a brave and bustling man, who expired in 1698, before the intended aggrandisement of his family, as ensured by the Act of Settlement, could have been known to him. His consort, however, the Electress Sophia, as well from her close relationship to the royal family of England as from her being one of the most extraordinary women of her time, claims to be particularly mentioned in a memoir of her son.

The Electress Sophia, the youngest of the twelve children of Frederick, the titular King of Bohemia, and his interesting consort, was born the 13th of October, 1630, and at the age of eighteen became the wife of Ernest Augustus,

Elector of Hanover. Beautiful in her person, refined in her manners, and distinguished by the most captivating conversational powers, she mingled with these graceful accomplishments an almost masculine strength of mind, and an honourable respect for literature and science.[1] She is said to have made the laws and constitution of England her chief study, and by severe application to have mastered the languages of Holland, Germany, Italy, France, and England, which she spoke with so much ease and correctness that she might have passed for a native of any one of these countries. Promoting, by every means in her power, the happiness of those about her, and always anxious, even in extreme old age, to originate scenes of social mirth and harmless diversion, she continued to unite with these endearing qualities a taste for graver studies and pursuits, and, besides extending her patronage to several eminent men of learning and science, was for many years the friend and correspondent of the celebrated philosopher Leibnitz. Distinguished for her sense of justice, and a regard for the sufferings of others which was not exhibited

[1] The electress would seem to have been stricter in the performance of her social than of her religious duties. "The Princess Sophia," says Dean Lockier, "was a woman of good sense and excellent conversation. I was very well acquainted with her. She sat very loose in her religious principles, and used to take a particular pleasure in setting a heretic, whenever she could meet with such, and one of her chaplains a-disputing together."

by either of her contemporaries, Queen Mary or Queen Anne, she conceived a lively interest in the fortunes of the exiled branch of the Stuarts, and even endeavoured to persuade her relation, King William, to pass over her own claims, and to restore the unfortunate James to his hereditary rights.[1] The electress retained, even to a very

[1] Lord Dartmouth, who visited Hanover in the reign of William the Third, has bequeathed us the following interesting notice of the Electress Sophia: "She sent a coach to bring me to dinner to Herenhausen every day as long as I stayed. She was very free in her discourse, and said she held a constant correspondence with King James, and his daughter, our queen, with many particulars of a very extraordinary nature, that were great proofs of his being a very weak man, and her being a very good woman. She seemed piqued at the Princess Anne, and spoke of her with little kindness. She told me the king and queen had both invited her to make them a visit into England, but she was grown old, and could not leave the elector and her family, otherwise should be glad to see her own country (as she was pleased to call it) before she died, and should willingly have her bones laid by her mother's in the Abbey, at Westminster, whom she always mentioned with great veneration. She took it unkindly that the Duke of Zell should have the Garter before her husband, who, she thought, might have expected it upon her account, and told me she was once like to have been married to King Charles the Second, which would not have been worse for the nation, considering how many children she had brought, to which I most sincerely agreed."

The electress was, in fact, a staunch Jacobite, and long maintained a secret correspondence with her cousin, King James, during the period he was an exile at St. Germains. A number of her letters, marked in King William's handwriting, "Letters of the Electress Sophia to the Court of St. Germains," were found in a chest belonging to that monarch after his death. Under what circumstances they came into William's possession, whether

late period of life, not only her early freshness of feeling, but the beauty for which she had once been so distinguished. Toland, who was introduced to her at Hanover, when she was in her seventy-fourth year, describes her as reading without spectacles, and as still conspicuous for her graceful manners and commanding figure, without the trace of a wrinkle or apparently the loss of a tooth. Burnet also describes her, at the age of seventy-five, as still possessing infinite vivacity, and as "the most knowing and entertaining woman of her age." The electress lived to her eighty-fourth year, when she expired on the 8th of June, 1714. The circumstances attending her dissolution are somewhat remarkable. She was walking in the orangery, in the garden of Herenhausen, when, the rain suddenly descending, she hastened toward the electoral palace. An attendant reminding her that she had recently been indisposed, and that the exercise which she was taking was too violent, "I believe you are right," she said, and almost at the same instant fell down and expired. The electress died only fifty-three days before

by treachery, or whether they were transmitted to him by the Electress Sophia herself, as a proof of her change of sentiments, we have now no means of ascertaining. In the second volume of Dalrymple's memoirs will be found two interesting letters addressed by the electress to King William, in which, while she thanks him for his endeavours to bring her family into the succession, she at the same time acknowledges a strong interest in the misfortunes of King James.

death closed the eyes of Queen Anne. Had she survived this period, this distinguished woman would, agreeably with the provisions of the Act of Settlement, have ascended the throne of these realms. She used to say that she should die happy could she only live to have "Here lies Sophia, Queen of England," engraved upon her coffin.

George Lewis, her only son, appears to have been afforded more favourable opportunities of acquiring an insight into human nature and a knowledge of the world than usually falls to the lot of sovereign princes. Inheriting the military taste of his father, he served under him, when only fifteen, during the successful campaign of 1675, and was present at the battle of Consarbruck and the capture of Treves. He served also at different periods in Hungary, the Morea, Germany, and Flanders, and after the Peace of Nimeguen, in 1679, visited France, England, and other countries. He subsequently fought in the Imperial army against the Turks; was present at the signal defeat of the Infidels on the 12th of September, 1683; and distinguished himself by personal valour at the capture of Buda, in 1686. He accompanied King William during a series of campaigns, and was present at the battles of Steenkerke and Landen, and at the siege of Namur. On the 23d of January, 1698, he succeeded his father as Duke of Hanover. King William created

him a Knight of the Garter on the 18th of June, 1701; and on the 9th of November, 1706, Queen Anne created him Baron of Tewkesbury, Viscount of Northallerton, Earl of Milford-Haven, and Marquis and Duke of Cambridge, with precedency of all the peers of Great Britain.

Mention has already been made of a visit paid by the electoral prince to England, after the Peace of Nimeguen. It was his object, with the sanction of his father, to make overtures for the hand of the Princess Anne, afterward Queen of England; and he had already proceeded to some lengths in the negotiation, when he was suddenly recalled by his father to Hanover. Circumstances had changed the views of the old elector in regard to his son, and he now sought to unite the dukedoms of Hanover and Zell, by marrying his eldest son to the daughter and sole heiress of George William, Duke of Zell. Unfortunately for the parties concerned, he succeeded in his project; by which means, a young and very interesting woman was made the victim of political expediency, and was compelled to give her hand to a man she could neither love nor esteem, and who, with the exception of his titles and wealth, could scarcely boast of a recommendation in his favour.

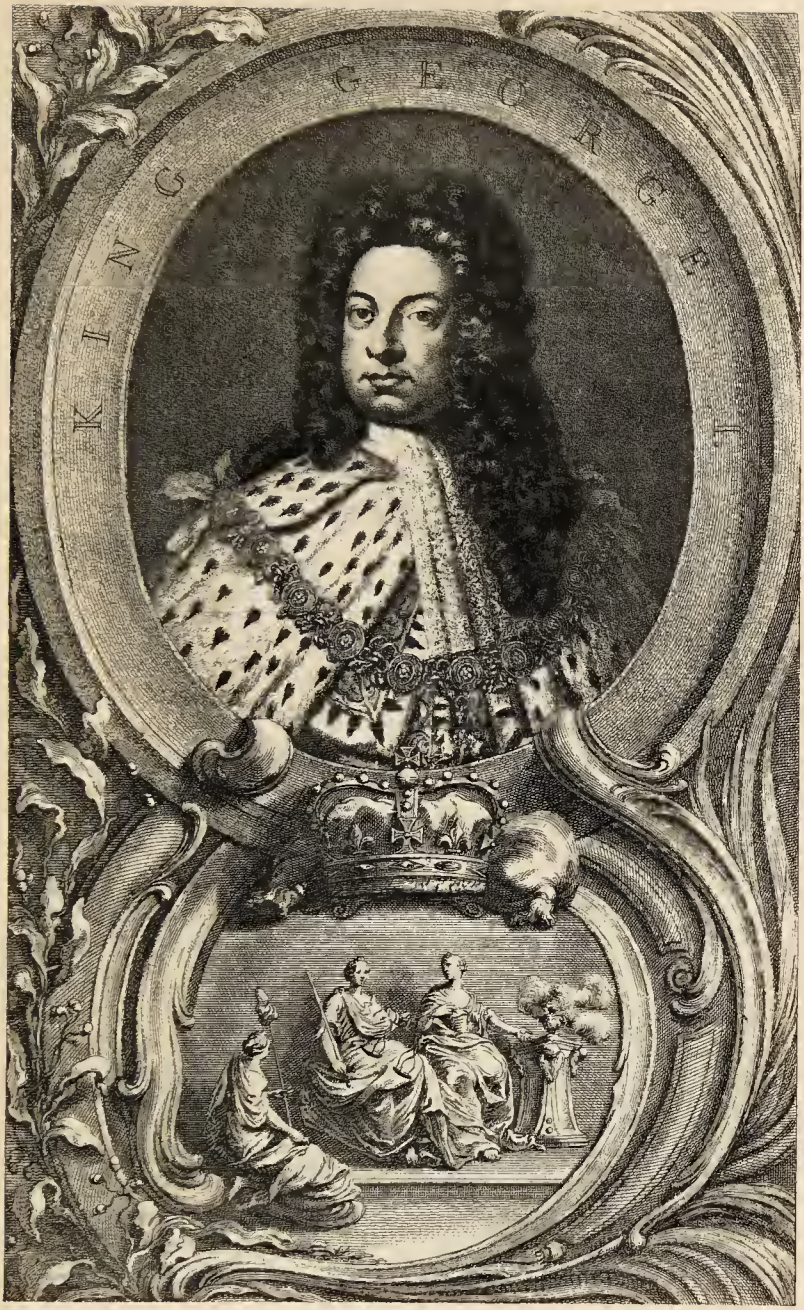
The story of Sophia Dorothea, the first cousin of George the First, and afterward his repudiated wife, deserves a place in our pages. At the period of her marriage, which took place on the 11th of

November, 1682, she had only attained her sixteenth year. She was at this period eminently beautiful, and is said to have been no less distinguished for the qualities of her mind. Besides these advantages, she was the sole heiress of the house of Zell, and, with half the princes of Germany at her feet, might at least have expected as much happiness as usually falls to the lot of the daughters of royalty. At the period of her marriage, which can only be regarded as a compulsory one, the princess, in addition to the misfortune of becoming the wife of George the First, had unhappily formed a prior attachment for a young Prince of Wolfenbüttel, to whom she had plighted her faith.

This interesting and accomplished woman was neglected by her worthless husband within a few months after their marriage. He attached himself to undeserving mistresses, and even insulted his young wife by constantly introducing them into her presence. It was in the first years of her marriage, when her indignation was fully aroused by the insults to which she was daily exposed, that the young and handsome Count Coningsmark, afterward so celebrated for his share in the murder of Thomas Thynne, made his appearance at the electoral court. It seems that he had formerly professed a passion for the electoral princess when she was Princess of Zell; and now, according to Archdeacon Coxe, "at sight

of her, his passion, which had been diminished by absence, broke out with increasing violence, and he had the imprudence publicly to renew his attentions." Her husband happened, at this period, to be absent from Hanover, but his father, the old elector, to whom the former attentions of Coningsmark were communicated by the enemies of the princess, hastened to revenge the injury presumed to have been inflicted on the honour of his son. The manner in which the old elector accomplished his purpose is thus related by Horace Walpole:

"George the First," he says, "while electoral prince, had married his cousin, the Princess Sophia Dorothea, only child of the Duke of Zell, a match of convenience to reunite the dominions of the family. Though she was very handsome, the prince, who was extremely amorous, had several mistresses; which provocation, and his absence in the army of the confederates, probably disposed the princess to indulge in some degree of coquetry. At that moment arrived at Hanover the famous and beautiful Count Coningsmark, the charms of whose person ought not to have obliterated the memory of his vile assassination of Mr. Thynne. His vanity, the beauty of the electoral princess, and the neglect under which he found her, encouraged his presumption to make his addresses to her, not covertly, and she, though believed not to have transgressed


KING GEORGE I

her duty, did receive them too indiscreetly. The old elector flamed at the insolence of so stigmatised a pretender, and ordered him to quit his dominions the next day. The princess, surrounded by women too closely connected with her husband, and consequently enemies of the lady they injured, was persuaded by them to suffer the count to kiss her hand before his abrupt departure, and he was actually introduced by them into her bedchamber next morning before she rose. From that moment he disappeared, nor was it known what became of him, till the death of George the First. On his son the new king's first journey to Hanover, some alterations in the palace being ordered by him, the body of Coningsmark was discovered under the floor of the electoral princess's dressing-room, the count having, probably, been strangled there the instant he left her, and his body secreted. The discovery was hushed up. George the Second entrusted the secret to his wife, Queen Caroline, who told it to my father; but the king was too tender of the honour of his mother to utter it to his mistress, nor did Lady Suffolk ever hear of it till I informed her of it several years afterward. The disappearance of the count made his murder suspected, and various reports of the discovery of his body have of late years been spread, but not with the authentic circumstances." The spot on which Coningsmark was assassinated is said

to be still pointed out in the electoral palace at Hanover.

The arrest of Sophia followed immediately on the murder of her lover. She was sent a prisoner to the castle of Alden, situated on the small river Aller, in the Duchy of Zell, where, under the name of the Duchess of Halle, she spent a miserable captivity of thirty-two years, which was only terminated by her death. Horace Walpole considers that, notwithstanding their separation, she was never actually divorced from George the First. "The king," he says, "seems not to have wholly dissolved their union; for on the approach of the French army toward Hanover, during Queen Anne's reign, the Duchess of Halle was sent home to her father and mother, who doted on their only child, and retained her for a whole year, and implored, though in vain, that she might continue to reside with them. As her son, too, George the Second, had thoughts of bringing her over, and declaring her queen-dowager, one can hardly believe that a ceremonial divorce had passed, the existence of which process would have glared in the face of her royalty." Notwithstanding, however, Walpole's skepticism on the subject, the fact is now placed beyond a doubt that the king obtained a divorce from the ecclesiastical consistory in Hanover, by an edict passed on the 28th of December, 1694, almost immediately after the assassination of Coningsmark.

Although George the First appears to have been convinced in his own mind of his wife's guilt, the fact of her criminality is not a little questionable. That a young and high-spirited woman like Sophia of Zell — neglected as she was by her husband, insulted by the presence of his unworthy mistresses, and left an isolated being in a splendid circle — may have been gratified at the evident devotion of a man like Coningsmark, and even, in an unguarded moment, may have shown satisfaction at his addresses, is not at all improbable. But, on the other hand, there is a want of reasonable evidence to establish her guilt, and, moreover, the conviction that she was innocent appears to have been general among the best informed Hanoverians of the time. It was remarked, and with much reason, that had Coningsmark been really guilty, it was just as easy to punish him in a court of justice as to get rid of him by a foul assassination. George the Second, moreover, who loved his mother almost as much as he hated his father, was fully convinced of her innocence, and seized every opportunity of showing respect to his unhappy parent. Of his devotion to her, more than one anecdote has been recorded. In contempt of his father's orders, who seems to have forbidden all intercourse between the mother and son, he, on one occasion, crossed the river Aller on horseback, opposite his mother's windows, and was only prevented from throwing himself at her feet by the determined

opposition of the Baron de Bulow, to whose charge she was confided. On the day that George the Second ascended the throne, Lady Suffolk, for the first time, perceived the picture of a lady in his apartment, habited in the electoral robes. This she afterward discovered to be a portrait of his mother, which the prince had secretly kept in his possession during the lifetime of his father, and now seized the earliest opportunity of drawing from its hiding-place.

"Those," says Archdeacon Coxe, "who exculpate Sophia, assert either that a common visit was construed into an act of criminality, or that the Countess of Platen, at a late hour, summoned Count Coningsmark in the name of the princess, though without her connivance; that on being introduced, Sophia was surprised at his intrusion; that on quitting the apartment he was discovered by Ernest Augustus, whom the countess had placed in the gallery, and was instantly assassinated by persons whom she had suborned for that purpose." Whether there be any reasonable foundation for this strange story, it is now impossible to decide. The same anecdote, however, is related elsewhere, the only difference being that the Duchess of Kendal, and not the Countess of Platen, is asserted to have been the authoress of the plot.[1]

[1] It is needless to remark that both the Duchess of Kendal and the Countess of Platen were the acknowledged mistresses of George the First.

Sophia displayed a becoming dignity during her long and melancholy incarceration, and derived invaluable consolation from the exercise of her religious duties. It was her custom to receive the sacrament once a week, on which occasions she never failed to make the most solemn protestations of her innocence. George the First, in the last years of his life, is said to have offered to restore his injured consort to her connubial rights. To this proposal she retorted with a noble indignation, "If what I am accused of is true, I am unworthy of his bed, and if the accusation is false, he is unworthy of me. I will not accept his offers." According to Lady Suffolk, the circumstance which most sensibly affected the princess in her misfortunes was the dread that her own unfortunate position might reflect disgrace upon her children. We learn from the same authority that, when her husband renewed his overtures for a reconciliation, she positively refused to listen to them, unless he publicly solicited her pardon.

The foregoing anecdotes of the Electress Sophia are not characteristic either of the conduct or language of a guilty person. If she were innocent, which there exists but slender reason to doubt, how cruel and unmerited was the treatment which she experienced! Condemned to a long captivity of thirty-two years; deprived of the society of her children; and snatched from the pleasures of life at the very period when she was best qualified to

enjoy them, the punishment, even had she been guilty, would have been far too oppressive for the offence. But, presuming that her innocence be admitted, how much more deeply must we compassionate the sufferings of this ill-fated woman. We must remember that her persecutor was her own husband, the man who, by right, should have been her protector; that he was in every respect her inferior in all qualities of mind and person; that he had first neglected and afterward tyrannised over his high-spirited wife; that by his insulting indifference he had himself almost invited her to err; that he had incited his worthless concubines to become the spies over her actions; and, in a word, that, while daring to accuse and punish his victim for infidelity, he was himself the most notorious adulterer and the most unscrupulous libertine in his dominions.

It was the misfortune of Sophia that she died before her son, George the Second, ascended the throne of Great Britain. Had she survived the death of her husband only seven months, she would probably have seen her rights asserted, and her character cleared. Her death took place on the 13th of November, 1726, in the sixty-first year of her age. In the *London Gazette*, which announces the event, she is simply styled the Duchess-dowager of Hanover.

We must now turn from the almost romantic history of a persecuted woman to the far less

interesting character of her phlegmatic husband. The circumstances which elevated George the First to the throne of England have been noticed elsewhere. It is sufficient to say that he was indebted for his aggrandisement merely to the accidental circumstance of his having been educated in the Protestant faith, there being, at the period of his accession, as many as fifty-seven individuals of the blood-royal who possessed superior hereditary claims.

Queen Anne expired on the 1st of August, 1714, and immediately afterward King George was proclaimed with the usual ceremonies in the cities of London and Westminster, without a show of that opposition which had been anticipated from the adherents of the Stuarts. Craggs, the well-known secretary of state, had previously been despatched by the Tories to Hanover, with the tidings that the queen was in an almost hopeless state. He presented himself at the electoral palace of Herenhausen, on the 27th of August; but the same night there arrived two other expresses from England, — one for the king, and the other for the English envoy-extraordinary, the Earl of Clarendon, — announcing the actual demise of the queen. Two hours after midnight Lord Clarendon, a staunch Tory, was admitted to the king's apartment, and formally congratulated him on his accession to the throne of England. His reception of the English minister is

said to have been cold and mortifying in the extreme, thus affording the earliest intimation of his preference for the Whigs, — a preference which he had hitherto prudently concealed in his own breast.

It has been affirmed that if any popular demonstration had taken place in England in favour of the exiled Stuarts, George the First would have contented himself with retaining the sovereignty of his beloved electorate, and would not unwillingly have relinquished his claims to the throne of Great Britain. That this was the prevalent opinion among the best-informed circles of the period is undoubted; indeed, Baron Polnitz, who was in Hanover at the time, affirms, notwithstanding all was peaceable in England, and that the elector had no more reason to expect opposition than if his claims to the throne had been strictly hereditary, still that the love of Hanover, and of social ease, very nearly outweighed the temptation of becoming the possessor of a splendid crown. The circumstance which seems to have chiefly induced him to accept the proffered honour was the satisfaction that he felt at having the Whigs on his side.

When one of his friends, alluding to the death of Charles the First on the scaffold, remarked that the anti-monarchical party in England was not yet extinct, "I have nothing to fear," he said, "for the king-killers are all my friends." About the same

period, after fairly admitting that he knew little of the constitution and customs of England, "I intend," he said, "to put myself entirely in the hands of my ministers, for they will be completely answerable for everything I do."

King George quitted the palace of Herenhausen on the 31st of August, 1714. He embarked at The Hague on the 16th of September, and arrived two days afterward at Greenwich, where he was received, on his landing, by a large concourse of influential persons. During his progress from that town to London, he mentioned a rather curious anecdote to Lord Dorset, who was in the same coach with him. Thirty-three years before, he said, he had arrived in England as a suitor for the hand of Queen Anne, whom he now succeeded. On his return, he added, he was riding a common post-horse from London to Gravesend, from which latter place he intended to take shipping for Holland, when, the roads and the horse being equally indifferent, he met with a severe fall, and arrived at Gravesend covered with mud. While relating this circumstance, the king suddenly recognised the spot where the accident happened, and pointed it out to Lord Dorset. George the First made his public entry into the metropolis on the 20th of the month, and on the 20th of October was crowned at Westminster with the usual solemnities.

It must have required all the adventitious aid

of sovereign dignity, and all the importance which is commonly attached to the name and office of a king, to have prevented the German elector, not only from becoming extremely unpopular with his new subjects, but from figuring in a very ridiculous light in their estimation. A foreigner as he was, in all his tastes and habits; ignorant, debauched, and illiterate; inelegant in his person and ungraceful in his manners, he had never condescended to acquaint himself with the laws or customs of the English, and was, indeed, utterly unacquainted with their language. In addition to these drawbacks, though he was now in his fifty-fifth year, he had the folly and wickedness to encumber himself with a seraglio of hideous German prostitutes, who rendered him equally ludicrous by their absurdities, and unpopular by their rapacity.

Horace Walpole, after drawing a ridiculous picture of the king's German mistresses, observes: "No wonder that the mob of London were highly diverted at the importation of so uncommon a seraglio. They were food for all the venom of the Jacobites; and, indeed, nothing could be grosser than the ribaldry that was vomited out in lampoons, libels, and every channel of abuse, against the sovereign and the new court. One of the German ladies being abused by the mob, was said to have put her head out of the coach, and cried in bad English, 'Good people, why you abuse us?

we come for all your goods.' 'Yes, damn ye,' answered a fellow in the crowd, 'and for all our chattels too.'" The two principal ladies of this repulsive seraglio, the Duchess of Kendal and the Countess of Darlington, are said to have been usually designated, in reference to a marked contrast in their personal appearance, as the "Maypole," and the "Elephant and Castle." In a letter in Mist's *Journal*, May 27, 1721, an anonymous writer observes: "We are ruined by trulls; nay, what is more vexatious, by old ugly trulls, such as could not find entertainment in the most hospitable hundreds of Old Drury." It is remarkable that this passage was made the subject of Parliamentary debate. The House of Commons was very properly offended at the liberty taken with the sovereign, and the debate terminated by Mist, the printer of the *Journal*, being sentenced to imprisonment and fine.

The court of George the First was, in fact, a foreign family, consisting of German mistresses and German favourites. "Coming from a poor electorate," says Archdeacon Coxe, "they considered England as a kind of land of promise, and, at the same time, so precarious a possession that they endeavoured to enrich themselves with all possible speed." In regard to the female part of the establishment, the two principal ladies were not only honoured with peerages, and loaded with pensions, but, according to Etough, they notori-

ously disposed of state appointments through their brokers. So grasping was their avarice that, on the Duke of Somerset resigning the post of master of the horse, the king was prevailed upon, instead of nominating a successor, to confer the salary on the Duchess of Kendal, and to leave the place vacant. It may be remarked that the profits, also, arising from the post of master of the buck-hounds, were conferred on another German.

The king's principal male favourites were Baron Bothmar, Count Bernsdorf, and Robethon, of whom the two former are said to have aimed at a seat in the House of Lords, while the latter humbly contented himself with aspiring to a baronetcy. These individuals, not satisfied with enriching themselves at the expense of the English nation, chose to interfere in every political transaction, and not only jostled and thwarted the prime minister, Sir Robert Walpole, whenever an opportunity offered, but, on more than one occasion, treated him with insufferable insolence.

Among the persons who constituted the foreign court of George the First, there were two individuals who must not be passed over in silence. These two were Turks, known by the names of Mustapha and Mahomet, who had been taken prisoners at the period when the king was serving in the Imperial army, and, for some reason, were admitted by him into his service. They had since

served him with so much fidelity that they were selected to accompany him from Hanover, on his accession to the English throne, and had since received the appointments of pages of the back-stairs. Apparently, the insignificance of these individuals renders any notice of them unnecessary; but even the king's Turkish menials were not without their share of influence under the new rule. Instead of confining themselves to the duties of their situations, and contenting themselves with their legitimate perquisites, they closely imitated the example set them by the rapacious Germans, and not only derived large sums by the sale of minor offices, but, in a letter from Count Broglio to the King of France, they are mentioned as exercising considerable political influence over their royal master. It is to one of these individuals that Pope alludes in his "Essay on Women."

> "From peer or bishop 'tis no easy thing,
> To draw the man who loves his God or king;
> Alas! I copy, or my draught would fail,
> From honest Mahomet or plain parson Hale."

Altogether, the rapacity of the German adventurers, the ridiculous airs which they gave themselves, and their unwarrantable interference in state affairs, excited the just indignation of the English. The king, on his part, so far from attempting to check the scandalous venality of his countrymen, appears to have encouraged them in

iniquitous robberies. On one occasion, a favourite cook having requested his permission to return to Hanover, and giving, as his reason for desiring his discharge, the profligate expenditure of all articles of food in the royal kitchen, so different from the frugal economy which he had been accustomed to see practised in the Hanoverian palaces, "Never mind," said the king, "my present revenues will bear the expense; do you steal like the rest," and he added, with a hearty laugh, "Be sure you take enough."

The king, indeed, appears to have utterly discredited the existence of such a virtue as honesty. Ridiculing the creditable scruples of the more conscientious of his servants, he seems to have been impressed with the conviction that venality was equally the foible of his first minister, and of the humblest denizen of his kitchen. When Sir Robert Walpole remonstrated with him on the rapaciousness of his German dependents, and their practice of disposing of places and honours at a high price, the king merely replied, with a smile, "I suppose *you* also are paid for your recommendations."

George the First appears to have been as averse to England and the English, as he was prejudiced in favour of Hanover and his own countrymen. Count Broglio writes to the King of France, on the 6th of July, 1724: "The king has no predilection for the English nation, and never receives in

private any English of either sex; none even of his principal officers are admitted to his chamber of a morning to dress him, nor in the evening to undress him. These offices are performed by the Turks, who are his *valets-de-chambre*, and who give him everything he wants in private. He rather considers England as a temporary possession, to be made the most of while it lasts, than as a perpetual inheritance to himself and family. He will have no disputes with the Parliament, but commits the entire transaction of that business to Walpole, choosing rather that the responsibility should fall on his minister's head than on his own." The interests of this great country were almost entirely lost sight of in his attachment to his native dominions. Whenever he signed a treaty, or declared war, it was the aggrandisement of Hanover, and not of England, which dictated the policy of the moment; and the English had the mortification of seeing that the treasures which were lavished, and the blood which was spilt, were expended in gratifying the vanity of an ungrateful foreigner, and adding to the consequence of his paltry electorate.

It has already been remarked that George the First was entirely ignorant of the English language; and as his prime minister, Sir Robert Walpole, knew as little of the French, there remained no other means of communicating with each other except in Latin. "George the First,"

says Horace Walpole, "did not understand English; my father brushed up his old Latin, to use a phrase of Queen Elizabeth, in order to converse with the first Hanoverian sovereign, and ruled him in spite even of his mistresses." A biting sarcasm, uttered by William Shippen, the celebrated Tory leader in the reign of George the First, gave great offence to the court, and, as he refused to soften the expression, it led to his being sent to the Tower. "It was the only infelicity," he said, "of his Majesty's reign that he was unacquainted with the English language and the English constitution."

As a proof of the justice of one of Count Broglio's remarks, — that the king merely regarded England as a temporary possession, "to be made the most of while it lasts," — it may be observed that, though George the First had carefully husbanded the revenues of the electorate, in England he launched forth into the most profligate excesses. According to a contemporary writer, Toland, he had been accustomed, when in Hanover, to defray his household expenses every Saturday night. The case, however, was now altered; and the nation was equally amazed and exasperated when, in 1725, the Parliament was called upon to defray the debts of the civil list, amounting to the enormous sum of £500,000.

CHAPTER VII.

GEORGE THE FIRST.

Attachment of the University of Oxford to the House of Stuart — Whig Principles of the University of Cambridge — Doctor Trapp's Epigram on the Occasion — Sir W. Browne's Retort — James Shepherd's Attempt to Assassinate the King — His Execution — Lord Chesterfield's Remark on the Subject — The King's Good-humour, and Love of Music — His Aversion to Pomp — Anecdote of His Humour — Anecdotes of the Duchess of Bolton and of Dean Lockier — The King's Liberality of Feeling toward the House of Stuart — Extract from Horace Walpole — The King's Generosity toward Prisoners for Debt — Horace Walpole Presented to Him, When a Mere Child — His Account of the Presentation — The King's Liaison with Anne Brett, Daughter of the Repudiated Countess of Macclesfield, by Her Second Husband — Her Insolence and Ambition — Anecdote of Her Related by Horace Walpole — The King's Superstitious Feelings — He Orders His Wife's Will to Be Burned — His Hatred of Her and His Son, George the Second — His Departure from England in 1727 for His Electorate — Archdeacon Coxe's Details of His Last Illness — Extract from the Marchmont Papers — Romantic Anecdote Related by Lockhart — The King's Death in 1727 — His Character as a Man, and as a King — His Indifferent Education — Anecdote of Him — His Daughter Sophia Dorothea Married in 1706 to Frederick William, King of Prussia — Her Beauty and Intelligence — Her Husband's Brutal Treatment of Her — Her Death in 1757.

THE suppression of the unfortunate rebellion of 1715, though it imparted an accession of vigour

to the existing government, added little to the personal popularity of the king. Only two years after that event, the sprig of oak was again boldly displayed on the 29th of May, and the white rose publicly worn on the birthday of the Pretender. The University of Oxford, in particular, whose devotion to hereditary right has, at times, almost assumed the character of romance, gave such evident proofs of their reviving attachment to the house of Stuart, that the government attempted to frighten them from their principles, by quartering on them a military force. On the other hand, the University of Cambridge forgot the individual failings of the Whig monarch in their attachment to Whig principles, and, as a reward for their adhesion to the existing government, received a valuable present of books from the king. It was in reference to the very opposite conduct of the two universities that Doctor Trapp composed the following epigram:

> "Our royal master saw, with heedful eyes,
> The wants of his two universities.
> Troops he to Oxford sent, as knowing why
> That learned body wanted loyalty;
> But books to Cambridge gave, as well discerning
> How that right loyal body wanted learning."

These lines were retorted upon with singular felicity by Sir William Browne, whose composition not only excels, both in point and versification, the

verses which prompted his rejoinder, but has also the merit of having been written impromptu:

> "The king to Oxford sent a troop of horse,
> For Tories know no argument but force.
> With equal care, to Cambridge books he sent,
> For Whigs allow no force but argument."

The circumstance, perhaps, is a curious one that, notwithstanding the excited state of party feeling in the reign of George the First, and the fact that by nearly half the nation he was regarded merely as a usurper, yet that his life should only on one occasion have been in danger from assassination, and then from the hands of a mere boy, who had conceived an almost frenzied devotion for the Stuart family. The youth in question was named James Shepherd, a coach-maker's apprentice, who, it seems, communicated his project to one Leake, a non-juring clergyman; at the same time expressing his desire to receive the sacrament daily, till he should have accomplished his purpose. By means of Leake, the government was made acquainted with the project, and the person of Shepherd secured. When placed on his trial, he not only freely admitted his guilt, but, at the place of execution, declared that he gloried in the design, and died a willing martyr to his principles. Lord Chesterfield writes, about thirty years afterward, to his son: "I cannot help reading of Porsenna and Regulus with

surprise and reverence; and yet I remember that I saw, without either, the execution of Shepherd, a boy of eighteen years old, who intended to shoot the late king, and who would have been pardoned, if he would have expressed the least sorrow for his intended crime; but, on the contrary, he declared that, if he was pardoned, he would attempt it again; that he thought it a duty which he owed his country; and that he died with pleasure for having endeavoured to perform it. Reason equals Shepherd with Regulus; but prejudice, and the recency of the fact, makes Shepherd a common malefactor, and Regulus a hero." Shepherd was executed at Tyburn on the 17th of March, 1718. Probably, though actuated by false principles, the youth may have sacrificed his life for what he believed the good of his country; and so far he merits the implied eulogium wasted upon him by Lord Chesterfield. He appears, however, by all accounts, to have been a mere fanatic, and more suited for Bedlam, than deserving a death on the scaffold, or a place in the temple of political martyrs.

Though occasionally obstinate and self-willed, George the First, when nothing of importance occurred to ruffle the evenness of his temper, appears to have been what may be termed an agreeable and a good-humoured man. In his own circle, and among his own friends, he could converse freely and laugh heartily, though, gener-

ally speaking, he preferred the pleasure of listening to the conversation of others to the labour of talking himself. He delighted to divest himself of the cares of sovereignty with its trappings, and though neither his wit nor his conversation were of a very high order, he was, on these occasions, especially over his punch, a cheerful and sometimes an amusing companion. Parade and observation were his particular aversion. Among his few redeeming qualities was a love of music, and whenever this taste led him to frequent the opera, instead of appearing in state in the royal box, he usually sat (in a box allotted to the ladies of the court) behind the Duchess of Kendal and Lady Walsingham, where he could watch the performances without being observed by the audience.

Of the king's peculiar kind of humour, and of his practice of embellishing a slight incident, the following may be taken as a specimen: "This is a very odd country," he said, speaking of England. "The first morning after my arrival at St. James's, I looked out of the window, and saw a park with walls, and a canal, which they told me were mine. The next day, Lord Chetwynd, the ranger of my park, sent me a brace of fine carp out of my canal, and I was told I must give five guineas to Lord Chetwynd's man, for bringing me my own carp, out of my own canal in my own park."

A seasonable and well-turned pleasantry appears to have usually had the effect of putting him in a

good-humour, a circumstance of which his courtiers did not fail to avail themselves. Among those who were in the habit of diverting him, either by exposing their own follies or retailing those of others, was the Duchess of Bolton, a natural daughter of the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth.[1] This lady is said to have frequently amused him by her ridiculous, and more than Hibernian, blunders. On one occasion, having been at the theatre the night before, when Colley Cibber's first dramatic performance, "Love's Last Shift," was acted, the king inquired of her the next day what piece she had seen performed. The play, she said, with a grave face, was *La dernière Chemise de l'Amour.* At another time, she made her appearance at court in a great fright, and the king inquiring the cause of her alarm, she told him she had just been listening to a prophecy of Whiston, that the world would be burnt in three years, — "And for my part," she added, "I am determined to go to China."

Among others, in whose society he delighted, was Doctor Lockier, the well-known friend of Pope and the wits. The king, one day seeing Lockier at court, desired the Duchess of Ancaster to invite him to her evening party. Lockier, how-

[1] Henrietta Crofts, natural daughter of James, Duke of Monmouth, by Eleanor, younger daughter of Sir Robert Needham, Knt. She became the third wife of Charles Paulet, second Duke of Bolton.

ever, begged that the duchess would excuse him to his Majesty; he stood well at present, he said, with the ministers, but should it be known that he was keeping such good company, he should probably miss the preferment which he was anxiously expecting. A few days afterward Lockier was appointed to the Deanery of Peterborough, and while kneeling to kiss hands on his preferment, the king whispered good-naturedly in his ear, "Well, now, doctor, you will not be afraid to come to our evening parties, I hope."

There were two other divines (Doctor Younger, Dean of Salisbury, his deputy clerk of the closet, and a Doctor Savage), in whose society the king appears to have taken great pleasure. He once inquired of the latter how it happened that, during his long stay in the papal dominions, he had missed effecting the conversion of the Pope. "I believe, your Majesty," replied the other, "that it was because I had nothing higher than the see of Rome to offer his Holiness." Doctor Younger, whom he had formerly known in Hanover, he was accustomed to style his "little dean." This person, with whom the king used familiarly to converse in high Dutch while standing behind his chair, eventually obtained so inconvenient a degree of influence over his royal master that the ministers, disliking his Tory principles, contrived effectually to remove him out of the way.

There is one trait in the character of George

the First, for which we readily hasten to do him credit. We allude to the liberality of feeling which he displayed toward the adherents of the exiled family; and whether that feeling was prompted simply by constitutional good-nature, or whether it originated in some conscientious scruples in regard to the validity of his own claims, scruples which it is well known that he entertained, the circumstance, nevertheless, does him infinite credit. When it was reported to him of an old acquaintance that, on hearing the news of his accession, he had observed, "I have no objection to smoke a pipe with him as Elector of Hanover, but I cannot admit his claims to the throne of Great Britain," the king is said, not only to have shown no resentment, but to have frequently regretted that a difference in political opinion should have separated him from a man whom he loved. It is said of him, on another occasion, that when at a masquerade, a lady in a domino invited him to fill a bumper, at the same time proposing "the Pretender," "I will drink," he said, "with all my heart to the health of any unfortunate prince."

But the following anecdote, related by Horace Walpole, not only places the generosity of the king's sentiments in a very agreeable point of view, but exhibits an instance of fine breeding, for which it would not be easy to find a parallel. "On one of his journeys to Hanover," says Walpole, "his coach broke down. At a distance, in

view, was a château of a considerable German nobleman. The king sent to borrow assistance. The possessor came, conveyed the king to his house, and begged the honour of his Majesty's accepting a dinner while his carriage was repairing; and, in the interim, asked leave to amuse his Majesty with a collection of pictures, which he had formed in several tours to Italy. But what did the king see in one of the rooms, but an unknown portrait of a person in the robes and with the regalia of a sovereign of Great Britain! George asked whom it represented. The nobleman replied, with much diffident but decent respect, that in various journeys to Rome he had been acquainted with the Chevalier de St. George, who had done him the honour of sending him that picture. 'Upon my word,' said the king, instantly, 'it is very like to the family.'" It was impossible, adds Walpole, to remove the embarrassment of the proprietor with more good breeding.

George the First was what may be termed a good-natured man, and though the frightful proscriptions which followed the suppression of the rebellion of 1715 must always be regarded as a blot on his character, they nevertheless appear to have been prompted by feelings of stern necessity, and by a conviction that it was incumbent upon him to make terrible examples, in order to prevent further outbreaks, rather than from an unrelenting vindictiveness, or that he derived any

satisfaction from the misery of his fellow creatures. That he could occasionally sympathise with the sufferings of others, there is no want of evidence to prove. From some cause, which has been left unexplained, he had conceived a particular interest in the condition of persons imprisoned for debt, and, on several occasions, we find him kindly procuring their release. Previously to his quitting Hanover, to assume the sovereignty of England, he ordered a general emancipation of all the insolvent debtors throughout the electorate, and, only a few months afterward, presented the sheriffs of London with a thousand pounds to be applied to a similiar object. Again, in a progress which he made in the English provinces, in 1722, the king, at his own expense, released from gaol all prisoners confined for debt in every town through which he passed.

The account which Horace Walpole has left us of his being presented, when a mere child, to George the First, contains some of the most agreeable of his octogenarian reminiscences. "I must suppose," he says, "that the female attendants in the family must have put into my head to long to see the king. This childish caprice was so strong, that my mother solicited the Duchess of Kendal to obtain for me the honour of kissing his Majesty's hand before he set out for Hanover. A favour so unusual to be asked for a boy of ten years old was still too slight to be refused to the

wife of the first minister for her darling child; yet not being proper to be made a precedent, it was settled to be in private and at night. Accordingly, the night but one before the king began his last journey, my mother carried me, at ten at night, to the apartment of the Countess of Walsingham, on the ground floor toward the garden at St. James's, which opened into that of her aunt, the Duchess of Kendal, — apartments occupied by George the Second after his queen's death, and by his successive mistresses, the Countesses of Suffolk and Yarmouth.

"Notice being given that the king was come down to supper, Lady Walsingham took me alone into the duchess's anteroom, where we found alone the king and her. I knelt down and kissed his hand. He said a few words to me, and my conductress led me back to my mother.

"The person of the king is as perfect in my memory as if I saw him but yesterday. It was that of an elderly man, rather pale, and exactly like his pictures and coins; not tall, of an aspect rather good than august, with a dark tie-wig, a plain coat, waistcoat, and breeches of snuff-coloured cloth, with stockings of the same colour, and a blue riband over all. So entirely was he my object, that I do not believe I once looked at the duchess; but as I could not avoid seeing her on entering the room, I remember that just beyond his Majesty stood a very tall, lean, ill-

favoured old lady; but I did not retain the least idea of her features, nor know what the colour of her dress was." Walpole informs us elsewhere, that the king took him up in his arms, kissed him, and "chatted some time."

In the last years of his life, the king paid his English subjects the compliment of taking an Englishwoman for his mistress. This lady was Anne Brett, a daughter of the repudiated Countess of Macclesfield by her second husband, and a sister of Savage, the poet. Her hair and eyes are said to have been extremely dark, so much so, that she might have been mistaken for a Spanish beauty. She seems to have been as ambitious as she was handsome, and as she had been promised a coronet as the reward of her complaisance, as soon as her royal lover returned from the last visit which he paid to Hanover, she would, probably, have proved a dangerous rival to the Duchess of Kendal, had the king's life been extended a few years. Insolence, a quality which she, probably, inherited from her unprincipled mother, Lady Macclesfield, appears to have been the chief characteristic of this new sultana. Previously to the king's last departure for Hanover, he had left his new mistress in St. James's Palace, in apartments contiguous to those of his granddaughters, the Princesses Anne, Amelia, and Elizabeth. "When the king set out," says Walpole, "Miss Brett ordered a door to be broken out of her apartment

into the royal garden. Anne, the eldest of the princesses, offended at that freedom, and not choosing such a companion in her walks, ordered the door to be walled up again. Miss Brett as imperiously reversed that command. The king died suddenly, and the empire of the new mistress and her promised coronet vanished. She afterward married Sir William Leman, and was forgotten before her reign had transpired beyond the confines of Westminster."

George the First, at an earlier period of his life, had been warned by a French prophetess to take care of his wife, as it was fated that he would not survive her more than a twelvemonth. Like most Germans, he was superstitious, and such an effect had the prediction on his mind that, shortly after his wife's death, on taking leave of his son and the Princess of Wales, when on the eve of his departure for Hanover, he told them, with tears in his eyes, that he should never see them again. However, notwithstanding his firm conviction that the hour of his dissolution was at hand, the circumstance seems to have had no effect in deterring him from the commission of a very gross act of injustice and crime. With a contempt of all laws, human and divine, he gave directions that his wife's will should be burnt, and this for the mere purpose, it seems, of depriving his own son of some valuable legacies bequeathed to him by his unfortunate mother. It

is a remarkable and a melancholy fact that his wife and his only son appear to have been the two persons whom George the First detested most in the world.

On the 3d of June, 1727, the king departed from Greenwich on his last visit to his beloved electorate. He landed in Holland four days afterward, and on reaching Delden, on the 9th of the month, appeared to be in the enjoyment of his usual health. It appears, however, that about twenty miles from that place he had supped with the Count de Twittel, at the country-seat of that nobleman, on which occasion he had eaten an unusual quantity of melons, an act of imprudence to which was subsequently ascribed the disorder that caused his death. He proceeded the same evening to Delden, and, having breakfasted the following morning on a cup of chocolate, set off on his way to Osnaburg.

The circumstances which attended the king's last illness are minutely detailed by Archdeacon Coxe, from the account of persons who were either eye-witnesses of, or who remembered, the event. "On his arrival at Bentham," says Coxe, "the king felt himself indisposed, but continued his journey in opposition to the repeated entreaties of his suite. His indisposition increased, and, when he arrived at Ippenburen, he was quite lethargic; his hand fell down as if lifeless, and his tongue hung out of his mouth. He gave,

however, signs of life, by continually crying out, as well as he could articulate, 'Osnaburg, Osnaburg.' This impatience to reach Osnaburg induced the attendants not to stop at Ippenburen, but to hasten on in hopes of arriving at that city before he died, but it was too late. The exact time and place of his death cannot be ascertained, but it is most probable that he expired either as the carriage was ascending the hill near Ippenburen, or on the summit. On their arrival at the palace of his brother, the Bishop of Osnaburg, he was immediately bled, but all attempts to recover him proved ineffectual."

Etough, in a letter to Doctor Birch, preserved in the British Museum, intimates that the extraordinary vigour of the king's constitution seemed to promise him an existence of more than common duration; he adds, however, that his fondness for sturgeon and other strong food, and his custom of indulging in hearty suppers at late hours of the night, counteracted the exertions made by nature in his behalf. These presumptions of the king's want of prudence, in regard to his daily diet, render it the more probable that the excess to which he indulged at the table of the Count de Twittel, was the immediate cause of his death.

Among the Marchmont papers there is a letter, dated 15th June, 1727, addressed by George Baillie, Esq., to Alexander, Earl of Marchmont, detailing some further particulars relating to the death of

George the First. The narrative, it may be remarked, differs in no material degree from that of Coxe. "It is with great grief and concern," says the writer, "that I am to tell you of our most excellent king's death. The melancholy news came by express yesterday. He had been ill at sea, and continued so on the road, but would not stop. On Friday night he was taken ill with a severe purging and great sweating, which weakened him very much. He would, however, go on, and upon Saturday lost his speech and the power of one side, but still made signs with his hand to proceed, and in the evening arrived at Osnaburg, where he died about one o'clock on Sunday morning, — a fatal day, were we not happy in the prince, his successor."

Lockhart of Carnwath, in his memoirs, relates a somewhat romantic anecdote connected with the last illness of George the First, which was formerly current in Germany. According to this writer, the unfortunate Sophia Dorothea, shortly before her death, addressed a letter to her royal consort, in which, after emphatically asserting her innocence, she reproached him with the long course of ill usage that she had experienced at his hands, and concluded by solemnly citing him to appear on a certain day before the divine tribunal. This letter, it is said, was entrusted by the dying princess to a faithful attendant, by whom it was presented to the king on his entering his German domin-

ions. He read it, appeared to be awestruck by the contents, and immediately afterward was seized by the disorder which carried him off. Lockhart, a trustworthy chronicler, informs us that the same year in which the king died he was actually shown the letter in question by Count Welling, Governor of Luxemburg. It is more likely, however, that Lockhart was imposed upon than that the story had any foundation in fact. Indigestion, and not superstition, seems to have shortened the life of George the First.

King George expired on the 11th of June, 1727, in the sixty-eighth year of his age, and the thirteenth of his reign over England. His remains were interred at Hanover on the 3d of September following. In person he was somewhat beneath the middle stature. His general appearance was undignified, his address awkward. Though not handsome, his features were good, and the slight expression which they bore is said to have been that of benignity. The king's character has already been sufficiently illustrated in the foregoing pages, without requiring any general summary of his virtues or his vices. It may be remarked, however, that, with the single exceptions of social pleasantry and constitutional good-humour, he seems to have been possessed of no redeeming quality which reflected dignity on him as a monarch, or rendered him amiable as a man. Profligate in his youth and libidinous in old age, he

figures through life as a bad husband, a bad father, and, in as far as England is concerned, a bad king. He wanted even those graceful qualifications of the Stuarts, a love for polite literature and the fine arts; he possessed no taste for the one, and extended no patronage to the other. The only thing he seems to have had a regard for was his own ease; the only being he hated heartily was, probably, his own son. Many of these unamiable characteristics were unquestionably owing to his indifferent education; for, notwithstanding his wrong-headiness, he is said to have meant well.

A single favourable anecdote is related of this monarch: that when, on his accession to the throne, a German nobleman congratulated him on his elevation, "Rather," he said, "congratulate me on having Newton for a subject in one country, and Leibnitz in the other."[1] The authenticity of the story may reasonably be doubted, but, if true, it deserves to be written in letters of gold.

George the First (by his wife, Sophia Dorothea of Zell) was the father of two children, — a son and a daughter, — of whom the former succeeded him on the throne of England as King George the Second. His remaining child was Sophia Dorothea, born in 1684. This lady, on the 28th of Novem-

[1] This anecdote is related by Seward, but without giving his authority.

ber, 1706, became the wife of Frederick William, of Brandenburg, afterward King of Prussia, a man whose eccentric brutalities have been rendered so celebrated by Voltaire. His unhappy wife is said to have combined the strong sense of her grandmother, the old electress, with the beauty and fascinating manners of her unfortunate mother, Sophia of Zell. Neither her virtues, however, nor her accomplishments were sufficient to protect her against the inhumanities of her husband. This despicable and unmanly ruffian is known to have practised the same cruelties toward his wife and children which he exercised so notoriously toward his oppressed subjects. On different occasions we find him kicking his daughter, with brutal violence, from his apartment;[1] proposing to behead his son, afterward Frederick the Great, for having been guilty of writing a copy of verses; forcing that son to be a witness of the execution of his friend; and subsequently to be present at the public castigation of a beloved mistress. Harassed by her

[1] Lord Chesterfield writes to the plenipotentiaries on the 15th of September, 1750, from The Hague: "My last letters from Rome inform me that the King of Prussia had beaten the princess royal, his daughter, most unmercifully, dragged her about the room by the hair, kicking her in the belly and breast, till her cries alarmed the officer of the guards, who came in. She keeps her bed of the bruises she received. Twenty pence a day is allowed for the maintenance of the prince royal in the Castle of Custan." The princess, on the occasion above referred to, received a severe injury on her left breast, the marks of which she, some years afterward, exhibited to Voltaire.

own misfortunes, and by witnessing the distresses of her children, the Queen of Prussia continued to drag on an existence of misery and disease till 1757, when she expired in the seventy-fourth year of her age.

CHAPTER VIII.

MELESINA, DUCHESS OF KENDAL.

Sister of the Count of Schulenberg — Appointed Maid of Honour to the Electress Sophia, Mother of George the First — The Duchess's Birth in 1659 — Her Personal Appearance — Reluctantly Accompanies George the First to England — Created an Irish Peeress, Duchess of Munster, in 1716 — Afterward Created an English Peeress, Duchess of Kendal, for Life, and Subsequently Princess of Eberstein in Germany — Supposed to Have Contracted a Left-handed Marriage with George the First — Her Assumption of Piety — Sir R. Walpole's Mean Opinion of Her — Her Political Influence — Letter Respecting Her from Count Broglio to Louis the Fifteenth — The Latter's Reply — The Duchess Presides at the King's Evening Parties — His Nightly Visits to Her Apartments — Accompanies Him on His Last Visit to Hanover — Her Grief on Hearing of His Death — Singular Anecdote — The Duchess's Death in 1743.

Erengard Melesina Schulenberg, the celebrated mistress of George the First, was sister of Frederic Achatius, Count of Schulenberg and Hedlen. The influence of her family procured her the appointment of maid of honour to the Electress Sophia, mother of George the First, at the period when her royal lover was only electoral prince. Thus early did their intercourse com-

mence, and it is remarkable that the influence obtained by the one, and the affection felt by the other, should have survived till both were progressing toward their seventieth year. As Mlle. Schulenberg is said to have been a year older than her royal lover, the date of her birth must be placed in 1659.

It must have occasioned no slight degree of astonishment to the English people, and no small contempt for the taste of their new monarch, when, at the head of the extraordinary seraglio which accompanied him to England, they beheld a woman whose face was not only plain, and whose elongated figure was attenuated almost to emaciation, but who at this period must have entered on her fifty-fifth year.

This uninteresting sultana, satisfied with the small pension which she enjoyed in Hanover, was with great difficulty prevailed upon to accompany her royal lover to England. According to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, "She even refused coming hither at first, fearing that the people of England, who, she thought, were accustomed to use their kings barbarously, might chop off his head in the first fortnight; and had not love or gratitude enough to venture being involved in his ruin." The king, however, who had been accustomed to saunter away his idle hours in the apartments of the women, and who dreaded the long evenings which he was likely to pass in England without

female society, found arguments sufficiently forcible to effect a change in her resolution.

For this compliance with her lover's wishes Mlle. Schulenberg was speedily and profusely rewarded. In 1716 the king created her a peeress of Ireland, with the titles of Baroness of Dundalk, Countess and Marchioness of Dungannon, and Duchess of Munster. She was afterward raised, in 1719, to be a peeress of England with the additional titles of Baroness Glastonbury, Countess of Feversham, and Duchess of Kendal for life, and was subsequently created Princess of Eberstein in Germany. It has been affirmed that George the First was married to the Duchess of Kendal with his left hand; and though an unauthorised ceremony of this nature must have appeared sufficiently ridiculous to the people of England, yet it was a kind of marriage which was not unfrequently practised in Germany, for the purpose of lulling inconvenient scruples, and creating for the lady an adventitious respect.[1] The duchess herself, by assuming an extraordinary semblance of piety and attending strictly to her devotional duties, appears to have been eager to countenance such a belief. It is said to have been her custom to attend different Lutheran chapels as many as

[1] There is reason to believe, from the contents of a letter from Etough to Doctor Birch preserved in the British Museum, that the ceremony was actually performed in this country by the Archbishop of York.

seven times on every Sunday. To her great mortification, however, the minister of the Lutheran chapel in the Savoy, notwithstanding her assumption of superior piety, positively refused to administer the sacrament to her on the ground that she was living in a state of adultery, though she subsequently met with more complaisance from a clergyman of the same persuasion in the city.

Horace Walpole speaks of the Duchess of Kendal as "by no means an inviting object;" and, on another occasion, alluding to the impression which her appearance made on him in his youth, he describes her as "a very tall, lean, ill-favoured old lady." She was one day waiting behind the chair of the old Electress Sophia at a ball, when the latter, pointing her out to Mrs. Howard, afterward Countess of Suffolk, observed, "Look at that mawkin, and think of her being my son's mistress." Neither does her mind appear to have been more gifted than her person. She ever remained in ignorance of the English language, and Sir Robert Walpole, who was well acquainted with her, spoke of her capacity as contemptible in the extreme. A love of money, he said, was the ruling passion of her life; and it was one of his remarks that, were the king's honour put up to auction, she would have sold it, for the consideration of a shilling, to the highest bidder.

The correspondence which passed between Louis

the Fifteenth and his minister, Count Broglio, discovers how much importance was attached to the good word of the Duchess of Kendal, and how paramount was believed to be her influence over the king. Count Broglio writes to his royal master, on the 6th of July, 1724, "As the Duchess of Kendal seemed to express a desire to see me often, I have been very attentive to her, being convinced that it is highly essential to the advantage of your Majesty's service to be on good terms with her, for she is closely united with the three ministers who now govern." And again, the Frenchman writes, on the 10th of the same month: "The more I consider state affairs, the more I am convinced that the government is entirely in the hands of Mr. Walpole, Lord Townshend, and the Duke of Newcastle, who are on the best terms with the Duchess of Kendal. The king visits her every afternoon from five till eight, and it is there that she endeavours to penetrate the sentiments of his Britannic Majesty, for the purpose of consulting the three ministers, and pursuing the measures which may be thought necessary for accomplishing their designs. She sent me word that she was desirous of my friendship, and that I should place confidence in her. I assured her that I would do everything in my power to merit her esteem and friendship. I am convinced that she may be advantageously employed in promoting your Majesty's service, and that it will be

necessary to employ her, though I will not trust her further than is absolutely necessary."

It seems to be in reply to these curious passages, that the French king writes to Count Broglio on the 18th of July, following: "There is no room to doubt that the Duchess of Kendal, having a great ascendency over the King of Great Britain, and maintaining a strict union with his ministers, must materially influence their principal resolutions. You will neglect nothing to acquire a share of her confidence, from a conviction that nothing can be more conducive to my interests. There is, however, a manner of giving additional value to the marks of confidence you bestow on her in private, by avoiding in public all appearances which might seem too pointed; by which means you will avoid falling into the inconvenience of being suspected by those who are not friendly to the duchess, at the same time that a kind of mysteriousness in public on the subject of your confidence will give rise to a firm belief of your having formed a friendship mutually sincere."

Though George the First was far from being constant to his antiquated sultana, she, nevertheless, maintained her unaccountable influence over him to the last. It must have been the force of habit, indeed, rather than the remains of any softer feeling, which latterly attached him to the mistress of his youth, for at the period when

death dissolved their union the connection between them must have subsisted for nearly half a century. Unquestionably, she was of great service to him after he had ascended the throne of England; for not only, from a long course of experience, was she intimately acquainted with his tastes, his prejudices, and habits, and thus able to dissipate the tedium of his more solitary hours, but she also did the honours of his evening parties, and, apparently, was complaisant enough to allow him to extend his favours to younger rivals, without wearying him with inconvenient reproaches. Occasionally, it is said, she used to complain of the great difficulty she experienced in amusing the king, and finding employment for his idle hours. A similar complaint is known to have been made by Madame de Maintenon during her intercourse with Louis the Fourteenth. George the First, when he paid his nightly visits to the apartments of the Duchess of Kendal, is said to have usually employed himself in cutting paper into different shapes.

Probably the duchess really retained an attachment for her royal lover. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu observes, speaking of their almost ludicrous amours, "She was duller than the king, and, consequently, did not find out that he was so." She accompanied her royal lover in his last visit to Hanover, but, for some reason, remained behind at Delden, while the king was hastening

toward Osnaburg. She had, however, proceeded on her journey, when a courier met her on the road, and announced to her the melancholy tidings of the king's illness. She immediately hurried forward with all speed, but had accomplished only a few miles when a second courier communicated to her the tidings of his death. The grief which she displayed on hearing the news, to all appearance, was excessive and sincere. She even beat her breast and tore her hair, and, immediately separating herself from the English ladies who accompanied her, took the road to Brunswick, where she remained in close seclusion about three months.

A somewhat fantastic anecdote is related by Horace Walpole, which, though it places in a ridiculous light the superstition both of George the First and of his mistress, yet affords pleasing evidence that they were sincerely attached to each other. "In a tender mood," says Walpole, "George the First promised the Duchess of Kendal that, if she survived him, and it were possible for the departed to return to this world, he would make her a visit. The duchess, on his death, so much expected the accomplishment of that engagement, that a large raven, or some black fowl, flying into one of the windows of her villa at Isleworth, she was persuaded it was the soul of her departed monarch so accoutred, and received and treated it with all the respect and tenderness

of duty, till the royal bird or she took their last flight."

The Duchess of Kendal, after the death of her royal lover, paid a compliment to England by making it the country of her choice. She principally resided at Kendal House, near Twickenham, which, after her death, was converted into a tea-garden. She expired in the early part of 1743, in the eighty-fifth year of her age. Her wealth, of which Walpole, in a letter to Sir Horace Mann, speaks as "immense," was divided between her reputed niece and presumed daughter, the Countess of Chesterfield, and some other German relations.

CHAPTER IX.

SOPHIA CHARLOTTE, COUNTESS OF PLATEN AND DARLINGTON.

Sister of Count Platen, One of the Most Influential Noblemen in Hanover — The Family of Platen Supply the Electoral House with Mistresses — The Young Countess taken by her Ambitious Mother to the Electoral Court — She Thwarts Her Mother's Schemes by Falling in Love with the Son of a Hamburg Merchant — She Marries Him, in Order to Preserve Her Character — Her Mother's Disappointment and Death — The Countess Separates from Her Husband, and Squanders the Fortune Left Her by Her Mother — Becomes George the First's Mistress — His Vexation at Her Indiscretions and Extravagance — She Accompanies Him to England — Character of Her by Lady M. W. Montagu — Her Liaison with Mr. Methuen — Created Countess of Darlington — Horace Walpole's Portrait of Her in Her Old Age — Her Daughter by George the First Married to Viscount Howe of Ireland — Death of the Countess in 1730.

Sophia Charlotte, Countess of Platen, who figures as the next in importance in the seraglio of George the First, had attained the age of forty at the period when she followed the king to this country. She was of the house of Offlen, being sister of Count Platen, one of the most considerable men in Hanover. It seems to have been the fate of this family to supply the electoral house

with mistresses. The mother of Count Platen had long been the mistress of the Elector Ernest Augustus, and, moreover, the count had the misfortune to see his wife and sister successively filling the same situation to the Elector George Lewis, afterward King of England.

The mother of the Countess of Platen is said to have carried her daughter to the electoral court, with the express purpose of establishing her as the mistress of the future sovereign of England. The young lady was possessed of an agreeable person and considerable powers of fascination, and such was the effect which they produced on the amorous elector that his desertion of his consort, Sophia of Zell, and the subsequent divorce and misery of that unhappy woman, have been traced to this discreditable attachment. The young lady, however, discovered, at least at this period, but little inclination to second the ambitious views of her mother. Indeed, she completely thwarted them by falling in love with a M. Kilmansegge, the son of a merchant of Hamburg, and, by conferring on this person the favours which she had refused her sovereign, shortly afterward proved in a fair way to become a mother. As the only means of saving her from irremediable disgrace, it was thought expedient to marry her to her seducer. Her mother died shortly after this event (as was supposed, of grief and disappointment), and bequeathed her daughter the large

fortune of £40,000, which, in her youth, she had obtained from the generosity of her early lover, the Elector Ernest Augustus.

Impatient of matrimonial restraint, and addicted to pleasures little compatible with domestic happiness, the young countess separated herself from her Hamburg husband, and speedily squandered the handsome fortune of which she had become the possessor. At what period she became the mistress of George the First is not exactly known. The king, however, appears to have soon wearied of her charms; her indiscretions, moreover, and reckless extravagance, apparently, causing him great annoyance. On his accession to the English throne, she made a final and, as it proved, successful attempt to regain the influence she had lost. Ascertaining that her rival, the Duchess of Kendal, had declined accompanying their royal master to his new dominions, she promptly offered her own services, which were gratefully and unhesitatingly accepted. Circumstances, however, still threatened to prevent the accomplishment of her ambitious designs. The king, though he accepted her services, discovered no intention to pay her debts; and as these were of large amount and her creditors both watchful and importunate, she found it difficult to quit Hanover without their knowledge and consent. At length, she ingeniously effected her purpose by stealth. Having contrived to escape out of the town in disguise,

she made the best of her way in a post-chaise to Holland, where she arrived in time to embark for England with the king.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who was intimately acquainted with the Countess of Platen, describes her as being endowed with powers of fascination of no mean order. "She had a greater vivacity in conversation," says Lady Mary, "than ever I knew in a German of either sex. She loved reading, and had a taste for all polite learning. Her humour was easy and sociable. Her constitution inclined her to gallantry. She was well-bred and amusing in company. She knew both how to please and be pleased, and had experience enough to know it was hard to do either without money. Her unlimited expenses had left her with very little remaining, and she made what haste she could to make advantage of the opinion the English had of her power with the king, by receiving the presents that were made her from all quarters; and which she knew very well must cease, when it was known that the king's idleness carried him to her lodgings, without either regard for her advice, or affection for her person, which time and very bad paint had left without any of the charms which had once attracted him." Notwithstanding the loss of youth and beauty, Madam Kilmansegge, on finding herself established in this country, appears to have devoted herself to a life of pleasure with the same zeal which she had pursued it when

in Hanover. A Mr. Methuen — a lord of the treasury, and one of the most distinguished lady-killers of the time — is said to have been particularly honoured by her regard. This person, it is affirmed, had been incited to pay his addresses to her by Lord Halifax, who hoped, by this means, to obtain the private ear of the king.

The arrival of the Duchess of Kendal in England was an effectual check to the short-lived influence of the Countess of Platen. The king, however, was not ungrateful for the service which she had rendered him, and on the death of her husband, in 1721, created her Countess of Leinster, in Ireland, and on the 10th of April, 1722, Baroness of Brentford and Countess of Darlington in England.

As she increased in years, Lady Darlington entirely lost the comeliness of her youth; so much so, that Horace Walpole draws an almost disgusting portrait of the superannuated courtesan. "Lady Darlington," he says, "whom I saw at my mother's in my infancy, and whom I remember by being terrified by her enormous figure, was as corpulent and ample as the Duchess of Kendal was long and emaciated. Two fierce black eyes, large and rolling beneath two lofty arched eyebrows; two acres of cheeks spread with crimson; an ocean of neck that overflowed, and was not distinguished from the lower part of her body, and no part restrained by stays; no wonder that a child dreaded such an ogress." Owing to her enor-

mous bulk, Lady Darlington is said to have been commonly designated the "Elephant and Castle."

From the period of her elevation to the peerage, to her death in 1730, we discover no particulars respecting Lady Darlington. By George the First, she had one child, Charlotte, who became the wife of Viscount Howe, of Ireland, and the mother of the celebrated admiral, Earl Howe.

CHAPTER X.

PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE, EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

His Birth — His Early Thirst for Distinction — Lord Galway's Advice to Him — His Opinion of the University of Cambridge — His Habits of Life There — His Own Account of His Pedantry — Makes the Tour of Europe — Elected Member for St. Germains, and Appointed Gentleman of the Bedchamber to the Prince — Appointed Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard in 1723 — Succeeds to the Earldom — Sent Ambassador to Holland — His Splendid Style of Living — Extracts from the Suffolk Correspondence — Created a Knight of the Garter — Takes an Active Part in the Debates of the House of Lords — Opposes the Excise Bill, and Is Dismissed from All His Offices — Marries the Duchess of Kendal's Reputed Niece — Appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland — His Successful Administration There — Appointed Principal Secretary of State — Resigns His Secretaryship — Horace Walpole's High Opinion of His Eloquence — His Wit and Conversational Powers — Pope's Compliment to the Earl's Wit — The Earl's Epigram on Sir Thomas Robinson — His Literary Associates — His Patronage of Literary Men — Specimen of His Versification — His Attachment to His Natural Son — Addresses His Celebrated Letters to Him — Character of the Letters — Sarcastic Epigram on Them — Character of the Earl's Natural Son — His Death in 1768 — Publication of the Letters in 1774 — The Earl in His Old Age — Characteristic Anecdote of His Last Moments — His Death in 1773.

THIS nobleman, so celebrated for his conversational wit, and for the profligate homilies which he

preached to his own son, was the first-born of Philip, third Earl of Chesterfield, by Lady Elizabeth Saville, daughter and co-heiress of George, Marquis of Halifax. He was born in London on the 22d of September, 1694, and, having passed through a course of instruction under private tutors, was entered, at the age of eighteen, a student of Trinity Hall, Cambridge.

A thirst for distinction and an eager desire to elevate himself above the mere man of rank appear to have influenced the conduct of Lord Chesterfield at a very early age. Many years afterward he writes to his son, then in his twelfth year: "When I was at your age, I should have been ashamed if any boy of the same age had learned his book better, or played at any play better than I did; and I should not have rested a moment till I had got before him." The following piece of advice, which Lord Galway gave him in his youth, is said to have made a particular impression on his mind: "If you intend to be a man of business, you must be an early riser; in the distinguished posts your parts, rank, and fortune will entitle you to fill, you will be liable to have visitors at every hour of the day, and unless you will rise constantly at an early hour, you will never have any leisure to yourself." This sensible admonition produced the desired effect, and even when, as sometimes happened, he had exhausted the greater part of the previous night in the pur-

suit of pleasure, he persisted, the next morning, in rising at his usual early hour. Several years afterward, when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, an acquaintance inquiring of him how he could possibly contrive to get through so much business, "Because," he said, "I never put off till to-morrow what I can possibly do to-day."

Of the manner in which Lord Chesterfield passed his time at the university we have only some statements contained in his correspondence, and these are not a little contradictory. In a letter, written a few months after his matriculation, he writes: "I find the college where I am infinitely the best in the university; for it is the smallest, and it is filled with lawyers who have lived in the world, and know how to behave. Whatever may be said to the contrary, there is certainly very little debauchery in this university, especially amongst people of fashion, for a man must have the inclinations of a porter to endure it here."

Notwithstanding, however, this laudable abhorrence of vulgar debauchery, it appears that the subsequent arbiter of taste and fashion grew to be himself tainted by its plebeian fascinations. Many years afterward, he writes to his beloved son: "As I make no difficulty of confessing my past errors, where I think the confession may be of use to you, I will own that when I first went to the university I drank and smoked, notwithstanding the aversion I had to wine and tobacco, only

because I thought it genteel, and that it made me look like a man. When I went abroad, I first went to The Hague, where gaming was much in fashion, and where I observed that many people of shining rank and character gamed, too. I was then young enough and silly enough to believe that gaming was one of their accomplishments, and, as I aimed at perfection, I adopted gaming as a necessary step to it. Thus I acquired by error the habit of a vice which, far from adorning my character, has, I am conscious, been a great blemish to it."

Nevertheless, the thirst for knowledge and the desire of distinction were not altogether without their legitimate influence, and served at times to wean him from his pernicious pursuits. In a letter written in his youth, he says that, with the exception of an occasional game at tennis, his time is almost entirely occupied with the study of philosophy and the civil law and with his attendance on mathematical lectures. "As for anatomy," he adds, "I shall not have an opportunity of learning it; for though a poor man has been hanged, the surgeon, who used to perform those operations, would not this year give any lectures, because it was a man, and then he says the scholars will not come." When he left Cambridge, at the age of nineteen, he had become, to use his own words, an "absolute pedant." "When I talked my best," he says, "I talked Horace; when I

aimed at being facetious, I quoted Martial; and when I had a mind to be a fine gentleman, I talked Ovid. I was convinced that none but the ancients had common sense; that the classics contained everything that was either necessary, or useful, or ornamental to men; and I was not without thoughts of wearing the *toga virilis* of the Romans, instead of the vulgar and illiberal dress of the moderns."

On quitting the university, Lord Chesterfield made the then fashionable tour of Europe, without the customary incumbrance of a travelling tutor. A considerable portion of his time appears to have been wasted in gaming at The Hague, and a further period in playing the *petit maître* at Paris. "I shall not give you my opinion of the French," he writes, "because I am very often taken for one; and many a Frenchman has paid me the highest compliment they think they can pay to any one, which is, 'Sir, you are just like one of us.' I talk a great deal; I am very loud and peremptory; I sing and dance as I go along; and, lastly, I spend a monstrous deal of money in powder, feathers, white gloves, etc." He returned to England before he had completed his twenty-first year, and, while yet under age, was elected member for St. Germains, in Cornwall. About the same period he was appointed gentleman of the bedchamber to the Prince of Wales, afterward George the Second. He sided with the prince

during his memorable quarrels with his father, and from this circumstance, as well as by the pertinacious manner in which he opposed the court in Parliament, rendered himself personally offensive to the king.

In 1723, having recently made his peace with the court by voting in favour of an augmentation of the army, he was rewarded with the post of captain of the Yeomen of the Guards. It is said to have been in his power to render his place extremely profitable, by disposing of the subordinate situations in his gift. When Lord Lumley, his predecessor in the office (who, it seems, had laudably neglected to avail himself of this advantage), advised him to be less scrupulous, "I had rather, in this instance," he said, "follow your lordship's example than your advice."

By the death of his father, on the 27th of January, 1726, he succeeded as fourth Earl of Chesterfield, and on the accession of George the Second to the throne, in 1727, was rewarded for his attachment to the new sovereign by being appointed a lord of the bedchamber, and a member of the Privy Council. In the spring of 1728 he was sent ambassador to Holland, where he no less distinguished himself by his talent for diplomacy than by his magnificent mode of living. The anniversary of the king's birthday afforded him an excellent opportunity of displaying his splendour to the homely Dutch. Accordingly, when

the day arrived, we find him entertaining the foreign ministers and the whole of the States General at three different tables in a room purposely built by him for the occasion. To Mrs. Howard he writes, on the 13th of August, 1728: "I am at present over head and ears in mortar, building a room of fifty feet long, and thirty-four broad. Whether these are the right proportions or no, I must submit to you and Lord Herbert, who, I hope, will be so good as to give me your sentiments upon it. It will, I am sure, have five great faults, which are five great windows, each of them big enough to admit intolerable light. However, such as it is, it will be handselled upon his Majesty's birthday next; at which time, if you will do me the honour to come there, and bring your own company, you will be extremely welcome." The day following the entertainment, he gave a ball to four hundred persons, while, in the vicinity of the embassy, two fountains were constructed, — beautifully illuminated, and flowing with wine, — at which the populace were allowed to drink to the sound of music, till three o'clock in the morning.

Of Lord Chesterfield's mode of passing his time at The Hague, we find some amusing notices in his letters to Mrs. Howard. He writes to that lady, 18th May, 1728: "My morning is entirely taken up in doing the king's business very ill, and my own still worse; this lasts till I sit down to

dinner with fourteen or fifteen people, where the conversation is cheerful enough, being animated by the patronazza, and other loyal healths. The evening, which begins at five o'clock, is wholly sacred to pleasures; as, for instance, the Forault[1] till six; then either a very bad French play, or a reprise at quadrille with three ladies, the youngest upward of fifty, at which, with a very ill run, one may lose, besides one's time, three florins. This lasts till ten o'clock, at which time I come home, reflecting with satisfaction on the innocent amusements of a well-spent day, that leave no sting behind them, and go to bed at eleven, with the testimony of a good conscience." Again, Lord Chesterfield writes to Mrs. Howard from The Hague, on the 13th of July following: "This place, though empty in comparison of what it is in the winter, is yet not without its recreations. I played at blind man's buff till past three this morning; we have music in 'The Wood;' parties out of town; besides the constant amusements of quadrille and scandal, which flourish and abound. We have even attempted two or three balls, but with very moderate success, the ladies here being a little apt to quarrel with one another; insomuch

[1] The Voorhout, a public walk at The Hague, planted by Charles the Fifth. Lady M. W. Montagu thus describes it in a letter to Miss Skirrett, dated The Hague, 5th of August, 1716: "The Voorhout is, at the same time, the Hyde Park and Mall of the people of quality; for they take the air in it both on foot and in coaches; there are shops for wafers, cool liquors, etc."

that before you can dance down three couple, it is highly probable that two of them are sat down in a huff. Upon these occasions I show the circumspection of a minister, and observe a strict neutrality, by which means I have hitherto escaped being engaged in a war."

"Lord Chesterfield's first public character," says Horace Walpole, "was that of ambassador to Holland, where he courted the good opinion of that economical people, by losing immense sums at play." But it was not in Holland alone that he indulged in this pernicious vice; from his youth it had been a blot on his character, and on his return to London, he persisted in renewing his almost nightly visits to White's and other places. On one occasion, in the rooms at Bath, a young nobleman happening to stand near him, whose fortune had hitherto escaped the harpies of the gaming-table, "Beware of these scoundrels," whispered Lord Chesterfield; "it is by flight alone that you can preserve your purse." The young nobleman took his advice and quitted the room, but, returning a short time afterward, beheld his monitor engaged at play with those same "scoundrels," whom he had himself warned him so strenuously to shun.

Lord Chesterfield's unfortunate propensity for the gaming-table is not only bitterly lamented by him in several of his letters, but, on more than one occasion, seems to have materially inter-

fered with his brilliant prospects in life. It is said to have been on account of this unhappy failing that, when he became a suitor for the hand of Mlle. Schulenberg, the presumed daughter of George the First, that monarch positively refused his consent to the match, and, indeed, withheld his permission to the day of his death. Again, the indulgence of the same propensity is said, in the reign of George the Second, to have indirectly occasioned his loss of influence at court. "The queen," says Walpole, "had an obscure window at St. James's that looked into a dark passage, lighted only by a single lamp at night, which looked upon Mrs. Howard's apartment. Lord Chesterfield, one twelfth-night at court, had won so large a sum of money, that he thought it imprudent to carry it home in the dark, and deposited it with the mistress. Thence the queen inferred great intimacy and thenceforward Lord Chesterfield could obtain no favour from court, and, finding himself desperate, went into opposition." The sum won by Lord Chesterfield on this particular night is said to have been fifteen thousand pounds.

In October, 1729, Lord Chesterfield returned to England from The Hague. He immediately waited on the prime minister, Sir Robert Walpole, who seems to have been somewhat jealous of his influence with the king, and who could not refrain from displaying it at their interview.

"Well, my lord," he observed, "I find you are come to be secretary of state." Lord Chesterfield told him he had no such pretensions, but he added: "I claim the Garter, not on account of my late services, but agreeably with the king's promise to me when he was Prince of Wales; besides, I am a man of pleasure, and the blue riband would add two inches to my size." The king kept his word, and on the 18th of June following Lord Chesterfield was installed a Knight of the Garter, at Windsor, at the same time as the young Duke of Cumberland, George the Second being present at the ceremony, and defraying the expense of the installation. About the same period, the appointment was conferred on him of high steward of the household.

In August following he repaired to his duties at The Hague, but returned in 1732, on the ground of impaired health, and commenced taking an active part in the debates of the House of Lords. From this period, in consequence of the freedom of speech in which he indulged in Parliament, his favour at court was of short duration. By degrees, he seceded from Sir Robert Walpole and his party, and subsequently, in consequence of opposing the progress of the Excise Bill in the upper house, was dismissed in 1732 from all his offices by the king.

On the 5th of September, 1733, about six years after the death of George the First, Lord

Chesterfield received the hand of Melesina de Schulenberg, a lady who was acknowledged in society as the niece of the Duchess of Kendal, but who, there is every reason to believe, was the daughter of that lady by her royal lover. Lady Chesterfield, on the 10th of April, 1722, had been created by George the First Baroness of Aldborough and Countess of Walsingham. On her marriage, however, she assumed the title of her husband.

For several years after his dismissal from office, Lord Chesterfield continued in constant opposition to the court. However, in 1744, he was reappointed to his former post of ambassador at The Hague, and, subsequently, on the 3d of January, 1745, was constituted Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. It was his fortune to fill this high office during the celebrated rebellion which took place in that year. By his vigilant conduct, his sensible precautions, and the personal popularity which he had obtained by showing himself a friend of toleration and the enemy of persecution, he maintained the whole of Ireland in perfect tranquillity, and obtained the applause of all parties but those whose intrigues he circumvented. Even Walpole admits that he was the most popular governor Ireland ever had.

An anecdote is related of Lord Chesterfield by his friend and correspondent, Doctor Chevenix, Bishop of Waterford, which admirably illustrates

his wit and presence of mind during the heat of the rebellion. "The vice-treasurer, Mr. Gardner, a man of a good character and a considerable fortune, waited upon him one morning, and in a great fright told him that he was assured upon good authority that the people in the province of Connaught were actually rising. Upon which Lord Chesterfield took out his watch, and with great composure answered him, 'It is nine o'clock, and certainly time for them to rise; I therefore believe your news to be true.'" The same story is related, though with some trifling difference, by Horace Walpole.

Another anecdote is recorded of Lord Chesterfield at this period, that when a fussy Protestant gentleman came to complain to him that he had suddenly discovered his coachman to be a Roman Catholic, and that he secretly attended mass, "Does he, indeed?" said Lord Chesterfield, with a suppressed smile; "well, I will take care that he shall never carry me there." It has been affirmed, as a proof of Lord Chesterfield's extraordinary influence in Ireland, and the excellence of his administration, that during the whole period he was in that country no single instance occurred of a person being seen drunk in the street. This story, however, seems rather too wonderful to admit of implicit credit.

In April, 1746, Lord Chesterfield resigned the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland, and in November fol-

lowing was appointed principal secretary of state. During the time that he had filled the former situation, no faro-table, or high gaming of any kind, had been permitted at the vice-regal palace. Now, also, that he was appointed to the high post of secretary of state, his sense of propriety so far prevailed over the ruling passion of his life that he neither gambled himself nor allowed play in his house. Even his panegyrist, Doctor Maty, however, admits that on the very evening on which he quitted office he paid a visit to White's, and renewed those pernicious practices which had been interrupted for about four years. "From this period," says Walpole, "he lived at White's, gaming and pronouncing witticisms among the boys of quality."

Lord Orford, who misses no opportunity of placing the character and conduct of Lord Chesterfield in a ridiculous or contemptible light, relates the following anecdote at his expense: "On his being made secretary of state, he found a fair young lad in the antechamber at St. James's, who seeming much at home, the earl, concluding it was the mistress's (Lady Yarmouth's) son, was profuse of attentions to the boy, and more prodigal still of his prodigious regard for his mamma. The shrewd boy received all his lordship's vows with indulgence, and without betraying himself. At last he said, 'I suppose your lordship takes me for Master Louis, but I am only Sir William Russell, one of the pages.'"

In 1748, partly from some differences which he had with his colleagues, and partly on account of ill health, Lord Chesterfield resigned his appointment of secretary of state, nor did he henceforward accept any office under the state. Occasionally, indeed, he spoke in his seat in the House of Lords, and more particularly distinguished himself in 1751, when the proposal to alter our style, according to the Gregorian account, was discussed in Parliament. He was seconded by an able mathematician and astronomer, Lord Macclesfield; and it is remarkable that, while the latter nobleman (though fully conversant with all the merits of this complicated question) failed, from some natural defects, in either entertaining or enlightening his hearers, Lord Chesterfield, who possessed only a very superficial knowledge of the question, produced, by his graceful eloquence and the perspicuity of his style, one of the most amusing and effective speeches on record. He himself observes, alluding to the success of his oratory on this occasion, "God knows I had not even attempted it. I could just as soon have talked Celtic or Sclavonian to them as astronomy, and they would have understood me full as well." Lord Chesterfield's eloquence was unquestionably of a high order. Horace Walpole, who had listened to the oratory of his own father, of Wyndham, Carteret, Pulteney, and Pitt, observes that the "finest speech" he had ever heard was one of Lord Chesterfield's.

Doctor Johnson remarked of Lord Chesterfield, that he was "a wit among lords, and a lord among wits." Horace Walpole also observes of his conversational powers, "Chesterfield's entrance into the world was announced by his bons mots, and his closing lips dropped repartees that sparkled with his juvenile fire." Nothing can be more strongly expressed than this latter encomium, and, consequently, in a work written at a later period of Walpole's life, we are not a little startled by discovering the following contradictory remarks: "Lord Chesterfield had early in his life announced his claim to wit, and the women believed in it. He had, besides, given himself out for a man of great intrigue with as slender pretensions, yet the women believed in that, too. One should have thought they had been more competent judges of merit in that particular. It was not his fault if he had not wit; nothing exceeded his efforts in that point; and though they were far from producing the wit, they at least amply yielded the applause he aimed at. He was so accustomed to see people laugh at the most trifling things he said, that he would be disappointed at finding nobody smile before they knew what he was going to say. His speeches were fine, but as much laboured as his extempore sayings. His writings were everybody's, that is, whatever came out good was given to him, and he was too humble ever to refuse the gift."

That there exists some truth in the foregoing picture is not at all improbable; but, on the other hand, it would be unfair to rob Lord Chesterfield of his reputation for wit, merely because so prejudiced a writer as Horace Walpole chooses to deny him in one passage what he had freely and almost enthusiastically awarded him in another. Of little worth, indeed, was the praise or blame of Horace Walpole! With the cynical voluptuary of Strawberry Hill, a presumed personal slight, or the mere circumstance of a difference in politics, was sufficient to convert admiration into contempt, and friendship into hatred, and to send down to posterity in the likeness of a demon the man who might otherwise have been invested with the attributes of an angel. The secret of his enmity to Lord Chesterfield is evident. The latter had deserted the colours of Sir Robert Walpole to join the ranks of the Tories, and, what was still more unpardonable, had conceived an intimate friendship for the arch-enemy of the Walpoles, Lord Bolingbroke. From henceforth, to the rancorous mind of Lord Orford, Lord Chesterfield ceased to be either the brilliant orator or the sparkling wit.

We have already had occasion to introduce one or two specimens of Lord Chesterfield's peculiar humour, to which we shall presently make some trifling additions. Notwithstanding the ill-natured sarcasms of Walpole, his conversational powers appear to have been of a high order. "My great

object," he writes to his son, "was to make every man I met like me, and every woman love me." A contemporary writer observes: "The most barren subjects grow fruitful under his culture, and the most trivial circumstances are enlivened and heightened by his address. When he appears in the public walks, the company encroach upon good manners to listen to him, or (if the expression may be allowed) to steal some of that fine wit which animates even his common discourses.

"'With poignant wit his converse still abounds,
And charms, like beauty, those it deepest wounds.'"

"Lord Chesterfield was esteemed the wittiest man of his time," says Speaker Onslow, "and of a sort that has scarcely been known since the time of King Charles the Second, and revived the memory of the great wits of that age, to the liveliest of whom he was thought not to be unequal." Of the quickness of his fancy, a few specimens will bear repetition. Once, in the House of Lords, the debate turning on the subject of the late rebellion, Lord Chesterfield observed to the peer next him, "I could effectually annihilate the power of the Pretender; the best way would be to make him Elector of Hanover, for we shall never again send to that country for a king."

To a military friend who had built a house equally remarkable for the magnificence of its exterior as for the indifference of its interior

arrangements, "If I were you, general," he said, "I would hire the opposite house to live in, for the purpose of enjoying the prospect."

On another occasion, happening to enter the Haymarket Theatre, a friend inquired of him if he had come from the rival and less popular house in Lincoln's Inn Fields. "Yes," he replied; "but there was no one there but the king and queen, and as I thought they might be talking about business, I came away."

During the time he was secretary of state, the ministry being desirous to appoint to a vacant post in the government a person who had rendered himself particularly offensive to the king, Lord Chesterfield was the only member of the cabinet who had courage enough to introduce the subject to his Majesty. Accordingly, he laid a warrant, drawn out in the usual form, and containing the name of the obnoxious individual, before George the Second. The moment the offensive name met the king's eyes, he exclaimed, angrily, "I would rather have the devil!" "Your Majesty," said Lord Chesterfield, "will make choice of which you please; but I beg to observe that the warrant is addressed to our right trusty and right well-beloved cousin." This sally had the desired effect, and the king, with a smile, affixed his signature to the document.

The exquisite compliment which Pope paid to the wit of Lord Chesterfield is almost too well

known to need repetition. They were one day amusing themselves at an inn, when the poet, borrowing a diamond-pointed pencil which Lord Chesterfield was in the habit of carrying about him, wrote extemporaneously on a window-pane in the apartment:

> "Accept a miracle instead of wit,
> See two dull lines with Stanhope's pencil writ."

And the great poet says of him on another occasion:

> "How can I, Pulteney, Chesterfield forget,
> While Roman spirit charms, and Attic wit?"

It may be remarked, as another singular compliment paid to Lord Chesterfield, that at the period when Cardinal de Polignac's celebrated poem of "Anti-Lucretius" was published, England being then at war with France, the work was transmitted by sound of trumpet from Marshal Saxe to the English general, the Duke of Cumberland, with a request that it might be forwarded to Lord Chesterfield.

According to Lord Chesterfield's panegyrists, his wit was on all occasions tempered by good-nature and high breeding. This, however, does not appear to have been invariably the case. He once exclaimed to Anstis, Garter King at Arms, "You foolish man, you do not even know your own foolish business." Again, when his acquaint-

ance, Sir Thomas Robinson, — a man celebrated among his contemporaries for his great height and insufferable dullness, — requested Lord Chesterfield to distinguish him by some poetical notice, his wit got the better of his good-nature, and he gave birth to the following offensive couplet :

> " Unlike my subject, will I frame my song;
> It shall be witty, and it sha'n't be long."

Lord Chesterfield lived on intimate terms with most of the celebrated men of letters of the period, and apparently had no objection to be regarded as the Mæcenas of the lesser stars. Among his foreign correspondents were Montesquieu, Algarotti, Voltaire, and the younger Crebillon ; and in England he could enumerate Swift, Pope, Gay, Addison, Thomson, Garth, Arbuthnot, and Sir John Vanbrugh as his friends. Of the latter he remarks, that he knew no man who united conversational pleasantry and perfect good-humour in so eminent a degree.

Of the kindness and patronage which Lord Chesterfield extended to his literary friends, — considering it was an age when genius required the fostering hand of wealth and influence far more than at the present day, — we have unfortunately but a slight record. We know little more than that he threw sunshine over the short life of Hammond, the author of the " Love Ele-

gies,"[1] and that he exerted himself to procure subscribers for the charming "Fables" of Gay. When these celebrated men died, he edited the poems of the one, and was a pall-bearer at the funeral of the other. These, indeed, are but slight tributes to departed genius, yet the merit of them should not be denied to him.

Respecting the claims of Lord Chesterfield to be considered a patron of literature, we have little more to add. His conduct to Doctor Johnson, indeed, reflects little credit on him. However, he alleviated the wants of Aaron Hill;[2] and, moreover, when the surly and cynical Dennis was labouring in his old age under the miserable inflictions of penury and disease, he is known, at the generous instigation of Pope, to have extended relief to the snarling critic, though a man whom

[1] James Hammond, the author of the "Love Elegies," died under melancholy circumstances, at Lord Cobham's seat at Stowe, on the 7th of June, 1742, in his thirty-third year. Lord Chesterfield, in editing his friend's poems, bestows the warmest ecomiums on his judgment, his genius, and his taste.

[2] Aaron Hill, an indifferent poet but amiable man, was born in 1685. He was at different times manager of Drury Lane Theatre and master of the Opera House. Lady Hervey, in one of her letters, mentions her meeting him at Goodwood in 1732, and dwells on the pleasure which she derived from hearing him read aloud. He is now principally known from his misunderstanding with Pope, who, however, appears to have sincerely regarded the man whom he ridiculed. There is an interesting account of their literary hostilities in D'Israeli's "Quarrels of Authors."

Lord Chesterfield had no reason to love, and Pope had every inducement to hate.

Lord Chesterfield has himself some claims to be considered a poet. Of the ephemeral poetry of the period, more than one trifle was attributed to him; but, as is usually the case with the careless scribblers of anonymous verse, it is now extremely difficult to distinguish what was really written by him from that to which he has no claim. Of the various trifles imputed to him, the following seems to possess the most merit, and affords a favourable specimen of his poetical abilities:

"ON LORD ISLAY'S GARDEN AT WHITTON ON HOUNSLOW HEATH.

"Old Islay, to show his fine delicate taste,
In improving his garden purloined from the waste;
Bade his gard'ner one day lay open his views,
By cutting a couple of grand avenues.
No particular prospect his lordship intended,
But left it to chance how his walks should be ended.
With transport and joy he beheld his first view end,
In a favourite prospect — a church, that was ruin'd;
But alas! what a sight did the next cut exhibit,
At the end of the walk hung a rogue on a gibbet!
He beheld it and wept, for it caused him to muse on
Full many a Campbell, that died with his shoes on.
All amazed and aghast at the ominous scene,
He ordered it quick to be closed up again,
With a clump of Scotch firs by way of a skreen."

By his wife, Melesina de Schulenberg, Lord Chesterfield had no children. We have seen them

occupying separate houses, and, indeed, he seems to have been a suitor for her hand rather with a view of ingratiating himself with the old Duchess of Kendal, and of becoming the inheritor of her vast wealth, than from any ardent attachment which he had conceived for the person of his intended wife. His projects, however, were destined to be signally disappointed, for, with the exception of a trifling legacy, the duchess bequeathed her wealth to her German relations. With another hoarding dowager, Lord Chesterfield was more successful. The celebrated Duchess of Marlborough — as a reward for the biting sarcasms which he had inflicted on Sir Robert Walpole's ministry, and for his steadfast opposition to the court — bequeathed him "her best and largest diamond ring" and the sum of twenty thousand pounds. "The duchess," says Horace Walpole, "was scarce cold, before he returned to the king's service." The Duchess of Marlborough died in 1744, and in January, 1745, Lord Chesterfield was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

Probably in uniting himself to Madame de Schulenberg, Lord Chesterfield anticipated her inheriting a portion of the private wealth of her presumed father, George the First. On the death of that monarch, however, George the Second, as is well known, destroyed the will of his father and predecessor; and it is no less certain that Lord Chesterfield commenced an ac-

tion against the new sovereign for the recovery of £20,000 which George the First was believed to have bequeathed to Lady Chesterfield. According to Horace Walpole, the king became alarmed at the idea of an exposure, and the money was privately paid.

Having no children by his countess, Lord Chesterfield concentrated his whole affection and anxiety on a natural son, — the offspring of a handsome Dutch woman, with whom he had formed a connection at The Hague. It was to this son that he addressed his celebrated letters, of which Doctor Johnson said that they "inculcated the morals of a strumpet and the manners of a dancing-master." And yet, in spite of this cutting satire, Lord Chesterfield's letters to his son constitute collectively one of the most agreeable works in our language, and apparently are unique of their kind in the literature of Europe. Regarding them indeed in one light, namely, as a code of morality, and bearing in mind the startling fact that the plausible impurities which they contain were addressed to his own son, we cannot sufficiently deprecate their worldly-minded author. On the other hand, however, these celebrated letters possess a merit and a charm peculiar to themselves. To the Christian they are curious, as showing how imperfect, compared with his own pure standard of morality, is the wretched philosophy of a votary of the world. To the ordinary

reader they are fascinating from the heterogeneous mass of knowledge which they display; the insight which they afford into human nature; the graceful and witty style in which they are written; and from their presenting a code of manners which, though occasionally faulty, and sometimes ridiculous, contain some valuable maxims for repairing the rudeness of human nature, for improving and refining the intercourse between man and man, and rendering others happier with little expense to ourselves. Lastly, Lord Chesterfield's letters must ever be especially interesting to the anatomist of the human heart, as laying bare the Machiavelian principles of a statesman, a courtier, and a man of the world, and as displaying the singular spectacle of a man systematically debauching the mind of his own son, while he conscientiously believed he was exalting him in the dignity of a human being.

In regard to Lord Chesterfield's letters to his son, the author remembers to have met in a MS. collection with the following severe lines, which do not appear to have been before published:

"Vile Stanhope, demons blush to tell,
In twice three hundred places
Taught his own son the way to hell,
Escorted by the Graces.

"But little this degenerate lad
Concerned himself about 'em;
For mean, ungraceful, dull, and bad,
He sneaked to hell without 'em."

These lines, though deservedly severe as far as Lord Chesterfield's false philosophy is concerned, reflect rather too severely on the character of his son. This person, to whom Lord Chesterfield gave his family name of Stanhope, though by his retired habits and reserved manner he signally disappointed the hopes of his worldly-minded father, appears to have been, if not a shining member of society, at least a quiet, inoffensive, and even an accomplished man. Diffident, indeed, he may have been, and unassuming, but the well-known stories of his dullness and awkwardness are doubtless exaggerated. Lady Vere, in a letter to Lady Suffolk, speaks of him as a very agreeable companion, and Sir Charles Hanbury Williams paid him the compliment of inscribing to him one of his lively odes. That Lord Chesterfield was devotedly attached to his unaspiring offspring, — far more, indeed, than, from our knowledge of his apparently cold and calculating disposition, we should have been inclined to think possible, — there can be no question. The tutors he provided for him were men of the most distinguished merit; he neglected no opportunity of instilling into him a taste for learning and the elegancies of life; he established him, at different times, at the most polished courts on the Continent; and, during his residence abroad, procured his introduction to Algarotti, Maupertuis, Dargens, and many of the most celebrated literati in Europe. All these

advantages, however, all the laboured homilies and endearing exhortations of a doting father, were wasted, in the opinion of Lord Chesterfield, on the amiable but unpretending individual whom they were intended to serve. Moreover, when, in 1768, Lord Chesterfield lost his beloved son, he had the misfortune to find that, so far from having acted up to the worldly precepts which he had endeavoured to inculcate, the object of all his love and solicitude had secretly united himself to a woman without fortune, and had left two children unprovided for.

To the widow and children of his son, Lord Chesterfield extended the hand of kindness. From the former, probably, as a reward for his munificence, and perhaps with a view to their suppression, he regained possession of the celebrated letters which he had addressed to his son. The widow, indeed, is said to have acted most unfairly to her benefactor, by retaining copies of the letters, which she afterward published. As the world is in possession of the work, it matters little under what circumstances it saw the light. It may be remarked, however, that they were first published in 1774, about a year after Lord Chesterfield's decease; and though it is unquestionable that the world was indebted for their appearance in print to Mr. Stanhope's widow, — thus adding weight to the charge that she had unfairly retained copies of them, — yet, as she states

in her advertisement to the work that the originals, in the late earl's own handwriting and sealed with his seal, are in her possession, there is reason to question the fairness of the charge. The letters she formally dedicates to the prime minister, Lord North, and as she takes care to remind him that they were once on terms of friendship, probably her family connections may have been more respectable than her fortune.

During the closing years of his long life, Lord Chesterfield not only suffered severely, and almost constantly, from disease, but latterly deafness was added to his other infirmities. As many as twenty years before his death, we find him speaking of himself as already "half-way down hill," and in one of his latest letters to his son he complains that his want of hearing has deprived him of the pleasures of society, at an age when he was precluded from every other source of rational enjoyment. And yet this heavy accumulation of human ills was endured by the infidel philosopher with a dignity and resignation that would have done credit to a better faith. To his intimate friend, Mr. Dayrolles, he writes, on the 10th of July, 1755: "All my amusements are reduced to the idle business of my little garden, and to the reading of idle books, where the mind is seldom called upon. Notwithstanding this unfortunate situation, my old philosophy comes to my assistance, and enables me to repulse the attacks of melancholy, for

I never have one melancholic moment. I have seen and appraised everything in its true light and at its intrinsic value. While others are outbidding one another at the auction, exulting at their acquisitions, or grieving at their disappointments, I am easy, both from reflection and experience of the futility of all that is to be got or lost." Again, he writes to the Bishop of Waterford: "I consider myself as an old decayed vessel, of long wear and tear, brought into the wet-dock to be careened and patched up, not for any long voyage, but only to serve as a coaster for some little time longer. How long that may be, I little know, and as little care; I am unrelative to this world, and this world to me. My only attention now is to live, while I do live in it, without pain, and when I do leave it, to leave it without fear." On one occasion he sent a message to the celebrated Pulteney, Lord Bath, that he had grown very lean and very deaf. "Tell him," replied Pulteney, "that I can lend him some fat, and shall be very glad to lend him at any time an ear."

The death of his beloved son was a severe blow to Lord Chesterfield. He was now in his seventy-third year, and from the declining state of his health, was, to all appearance, but little capable of sustaining so severe a shock. He survived the melancholy event, however, more than four years, during which period his bodily infirmities continued to increase. Once, speaking of old Lord

Tyrawley, he said: "We have both been long dead, but we do not choose to have it mentioned."

Lord Chesterfield, during the last months of his life, was afflicted with a diarrhœa, which entirely baffled the art of his physicians, and subsequently proved the immediate cause of his death. "He was afflicted," says Doctor Maty, "with no other illness, and remained to the last free from all manner of pain, enjoying his surprising memory and presence of mind to his latest breath; perfectly composed and resigned to part with life, and only regretting that death was so tardy to meet him." About half an hour before he expired, his valet opened the curtains of his bed, and announced a visit from Mr. Dayrolles. Though he had hardly strength to give utterance to his words, he muttered, faintly, "Give Dayrolles a chair." Thus his last words were those of politeness. It was observed by his physician, Doctor Warren, who was in the apartment at the time, "Lord Chesterfield's good breeding only quitted him with his life."

The death of Lord Chesterfield took place on the 24th of March, 1773, in his seventy-ninth year. His remains were interred in Audley Street Chapel, agreeably with directions contained in his last will.

CHAPTER XI.

JOHN, LORD HERVEY.

Eldest Son of the First Earl of Bristol — His Birth in 1696 — Educated at Cambridge — Appointed Gentleman of the Bedchamber to the Prince of Wales — Returned to Parliament for Edmondsbury — Called to the House of Peers as Lord Hervey, of Ickworth, during His Father's Lifetime — Nominated Keeper of the Privy Seal in 1740 — His Oratorical Powers — Supports Sir Robert Walpole — Resigns the Privy Seal on the Overthrow of That Minister — His Political Writings — His Duel with Pulteney — Circumstances That Gave Rise to It — Sir Charles Hanbury Williams's Verses on the Duel — Lord Hervey's Quarrel with Pope — The Latter Satirises Him under the Character of Sporus — Lord Hailes's Account of Lord Hervey — Extract from Archdeacon Coxe — Personal Warfare Commenced by Lord Hervey on Pope — His Satirical Address to That Poet — Pope's Prose Letter to Lord Hervey — Suppressed during Their Lifetime — Brief Memoir of Hammond, the Poet — His Unfortunate Attachment to Catherine Dashwood, Ward of Lord Hervey — The Latter's Opposition to Their Union — Hammond's Despondency in Consequence, and Death in His Thirty-third Year, 1742 — Doctor Middleton's Fulsome Dedication of His Life of Cicero to Lord Hervey — The Latter's Unamiable Character — Queen Caroline's Partiality for Him — His Effeminacy and Affectation — His Success with the Fair Sex — Princess Caroline's Romantic Attachment to Him — His Desertion of Sir Robert Walpole — Extracts from Horace Walpole's Letters — Lord Hervey's Death in 1743.

JOHN, LORD HERVEY, the eldest surviving son of John, first Earl of Bristol, was born on the 15th

of October, 1696. He completed his education at Clare Hall, Cambridge, where he took the degree of Master of Arts, and, shortly after quitting the university, was appointed gentleman of the bed-chamber to the Prince of Wales, afterward George the Second, who had recently accompanied his father to England.

About the period that he came of age, Lord Hervey was returned to Parliament as member for Edmondsbury, and in May, 1730, was appointed vice-chamberlain of the household, and sworn of the Privy Council. On the 12th of June, 1733, in the lifetime of his father, he was called up to the House of Peers as Lord Hervey, of Ickworth; and on the 1st of May, 1740, was nominated keeper of the privy seal, the highest appointment to which he attained in the state. About the same time he was named one of the lords justices for conducting the affairs of the kingdom during the absence of the king in Hanover.

Lord Hervey, when in the House of Commons, and subsequently in the House of Lords, distinguished himself by his oratorical powers; and, though his style of eloquence is said to have been somewhat florid and pompous, he was both an able and witty, as well as a frequent speaker. In politics he professed the principles of the Whigs, and remained a zealous supporter of the measures of Sir Robert Walpole as long as the administration of that minister appeared likely to stand.

When Walpole was driven from Parliament in 1742, Lord Hervey was compelled to resign his post of privy seal, in order to make way for Lord Gower. His expulsion from office appears to have been borne with a bad grace. According to Horace Walpole, "he turned patriot on being turned out of place."

During the administration of Sir Robert Walpole, and more especially during the last years which preceded the downfall of that minister, the press, as is well known, teemed with political papers and pamphlets, in which Bolingbroke and Pulteney, on the one hand, and Sir Robert Walpole and Lord Hervey on the other, not only reprobated each other's opinions and principles, but frequently indulged in indecent scurrilities and personal abuse. As regards Lord Hervey individually, it may be remarked that his political writings display a degree of spirit and vigour which we should have little anticipated from the flimsy style of his versification, and the apparently frivolous and feminine character of the man. His political writings, indeed, are unquestionably among the best of the day, and are particularly distinguished by a spirit of searching bitterness and invective, which made him many enemies, and on one occasion nearly cost him his life. We allude to his duel with William Pulteney, of which, as the circumstances are somewhat remarkable, a brief account may be acceptable to the reader.

In 1730 there appeared in print a pamphlet entitled "Sedition and Defamation Displayed," which the world in general attributed to Lord Hervey. This work contained a violent personal attack on Bolingbroke and Pulteney, and, consequently, when, some time afterward, the latter replied to it in due form, he vomited forth an acrimonious and most indecent attack on its presumed author, Lord Hervey. Alluding to the effeminate appearance and habits of the latter, Pulteney speaks of his opponent as a thing half man and half woman, and dwells malignantly on those personal infirmities produced by suffering and disease which Pope afterward introduced, with no less acrimony and indecency, in his celebrated poetical character of Lord Hervey, under the name of Sporus.

Whatever truth there may have been in the charge of want of manliness, which has been so often and so sedulously brought against Lord Hervey, it was certainly not displayed in his encounter with Pulteney. Immediately on the production of the offensive pamphlet, he sent a message to his maligner, inquiring whether report had correctly assigned to him the authorship of the work. To this Pulteney refused to give a direct answer; but, at the same time, he plainly intimated to the person who delivered the message that, "whether or no he was the author of 'the reply,' he was ready to justify and stand by the

truth of any part of it, at what time and wherever Lord Hervey pleased." "This last message," writes Thomas Pelham to Lord Waldegrave, "your lordship will easily imagine was the occasion of the duel; and, accordingly, on Monday last, between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, they met in the upper St. James's Park, behind Arlington Street, with their two seconds, who were Mr. Fox and Sir J. Rushout. The two combatants were each of them slightly wounded, but Mr. Pulteney had once so much the advantage of Lord Hervey that he would have infallibly run my lord through the body if his foot had not slipped, and then the seconds took an occasion to part them. Upon which Mr. Pulteney embraced Lord Hervey, and expressed a great deal of concern at the accident of their quarrel, promising, at the same time, that he would never personally attack him again, either with his mouth or his pen. Lord Hervey made him a bow without giving him any sort of answer, and, to use the common expression, thus they parted." The duel is celebrated by Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, in his "Newer Ode than the Last." Addressing Pulteney, he says:

"Lord Fanny once
Did play the dunce,
And challenged you to fight;
And he so stood,
To lose his blood,
But had a dreadful fright.

It subsequently appeared that the pamphlet which had originally excited Pulteney's spleen was not written by Lord Hervey. The author was Sir William Young, who, at a later period, admitted the fact to Lord Hardwicke.

But far more celebrated than his feud with Pulteney was Lord Hervey's quarrel with Pope. The poet, as is well known, under the fictitious names of Lord Fanny and Sporus, diverted himself with the failings of the man whom he had once affected to love. But it was more especially in his memorable character of Sporus that Pope gave vent to all the bitterness of his nature, and, in sketching the likeness of Lord Hervey, drew the most powerful and, at the time, the most odious poetical portrait that has ever emanated from the pen of genius:

"Let Sporus tremble! what! that thing of silk!
Sporus, that mere white curd of asses' milk!
Satire or sense, alas! can Sporus feel?
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?
Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
This painted child of dirt that stinks and stings;
Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:
So well-bred spaniels civilly delight
In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks;

Or, at the ear of Eve, familiar toad,
Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad:
In puns or politics, or tales or lies,
Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies;
His wit all see-saw between that and this,
Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,
And he himself one vile antithesis.
Amphibious thing! that acting either part,
The trifling head, or the corrupted heart;
Fop at the toilet, flatterer at the board,
Now trips a lady and now struts a lord.
Eve's tempter thus the Rabbins have expressed,
A cherub's face and reptile all the rest;
Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,
Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust."

In order fully to comprehend the severity of the foregoing picture, it is necessary to illustrate it by some cursory remarks. According to Lord Hailes: "Lord Hervey, having felt some attacks of epilepsy, entered upon and persisted in a very strict regimen, and thus stopped the progress and prevented the effects of that dreadful disease. His daily food was a small quantity of asses' milk and a flour biscuit. Once a week he indulged himself with eating an apple; he used emetics daily. Mr. Pope and he were once friends; but they quarrelled, and persecuted each other with virulent satire. Pope, knowing the abstemious regimen which Lord Hervey observed, was so ungenerous as to call him a mere cheese-curd of asses' milk. Lord Hervey used paint to soften

his ghastly appearance. Mr. Pope must have known this also, and therefore it was unpardonable in him to introduce it into his celebrated portrait." The Duchess of Marlborough observes of Lord Hervey, in her "Opinions:" "He has certainly parts and wit, but is the most wretched, profligate man that ever was born, besides ridiculous; a painted face, and not a tooth in his head." She afterward adds that all the world, except Sir Robert Walpole, abhorred him, and it may be remarked that even Sir Robert Walpole had subsequently sufficient reason to abhor him, too.

Absurd and contemptible, however, as Lord Hervey may have been, the conduct of Pope, in dragging the personal infirmities of a fellow creature before the public, and converting into a matter of reproach the miserable sufferings of humanity and the ravages of disease, has been severely commented upon, not only by his enemies but by his friends. Archdeacon Coxe, alluding to the character of Sporus, observes: "However I may admire the powers of the satirist, I never could read this passage without disgust and horror, — disgust at the indelicacy of the allusions, horror at the malignity of the poet, in laying the foundation of his abuse on the lowest species of satire, personal invective, and, what is still worse, on sickness and debility."

The fact, however, is a remarkable one, and, moreover, seems to have escaped the eager cen-

surers of the conduct of Pope, that the war of scurrility — the brutal act of exposing and anatomising the personal infirmities of an opponent — originated, in fact, not with the poet, but with Lord Hervey himself. Pope, it is true, was the first who commenced the attack in verse, but then it was only by an occasional introduction of the name of "Lord Fanny," in which — even admitting that Lord Hervey was the person intended — the allusions are certainly not more severe, nor the license greater, than has been permitted to the satirist from the days of Juvenal to those of Churchill; and, moreover, they were disgraced by none of those offensive personalities which the poet afterward introduced so profusely in the character of Sporus. For instance, there is no couplet, in which the name of "Lord Fanny" is introduced, that has greater severity than the following. Pope, alluding to the charge of want of vigour, which he presumes had been brought against his satires, observes:

> "The lines are weak, another's pleased to say,—
> Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day."

And again:

> "Like gentle Fanny's was my flowery theme,
> A painted mistress, or a purling stream."

Lord Hervey was himself a poet, and, consequently, this contemptuous allusion to his poetical

powers was doubtless a source of great annoyance to the literary lord. On the other hand, however, Lord Hervey, as an author, was fair game for the satirist, and, moreover, a mere glance over his almost forgotten verses evinces that Pope's sarcasm was at least as well-merited as it was severe. The poet, in fact, in his capacity of a satirist, had as much right to amuse himself with the namby-pamby verses and maudlin sensibility of Lord Hervey as a reviewer in our own times is entitled to ridicule the frothy nonsense of a fashionable novel. Pope, indeed, had the advantage of a modern critic, for his attacks were always open, while a modern reviewer stabs, without compunction, in the dark.

Such was the state of the case when Lord Hervey, smarting under the satire of his opponent, unadvisedly commenced a warfare of wit and poetry with Pope, by retaliating on him in a meagre, poetical epistle, addressed: "To the Imitator of the Satires of the Second Book of Horace." In this contemptible production, what was wanting in wit was made up by personal abuse, and the poet's distressing and well-known deformity of person was rendered the subject of indecent ribaldry and unfeeling sarcasm. The most remarkable of Lord Hervey's verses are as follow. Addressing Pope, he says:

"In two large columns on thy motley page,
Where Roman wit is striped with English rage:

Where ribaldry to satire makes pretence,
And modern scandal rolls with ancient sense;
Whilst on one side we see how Horace thought,
And on the other how he never wrote;
Who can believe, who view the bad, the good,
That the dull copyist better understood
That spirit, he pretends to imitate,
Than heretofore that Greek he did translate.[1]
Thine is just such an image of his pen,
As thou thyself art to the sons of men;
Where our own species in burlesque we trace,
A sign-post likeness of the human race;
That is at once resemblance and disgrace.
Thus, whilst with coward hand you stab a name,
And try at least t'assassinate our fame;
Like the first bold assassin's be thy lot;
Ne'er be thy guilt forgiven or forgot;
But as thou hat'st, be hated by mankind,
And with the emblem of thy crooked mind
Marked on thy back, like Cain, by God's own hand,
Wander, like him accursed, through the land."

By these unfeeling allusions to his constitutional infirmities, Pope, the most irritable of poets and the most sensitive of men, was naturally cut to the quick. Following the unworthy example set him by his opponent, he raked up all that approached to hideousness or deformity in the mind and person of Lord Hervey, and, clothing them in verse, which has seldom been surpassed

[1] This, of course, has reference to Pope's translation of the Iliad, of which Bentley is well known to have observed that it was "a pretty poem, but not Homer."

in vigour of language or poetical imagery, gave vent to the deep bitterness of his feelings in the celebrated character of Sporus. One more circumstance may be adduced in favour of Pope, namely, that the "Lord Fanny" of his satires can only be presumed by inference to be Lord Hervey; while, on the other hand, his opponent openly pours forth his invectives on the Imitator of the Satires of Horace, of which Pope was the acknowledged author.

One more word respecting this remarkable quarrel. Pope, in the first impulse of his rage, addressed his celebrated prose letter to Lord Hervey, which Warton styles "a masterpiece of invective," and on which Warburton and others have bestowed high praise. In this letter he says, "Give me the liberty, my lord, to tell you why I never replied to those verses on the imitation of Horace:[1] they regarded nothing but

[1] At the period when this was written, the character of Sporus had not yet been given to the public. It is inserted, as is well-known, in one of Pope's finest productions, the "Epistle to Arbuthnot," or, as this poem is sometimes absurdly styled, the "Prologue to the Satires." Pope, in his advertisement to the "Epistle," observes: "This paper is a sort of bill of complaint, begun many years since, and drawn up by snatches, as the several occasions offered. I had no thought of publishing it, till it pleased some persons of rank and fortune [the authors of 'Verses to the Imitator of Horace,' and of an 'Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity,' from a nobleman at Hampton Court] to attack, in a very extraordinary manner, not only my writings (of which, being public, the public is judge), but my person, morals, and family; whereof to

my figure, which I set no value upon; and my morals, which I knew needed no defence. Any honest man has the pleasure to be conscious that it is out of the power of the wittiest, nay, of the greatest person in the kingdom, to lessen him in that way, but at the expense of his own truth, honour, and justice." Of this letter Pope appears to have thought well as a composition. To one of his friends he writes: "There is a woman's war declared against me by a certain lord; his weapons are the same which women and children use, — a pin to scratch, and a squirt to bespatter. I writ a sort of answer, but was ashamed to enter the lists with him, and, after showing it some people, suppressed it; otherwise, it was such as was worthy of him and worthy of me." Pope, indeed, suppressed the letter at the time, and it was not published till after his death and that of his rival; according to his own account, it was because he was ashamed to "enter the lists" with an unworthy rival; but, if we are to believe Tyers, it was at the express desire of Queen

those who know me not, a truer information may be requisite. Being divided between the necessity to say something of myself, and my own laziness to undertake so awkward a task, I thought it the shortest way to put the last hand to this epistle." The best advice that was ever given to Pope, in regard to his literary quarrels, was that of Swift. "Give me a shilling," he said, "and I will ensure you that posterity shall never know you had one single enemy excepting those whose memory you have preserved."

Caroline, who feared lest, by the publication of this eloquent appeal to public taste and public feeling, her favourite, Lord Hervey, should be rendered contemptible in the eyes of the world. According to Horace Walpole, Lord Hervey "pretended not to thank" Pope for the suppression.

There is another poet, though of less note, whose name is intimately connected with that of Lord Hervey, and, as the history of the person in question forms an almost romantic episode in the history of real life, it may not be uninteresting to introduce a few words respecting him. We allude to James Hammond, the author of the "Love Elegies," whose subsequent aberration of mind and untimely death may be indirectly traced to his connection with Lord Hervey.

The Delia of Hammond is known to have been Miss Catherine Dashwood, a young lady of considerable mental and personal accomplishments. She was a woman of the bedchamber to the queen of George the Second, and a ward of Lord Hervey. The young poet became deeply enamoured of her, and, in the course of a long courtship, which was distinguished by the customary characteristics of hope and despondency, addressed to her his graceful love-elegies, which are the more interesting from their being intended for the eye alone of the person to whom they were addressed, and, consequently, describing real

and not imaginary ills. "Sincere in his love as in his friendship," says Lord Chesterfield, "he wrote to his mistresses as he spoke to his friends, nothing but the true genuine sentiments of his heart. He sat down to write what he thought, not to think what he should write; it was nature and sentiment only that dictated to a real mistress, not youthful and poetic fancy to an imaginary one."

Miss Dashwood returned the love of the poet, and the only obstacle to their union arose from the cold obduracy and determined opposition of Lord Hervey. The reason which the latter gave for withholding his consent was the inadequate means of the lovers to support themselves creditably in life. Hammond, however, is known to have possessed a private income of four hundred pounds a year, besides the salary which he drew as equerry to the Prince of Wales; moreover, he was regarded in the House of Commons as a young man of great promise, and lived on intimate terms with several of the most influential persons of the day. The real fact appears to have been that a wide difference of political opinion, and the terms of intimacy subsisting between Hammond and the leaders of the party opposed to Lord Hervey, were the secret of the latter refusing his consent to the match.

The sequel of the story may be soon told. Hammond, on Lord Hervey finally rejecting his

overtures, fell seriously ill. His intellect became disordered, and on the 7th of June, 1742, he closed his life, in his thirty-third year, at the classical seat of his friend, Lord Cobham, at Stowe. Miss Dashwood remained true to his memory. She rejected several advantageous opportunities of entering the marriage state, and though she survived her lover as many as thirty-five years, she retained to the last a tender recollection of his romantic devotedness, and was ever sensibly affected by any allusion to their youthful loves. But we must return to the subject of the present memoir.

To give any correct idea of the character of Lord Hervey appears to be an impracticable task. Doctor Middleton, indeed, in dedicating to him his "Life of Cicero," not only dwells in the most glowing terms on his temperance, his high breeding, and sound sense, but, in speaking of him as a writer, an orator, and a patriot, seems almost to prefer him to the illustrious Roman of whom he writes. When Doctor Middleton, however, in the innocence of his heart, drops for a moment the higher tone of encomium, to speak of his "constant admission" to Lord Hervey on his morning visits, and more especially to thank him for the number of subscribers which he had procured for his work, we guess to what such extraordinary praises owe their birth. The whole, indeed, is a pedantic hyperbole, in which we distrust the truth of the panegyric from its very fulsomeness. It

very properly obtained for Middleton a place in the Dunciad:

> "Narcissus, praised with all a parson's power,
> Looked a white lily sunk beneath a shower."

Lord Hervey, at best, appears to have been an unamiable character; his contemporaries generally speak of him with dislike, and still more frequently with contempt. "His defects," says Archdeacon Coxe, "were extreme affectation, bitterness of invective, prodigality of flattery, and great servility to those above him." It was by the exercise of the last of these qualities that he seems to have insinuated himself into the affections of George the Second, when, as the Duchess of Marlborough expresses it, "It was not above six months ago that the king hated him so that he would not suffer him to be one in his diversions at play." It could not, however, have been by servility and adulation alone that Lord Hervey overcame the prejudices of his sovereign. He unquestionably possessed the art of pleasing in a very high degree; his repartees were once famous; and though frequently sarcastic and ill-natured in his remarks, he could be agreeable and even fascinating when he chose. Queen Caroline, a woman of strong sense and observation, regarded him with singular partiality. With her, at least, it was his object to please; and, consequently, whether it was from the value which she set on his advice

in the cabinet, or admiration of his conversational powers, we find her extending her confidence and friendship to him to the last.

It is not alone to the unmasculine delicacy of Lord Hervey's appearance, nor to the womanish tone of his voice, that we are to trace the character for effeminacy which he obtained among his contemporaries, for he himself seems to have courted it by an affected and almost finical nicety in his habits and tastes. On one occasion, when asked at dinner whether he would have some beef, he answered, with apparent seriousness: "Beef! don't you know that I never eat beef, nor horse, nor any of those things." Neither his effeminacy, however, his affectation, nor his constitutional infirmities, appear to have undermined his credit with the fair sex. He bore off the beautiful Mary Lepel from a host of rivals; and the Princess Caroline, daughter of George the Second, is known to have conceived so romantic a passion for him that, at his death, she became the prey of a settled melancholy, which only terminated with her blameless career.

During the latter part of the administration of Sir Robert Walpole, Lord Hervey appears to have been regarded as the ministerial leader in the House of Lords. However, when the star of Sir Robert began to decline in the political horizon, when the falling minister could no longer command overwhelming majorities in the House of

Commons, nor the shouts of the populace in the streets, Lord Hervey seems to have been among the first to forsake the fortunes of his benefactor and friend. On the 7th of January, 1742, exactly five weeks before Sir Robert resigned, we find Horace Walpole writing to Sir Horace Mann: "I forgot to tell you that, upon losing the first question, Lord Hervey kept away for a week; on our carrying the next great one, he wrote to Sir Robert, how much he desired to see him; 'not upon any business, but Lord Hervey longs to see Sir Robert Walpole.'" And in the same letter, he writes; "Lord Hervey is too ill to go to operas; yet, with a coffin-face, is as full of his dirty politics as ever. He will not be well enough to go to the House till the majority is certain somewhere, but lives shut up with my Lord Chesterfield and Mr. Pulteney, a triumvirate who hate one another more than any body they could proscribe, had they the power. I dropped in at my Lord Hervey's the other night, knowing my lady had company; it was soon after our defeats. My lord, who has always professed particularly to me, turned his back on me, and retired for an hour into a whisper with young Hammond,[1] at the end of the room. Not being at all amazed at one whose heart I knew so well, I stayed on to see more of this behaviour; indeed, to use myself to it. At

[1] James Hammond, the poet. He died in less than six months from the date of Walpole's letter.

last he came up to me, and begged this music, which I gave him, and would often again, to see how many times I shall be ill and well with him within this month."

Lord Hervey survived the date of this letter only eighteen months. His constitution had never been strong, and, probably, the excitement produced by passing events and the loss of his appointment of privy seal, served to hasten his end. He lingered in a wretched state of health till the 8th of August, 1743, when he expired in the forty-seventh year of his age.

CHAPTER XII.

MARY LEPEL, LADY HERVEY.

Daughter of General Lepel — Born in 1700 — Appointed at an Early Age Maid of Honour to the Princess of Wales, Afterward Queen Caroline, and Mistress of the Robes on the Princess's Accession — Miss Lepel's Extraordinary Beauty and Accomplishments — Extracts from the "Suffolk Correspondence" — Pope's Admiration of the Young Beauty — His Moonlight Walk with Her in the Gardens at Hampton Court, and Letter on the Subject — His Poetical Address to Miss Howe — Compliments by Gay and Voltaire to Miss Lepel — Lord Chesterfield's Praises of Her Manners and Accomplishments — Lively Verses Addressed to Her by Lords Chesterfield and Bath — Her Marriage in 1720 to Lord Hervey — Extract from Lady Montagu's Letters — Quarrel with Lady Hervey — Singular Particulars Respecting Its Origin — Lady Hervey's French Tastes and Partialities — Her Education of Her Children — Her Irreligious Feelings, and Repeated Attacks of Illness — Churchill's Eulogium on Her Youngest Daughter, Lady Caroline — Lady Hervey's Death in 1768 — Posthumous Publication of Her Letters — Their Character.

MARY LEPEL, so celebrated at the court of the first George for her beauty and wit, was a daughter of Brigadier-General Nicholas Lepel. She was born on the 26th of September, 1700, and at an

early age was named one of the maids of honour to Queen Caroline, then Princess of Wales, to whom, on her accession to the throne, she was appointed mistress of the robes.

Were we to place credit in half the encomiums which have been heaped on Lady Hervey by her contemporaries, a more gifted or more charming person can scarcely be conceived. Those who knew her best describe her as possessing in an eminent degree that peculiar fascination of manner which a union of perfect high breeding and good humour can alone confer; they speak of her, moreover, as on all occasions tempering her extraordinary vivacity with discretion and strong sense, and as uniting all the graceful accomplishments of a woman of fashion with the qualifications requisite to confer happiness on social life. In point of beauty and good-humour, her charming friend, Miss Bellenden, was the only one of her contemporaries who could compete with her, while, as regards her wit and general powers of pleasing, even Horace Walpole, difficult as he is to please, awards her unqualified praise, and Gay, Pope, and Voltaire grow equally warm in describing the idol of the day.

Even her friends, when they have occasion to find some slight fault with her, involuntarily mingle praise with their complaints. Mrs. Bradshaw writes to Mrs. Howard, on the 21st of August, 1720: "I met Madam Lepel coming into

town last night; she is a pretty thing, though she never comes to see me, for which, tell her, I will use her like a dog in the winter." And again Mrs. Howard writes to Lady Hervey herself a few years afterward: "You see I cannot forgive you all the wit in your last letter. Is it because I suspect your sincerity? or do I envy what I cannot possess? No matter which; you may still always triumph: the world, though you allow it to be but sometimes in the right, will do you a justice that I deny you. You will always be admired; and even I, that condemn you, find I must love you with all my heart."

Long before she had attained to a fixed rank in society by becoming the wife of Lord Hervey, the lively conversation and extreme beauty of the young maid of honour appear to have excited universal attention. Pope was among the foremost of her admirers, and in one of the most pleasing of his letters describes his satisfaction at being permitted a walk of three hours with her by moonlight in the gardens at Hampton Court. "I went by water," he says "to Hampton Court, unattended by all but my own virtues, which were not of so modest a nature as to keep themselves or me concealed, for I met the prince,[1] with all his ladies on horseback, coming from hunting. Miss Bellenden and Miss Lepel took me into their protection (contrary to the laws against harbouring papists)

[1] The Prince of Wales, afterward George II.

and gave me a dinner, with something I liked better, an opportunity of conversation with Mrs. Howard. We all agreed that the life of a maid of honour was of all things the most miserable, and wished that every woman who envied it had a specimen of it. To eat Westphalia ham in a morning; ride over hedges and ditches on borrowed hacks; come home in the heat of the day with a fever, and (what is worse a hundred times) with a red mark on the forehead from an uneasy hat; all this may qualify them to make excellent wives for fox-hunters, and bear abundance of ruddy-complexioned children. As soon as they can wipe off the sweat of the day, they must simper an hour, and catch cold in the princess's apartment; from thence (as Shakespeare has it) to dinner, with what appetite they may, and after that, till midnight, work, walk, or think, which they please. I can easily believe no lone house in Wales, with a mountain and a rookery, is more contemplative than this court; and as a proof of it, I need only tell you Miss Lepel walked with me three or four hours by moonlight, and we met no creature of any quality but the king, who gave audience to the vice-chamberlain, all alone, under the garden wall."

Pope, in the following poetical trifle, addressed to another of the maids of honour, Miss Howe, again familiarly introduces the name of Miss Lepel:

"ANSWER TO THE FOLLOWING QUESTION OF MISS HOWE.[1]

"What is prudery?—
'Tis a beldam,
Seen with wit and beauty seldom,

[1] Sophia Howe, maid of honour to Queen Caroline, when Princess of Wales. This unfortunate young lady, whose frailty caused considerable sensation at the court of George the First, was a daughter of Gen. Emanuel Scroop Howe, by Ruperta, an illegitimate daughter of Prince Rupert. Her love of admiration, her wild frivolity, and indifference to consequences, are sufficiently displayed in the only two of her letters that have been handed down to us, which are to be found in the "Suffolk Correspondence." In one of these letters, addressed to Mrs. Howard, she says: "Of one thing I am more sensible than ever I was, of my happiness in being maid of honour; I won't say 'God preserve me so,' neither, that would not be so well." Gay, in his "Welcome to Pope from Greece," seems to refer to the unsettled character of the giddy girl, when he says:

"Perhaps Miss Howe came there by chance,
Nor knows with whom, nor why she comes along."

Miss Howe, in one of her letters above referred to, mentions incidentally her being so affected by some ludicrous coincidence, while attending divine service in Farnham Church, as to burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter. It was on this occasion that, the Duchess of St. Albans chiding her for her irreverence, and telling her "she could not do a worse thing," "I beg your Grace's pardon,' she replied, "but I can do a great many worse things." The betrayer of Miss Howe was Anthony Lowther, brother of Henry, Viscount Lonsdale. In Sir Charles Hanbury Williams's poem describing the "Mourning" of Isabella, Duchess of Manchester, General Churchill thus introduces the story to a circle of listening gossips:

"The general found a lucky minute now
To speak. 'Ah, ma'am, you did not know Miss Howe!
I'll tell you all her history!' he cried.
At this, Charles Stanhope gaped extremely wide,

'Tis a fear that starts at shadows;
'Tis (no, 'tisn't) like Miss Meadows:[1]
'Tis a virgin hard of feature,
Old, and void of all good-nature;
Lean and fretful; would seem wise,
Yet plays the fool before she dies.
'Tis an ugly, envious shrew,
That rails at dear Lepel and you."

Gay, in his fine copy of verses, entitled "Welcome from Greece to Mr. Pope upon Finishing

Poor Dicky sat on thorns; her Grace turned pale,
And Lovel trembled at the impending tale.
'Poor girl! faith, she was once extremely fair,
Till worn by love, and tortured by despair,
Her pining looks betrayed her inward smart;
Her breaking face foretold her breaking heart.
At Leicester House her passion first began,
And Nanty Lowther was a pretty man:
But when the princess did to Kew remove,
She could not bear the absence of her love:
Away she flew . . . '"

Miss Howe is known to have been the heroine of Lord Hervey's poetical epistle from Monimia to Philocles, where she pours forth a long complaint against her lover's cruelty, in lines which have little pathos and less poetry. She died, apparently of a broken heart, in 1726, having survived the loss of her reputation only a very few years.

[1] Another maid of honour, whose prudery caused much amusement to the court. She held the office for a considerable period; and, as Lord Chesterfield speaks of the probability of her having the gout, and as Lady Hervey, in one of her letters, styles her "old Meadows," she probably never entered the married state. Dodington, in one of his trifles, couples her name with that of Lady Hervey:

"As chaste as Hervey or Miss Meadows."

She was sister to Sir Sydney Meadows.

His Translation of the Iliad," describes the poet as welcomed by his beautiful friend:

"Now Hervey, fair of face, I mark full well,
With thee, youth's youngest daughter, sweet Lepel."

But perhaps the most remarkable tribute paid to her charms was by Voltaire, who did her the singular honour of celebrating her beauty in English verse; his lines, which will be found in Dodsley's collection, are as follow:

"TO LADY HERVEY.

"Hervey, would you know the passion,
You have kindled in my breast?
Trifling is the inclination
That by words can be expressed.

"In my silence see the lover;
True love is by silence known;
In my eyes you'll best discover,
All the power of your own."

In noticing the various compliments paid to Lady Hervey by her contemporaries, the eulogiums heaped on her taste and accomplishments by so celebrated an arbiter of taste and fashion as Lord Chesterfield must not be passed over in silence. He writes to his son, 22d of October, 1750: "Lady Hervey, to my great joy, because to your great advantage, passes all this winter at Paris. She has been bred all her life at courts, of which she has acquired all the easy good breeding and politeness, without the frivolousness. She

has all the reading that a woman should have, and more than any woman need have; for she understands Latin perfectly well, though she wisely conceals it. No woman ever had, more than she has, *le ton de la parfaitement bonne compagnie, les manières engageantes, et le je ne sçais quoi qui plait.* Desire her to reprove and correct, any and every, the least error and inaccuracy in your manner, air, address, etc., no woman in Europe can do it so well; none will do it more willingly, or in a more proper and obliging manner." Again Lord Chesterfield writes to his son on the 28th of February following: "The word 'pleasing,' always puts one in mind of Lady Hervey; pray tell her that I declare her responsible to me for your pleasing; that I consider her as a pleasing Falstaff, who not only pleases herself, but is the cause of pleasing in others."

We will conclude our notices of the encomiums heaped on Miss Lepel, with the following lively verses believed to be the joint composition of Lords Chesterfield and Bath. The reader will perceive that they are singularly characteristic of the manners of the last age, inasmuch as a lady of the present day would probably be more ready to denounce them for their impropriety than to value them as a panegyric.

"The Muses quite jaded with rhyming,
To Molly Mogg bid a farewell;

But renew their sweet melody chiming,
To the name of dear Molly Lepel.

"Bright Venus yet never saw bedded
So perfect a beau and a belle,
As when Hervey the handsome was wedded
To the beautiful Molly Lepel.

"So powerful her charms, and so moving,
They would warm an old monk in his cell,
Should the Pope himself ever go roaming,
He would follow dear Molly Lepel.

"If to the seraglio you brought her,
Where for slaves their maidens they sell,
I'm sure tho' the Grand Seignior bought her,
He'd soon turn a slave to Lepel.

"Had I Hanover, Bremen, and Verden,
And likewise the Duchy of Zell!
I'd part with them all for a farthing,
To have my dear Molly Lepel.

"Or were I the King of Great Britain,
To choose a minister well,
And support the throne that I sit on,
I'd have under me Molly Lepel.

"Of all the bright beauties so killing,
In London's fair city that dwell,
None can give me such joy were she willing,
As the beautiful Molly Lepel.

"What man would not give the great Ticket,
To his share if the benefit fell,
To be but one hour in a thicket,
With the beautiful Molly Lepel.

"Should Venus now rise from the ocean,
And naked appear in her shell,
She would not cause half the emotion,
That we feel from dear Molly Lepel.

"Old Orpheus, that husband so civil,
He followed his wife down to hell,
And who would not go to the devil,
For the sake of dear Molly Lepel.

"Her lips and her breath are much sweeter,
Than the thing which the Latins call *mel;*
Who would not thus pump for a metre,
To chime to dear Molly Lepel.

"In a bed you have seen pinks and roses;
Would you know a more delicate smell,
Ask the fortunate man who reposes
On the bosom of Molly Lepel.

"'Tis a maxim most fit for a lover,
If he kisses he never should tell:
But no tongue can ever discover
His pleasure with Molly Lepel.

"Heaven keep our good king from a rising,
But that rising who's fitter to quell,
Than some lady with beauty surprising,
And who should that be but Lepel?

"If Curll would print me this sonnet,
To a volume my verses should swell;
A fig for what Dennis says on it,
He can never find fault with Lepel.

"Then Handel to music shall set it;
Thro' England my ballad shall sell;

And all the world readily get it,
To sing to the praise of Lepel."

On the 25th of October, 1720, when in her twentieth year, Miss Lepel accepted the hand of the celebrated John, Lord Hervey. About the period of their marriage, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu writes to her sister, Lady Mar: "The most considerable incident that has happened a good while was the ardent affection that Mrs. Hervey, and her dear spouse,[1] took to me. They visited me twice or thrice a day, and were perpetually cooing in my rooms. I was complaisant a great while; but (as you know) my talent has never lain much that way; I grew at last so weary of those birds of paradise, I fled to Twickenham, as much to avoid their persecutions as for my own health, which is still in a declining way." Notwithstanding the "perpetual cooing" here referred to, the married life of Lord and Lady Hervey is said to have been distinguished, at a later period, rather by a well-bred civility, than any apparent remains of an ardent or romantic attachment.[2]

[1] Lord Hervey at this period had not attained to the title. His elder brother, Carr, Lord Hervey, survived till the 15th November, 1723.

[2] On the contrary, the editor of Lady Hervey's Letters observes: "Neither her own vivacity nor the indulgence of a court appears to have betrayed Lady Hervey into the neglect of any of her duties. She was fondly attached to Lord Hervey's person, she respected and admired his talents, and revered his memory." Lady Hervey herself writes to the Rev. Edmund Morris, on

The misunderstanding which took place between Pope and her husband effectually put an end to the long and friendly intercourse which had existed between Lady Hervey and the great poet. Pope, however, though he grew to detest the husband, was still ready to do justice to the wife, and in his memorable letter to Lord Hervey pays a last tribute to the "merit, beauty, and vivacity" of his charming friend.

The friendship, too, which had existed between Lady Hervey and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu appears to have been of short duration. A coldness sprang up between them, to which we shall presently have to allude, and it seems to be in consequence of Lady Mary considering herself the party aggrieved that we are to attribute those slighting and almost ill-natured remarks in her celebrated letters, whenever she has occasion to introduce the name of Lady Hervey. The circumstances of their misunderstanding were as follow:

One of Lady Hervey's most valued friends was a Mrs. Murray, a granddaughter of the first Earl

the 31st of October, 1743, about two months after her husband's death: "The misfortunes Mrs. Phipps can have met with are few and slight compared to those I have experienced; I see and feel the greatness of this last in every light, but I will struggle to the utmost, and though I know, at least I think, I can never be happy again, yet I will be as little miserable as possible, and will make use of the reason I have to soften, not to aggravate, my affliction."

of Marchmont, and a woman of considerable accomplishments of person as well as mind.[1] About the month of October, 1721, Mrs. Murray obtained a most unenviable notoriety, in consequence of a criminal attempt made upon her by one of her own footmen, a man of the name of Arthur Grey. This individual, it appears, entered her chamber in the middle of the night, and, presenting a pistol at her breast, swore that, unless she would consent to gratify his passion, he would take her life. Either terror or virtue, however, gave strength to her arm, and she had already succeeded in wresting the pistol from her assailant when her screams

[1] Griselda Baillie, daughter of Mr. Baillie of Jerviswood, and a near relation of Bishop Burnet, became the wife, in 1710, of Mr., afterward Sir, A. Murray, of Stanhope. She died in 1759. Lady Hervey says of her, in recording her loss: "Never in my long life did I ever meet with a creature in all respects like her; many have excelled her, perhaps, in particular qualities, but none that ever I met with have equalled her in all. Sound good sense, strong judgment, great sagacity, strict honour, truth, and sincerity; a most affectionate disposition of mind; constant and steady; not obstinate; great indulgence to others; a most sweet, cheerful temper; and a sort of liveliness and good humour, that promoted innocent mirth wherever she came." Horace Walpole writes to Sir Horace Mann on the 22d of June, 1759: "A much older friend of yours is just dead, my Lady Murray. She caught her death by too strict attendance on her sister, Lady Binning, who has been ill. They were a family of love, and break their hearts for her. She had a thousand good qualities; but no mortal was ever so surprised as I when I was first told that she was the nymph Arthur Grey would have ravished. She had taken care to guard against any more such dangers by more wrinkles than ever twisted around a human face."

brought her the assistance which she required. The man was immediately seized, and Mrs. Murray giving her evidence against him at the Old Bailey, he was sentenced to be transported for life.

The publicity given to this unfortunate affair must have been sufficiently painful to most women; while, to a person who, like Mrs. Murray, moved in a certain sphere of society, the notoriety she had acquired could not fail to be a source of the deepest affliction. The position of Mrs. Murray, moreover, was rendered still more distressing by the publication of more than one offensive pasquinade on the subject of her recent misfortune, which, as is usually the case with similar malicious productions, were purchased and read with the greatest avidity. Of these effusions, there were two which excited particular attention; the one, a gross ballad, and the other a long and indelicate copy of verses, entitled "Epistle from Arthur Grey, the Footman."[1] Both of these infamous productions were attributed to Lady Mary

[1] Horace Walpole writes to Sir Horace Mann on the 24th of November, 1747: "Mr. Shute agrees with me. He says, for the epistle from Arthur Grey, scarce any woman could have written it, and no man, for a man who had had experience enough to paint such sentiments so well would not have had warmth enough left." Mr. Dallaway, Lady M. W. Montagu's biographer, remarks that "the epistle of Arthur Grey has true 'Ovidian tenderness.'" This, of course, is exaggerated praise; nevertheless, the "Epistle" has some merit as a composition, though possessing certainly more of the indecency of Ovid than either his tenderness or his grace.

Wortley Montagu; but though the former was unquestionably the production of her pen, we find her repeatedly denying the authorship of the latter. The fact, however, of her having been the parent, if of only one of these galling attacks, is sufficient to bring home to her the charge of unwarrantably aggravating the distress of an unoffending member of her own sex, by trumpeting forth a misfortune which had already obtained sufficient publicity. That Mrs. Murray believed her to be the author of both lampoons is evident. Lady Mary herself informs us that on every occasion of her meeting the subject of her unfeeling satire in public, the latter never failed to display her indignation and disgust; on one occasion, in particular, "she was pleased to attack me," says Lady Mary, "in very Billingsgate language at a masquerade, where she was as visible as ever she was in her own clothes." Lady Hervey warmly and generously sided with her injured friend; and it was probably her having dropped some expressions of disgust at Lady Mary's conduct that produced from the latter those slighting remarks on an almost faultless character, to which we have already had occasion to allude.

Among various interesting reminiscences of Lady Bute (daughter of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu), she remembered Lady Hervey to have been distinguished by the exquisite grace of her manners, which she described as somewhat marked

by a "foreign tinge." Lady Hervey, indeed, was half a Frenchwoman. During her widowhood, she paid long and frequent visits to France; we find her intimate friends frequently bantering her on her French tastes and French habits; while, from her maiden name of Lepel, we may conclude that her family were originally natives of that country. Lady Chesterfield writes to a lady at Paris on the 30th of December, 1751: "We look upon Lady Hervey as having forsaken her own country, and being naturalised a Frenchwoman. I regret, but do not blame her, for I know others that would do the same if they could." Again, she writes to the same correspondent on the 3d of May, 1753: "You will soon see Lady Hervey again; she is heartily sick of London, and longs to be at Paris. I shall lament her absence, but cannot blame her taste; it comes into my system of philosophy." Lady Hervey, in her letters, alludes to her foreign partialities as if they were notorious among her friends; and Horace Walpole, in his correspondence, speaks incidentally of her as "doting" on everything French.

We have now brought our notices of Lady Hervey very nearly to a close. After the death of her husband, she resided principally with his father, the Earl of Bristol, dedicating herself to the performance of her social duties, and more especially to the education of her children. By Lord Hervey she was the mother of four sons and four

daughters. Of the former, George,[1] Augustus, and Frederick were successively Earls of Bristol, and William, the youngest, was a member of Parliament and a general in the army. Of the daughters, Lepel married Constantine, Lord Mulgrave; Lady Mary married George Fitzgerald, Esq.; and Lady Emily and Lady Caroline died unmarried. Horace Walpole says of the elder daughter, in one

[1] George, second Earl of Bristol, inherited the effeminate appearance and, it was thought, the effeminate character of his father; like his father, however, he knew how to resent an insult when thoroughly provoked. Horace Walpole writes to Sir Horace Mann, 25th of February, 1750: "About ten days ago, at the new Lady Cobham's assembly, Lord Hervey was leaning over a chair, talking to some women, and holding his hat in his hand. Lord Cobham came up and spit in it! and then, with a loud laugh, turned to Nugent, and said, 'Pay me my wager!' In short, he had laid a guinea that he committed this absurd brutality, and that it was not resented. Lord Hervey, with great temper and sensibility, asked if he had any further occasion for his hat? 'Oh! I see you are angry!' 'Not very well pleased.' Lord Cobham took the fatal hat, and wiped it, made a thousand foolish apologies, and wanted to pass it off as a joke. Next morning he rose with the sun, and went to visit Lord Hervey; so did Nugent; he would not see them, but wrote to the Spitter (or, as he is now called, Lord Gob'em), to say, that he had affronted him very grossly before company; but having involved Nugent in it, he desired to know to which he was to address himself for satisfaction. Lord Cobham wrote to him a most submissive answer, and begged pardon both in his own and Nugent's name. Here it rested for a few days; till getting wind, Lord Hervey wrote again to insist on an explicit apology under Lord Cobham's own hand, with a rehearsal of the excuses that had been made to him. This, too, was complied with, and the fair conqueror shows all the letters."

of his letters: "She is a fine, black girl, as masculine as her father should be." But it seems to have been the youngest, Lady Caroline, who inherited, in the most eminent degree, the attractions of her mother. Churchill celebrates —

"That face, that form, that dignity, that ease,
Those powers of pleasing, with that will to please,
By which Lepel, when in her youthful days,
Even from the currish Pope extorted praise,
We see, transmitted, in her daughter shine,
And view a new Lepel in Caroline!"

Lady Hervey expired on the 2d of September, 1768, having nearly completed the sixty-eighth year of her age. For many years she had suffered severely from the gout,[1] the frequent attacks of which she endured with extraordinary resignation and unrepining gentleness.

Horace Walpole writes to the Earl of Hertford on the 16th of December, 1763: "Poor Lady Hervey desires you will tell Mr. Hume how incapable she is of answering his letter. She has been terribly afflicted for these six weeks with a

[1] This disease, which was hereditary in Lady Hervey's family, she entailed on her daughter, Mrs. Phipps, afterward Lady Mulgrave, and probably on others of her children. Lady Hervey writes to the Rev. E. Morris, 24th of October, 1747: "Poor Mrs. Phipps, that young, abstemious, careful woman, has had a tedious rheumatism, which at last terminated in a severe fit of the gout. She is now well of both; but what must that poor dear creature expect, who at four and twenty is wrapped up in flannel with the gout!"

complication of gout, rheumatism, and a nervous complaint. She cannot lie down in her bed, nor rest two minutes in her chair; I never saw such continued suffering." Two days before she expired, she wrote to her son, the Earl of Bristol: "I feel my dissolution coming on, but I have no pain; what can an old woman desire more?" Walpole, in recording this anecdote, observes: "This was consonant to her usual propriety, — yes, propriety is grace, and thus everybody may be graceful, when other graces are fled."

It is to be feared, however, that the exemplary patience which Lady Hervey displayed during her repeated illnesses, originated in no degree from any consolation which she derived from her religious faith. The example of infidelity set her by her husband, and, apparently, the pernicious sophistry of their mutual friend, Doctor Middleton,[1]

[1] Dr. Conyers Middleton — a skeptical divine, and the well known author of the "Life of Cicero" — was the son of a clergyman, and was born at York in 1683. His "Discourse on the Miraculous Powers," supposed to have been vested in the early Christian Church, led the world to believe that he was a free-thinker, and his letters to Lord Hervey have since substantiated the fact. As a divine, a moralist, and a philosopher, he should have taken especial care to maintain his private character in good repute; and yet the same man — who professed that "Providence had placed him beyond the temptation of sacrificing philosophic freedom to the servilities of dependence" — is known, in the most shameless manner, to have subscribed the thirty-nine articles for the mere purpose of enjoying the living of Hascombe. "Though there are many things in the Church," he says, "which I wholly dislike, yet, while I am content to acquiesce in the ill,

produced an unfortunate effect on her otherwise strong mind; and, though she refrained from obtruding her peculiar tenets on others, her own confidence in the truth of revealed religion was unquestionably weakened, if not entirely destroyed.

Posterity of late years has acquired an interesting memento of Lady Hervey, in the form of a volume of her epistolary correspondence. To the general reader, indeed, the letters in question will convey a feeling of disappointment, for we search in vain for that playful wit and fascinating vivacity for which her contemporaries have so universally given her credit. The whole of these letters, however, were written after she had completed her forty-second year, at a period when the heyday of life had passed away; and, moreover, when misfortune had quenched the buoyancy of her spirits, and thrown its shadows over her brow. But, on the other hand, they portray the character of Lady Hervey in its best light; they afford valuable evidence of her strong sense, her refined taste, and real goodness of heart; and are equally interesting as a memorial of a courtly beauty of the last age, and as affording a faithful and pleasing picture of an amiable and highly cultivated mind.

I should be glad to taste a little of the good." The apology was worthy of his principles. Doctor Middleton died on the 28th of July, 1750, in the sixty-seventh year of his age.

CHAPTER XIII.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

Her Birth in 1690 — Her Early Love of Reading — Teaches Herself Latin, and Translates Epictetus — Anecdote of Her Father Related by Herself — Her Acquaintance with Mr. Wortley Montagu — His Literary Tastes — He Proposes for Her Hand to Her Father, and Is Rejected — He Elopes with and Is Privately Married to Her — Lady Mary's First Appearance at St. James's — Attends the Evening Parties of George the First — Accompanies Her Husband on His Embassy to Constantinople — Her Familiarity with the Turkish Ladies — Anecdote — Introduces into England the Oriental Practice of Inoculation for the Smallpox — Returns Home, and Takes a House at Twickenham — Her Intimacy with Pope — Addison Warns Her against Him — Her Subsequent Quarrel with Pope — Her Account of Its Origin — Her Splenetic Feelings toward Him — Retires to the Continent — Her Separation from Her Husband — Extracts from Horace Walpole's Letters — Pope's Remarks on Lady Mary's Want of Cleanliness — Anecdote of Lady Mary — Indecency of Some of Her Letters — Brief Memoir of Her Son, Edward Wortley Montagu — His Eccentricities Abroad — Extract from Horace Walpole's Letters — Mr. Montagu Disinherited on His Father's Death — His Extraordinary Advertisement in the *Public Advertiser* — His Sudden Death at Lyons — His Literary Production — Lady Mary's Return to England after the Death of Her Husband — Horace Walpole's Description of Her — Her Death.

LADY MARY PIERREPONT, afterward so celebrated as Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, was the

eldest daughter of Evelyn, Duke of Kingston, by Lady Mary Fielding, daughter of William, Earl of Denbigh. She was born at Thoresby, in Nottinghamshire, about the year 1690.

When she was about four years old, Lady Mary had the misfortune to lose her mother.[1] The loss was an irreparable one; for it was probably owing to the want of proper female guardianship in her youth, and to the absence of a mother's anxious watchfulness, that we are to attribute many of those faults and fooleries which subsequently distinguished her irregular career. Her father, too, was a man little qualified to perform so important a trust as the guardianship of a volatile and high-spirited girl. Figuring merely as one of the well-bred libertines of the period, and preferring the

[1] In reference to the fact stated in the text, namely, that Lady M. W. Montagu was only four years old when she lost her mother, it is curious to find, in the eleventh edition of "The Curiosities of Literature," the following rather remarkable anachronism: "We have lost much literature by the illiberal or malignant descendants of learned and ingenious persons. Many of Lady Wortley Montagu's letters have been destroyed, I have been informed, by her mother, who imagined that the family honours were lowered by the addition of those of literature; some of her best letters, recently published, were found buried in an old trunk. It would have mortified her Ladyship's mother to have heard that her daughter was the Sévigné of Britain." In recording this error, it is far from the author's intention to attempt to derogate from the general merit and accuracy of one of the most charming works in our language. The writer of an article in the *Quarterly Review* has fallen, it may be remarked, into exactly the same error as Mr. D'Israeli.

pursuit of pleasure to the discharge of his domestic duties, he seems to have troubled himself little with the education or moral improvement of his child.[1] A thirst after knowledge, however, formed an early and remarkable feature in Lady Mary's character. "When I was young," she observed to Spence, "I was a vast admirer of Ovid's 'Metamorphoses,' and that was one of the chief reasons that set me upon the thought of stealing the Latin language. Mr. Wortley was the only person to whom I communicated my design, and he encouraged me in it. I used to study five or six hours a day for two years, in my father's library, and so got that language whilst everybody thought I was reading nothing but novels and romances." According to her biographer, Dallaway, her father for the most part entrusted her education to the tutors of his son, from whom she acquired a knowledge of the Greek, Latin, and French languages. We have, however, the authority of Lady Mary herself that she taught herself Latin; and, in regard to her knowledge of Greek, though pro-

[1] The father of Lady M. W. Montagu was Evelyn Pierrepont, fifth Earl of Kingston, created 23d of December, 1706, Marquis of Dorchester, and on the 29th of July, 1715, Duke of Kingston. Macky says of him: "He has a very good estate, is a very fine gentleman, of good sense, well bred, and a lover of the ladies; entirely in the interest of his country, makes a good figure, is of a black complexion, and well made." The duke died in 1726, and was succeeded in his titles by his grandson, Evelyn Pierrepont, the second and last Duke of Kingston.

fessedly the author of a translation of 'Epictetus,' we learn from Lady Bute that her mother had, in fact, but little acquaintance with that language. Not impossibly she had the advantage of a Latin version, to which circumstance we may add the probability of her having received material assistance from Bishop Burnet, who is known to have superintended her labours.

That her father, however, though he neglected, was, nevertheless, proud of the attainments and beauty of his child, is evident from the following lively anecdote which Lady Mary, in after life, took great pleasure in recalling. "As a leader of the fashionable world, and a strenuous Whig in party, he, of course, belonged to the Kit-cat Club.[1] One day, at a meeting to choose toasts for the year, a whim seized him to nominate her, then not eight years old, a candidate, alleging that she

[1] The meetings of the celebrated Kit-cat Club were originally held at the Fountain Tavern in the Strand, the landlord of which was one Christopher Cat, from whom the club borrowed their name. He was famous for his mutton pies, which was always a standing-dish at their meetings. In a Tory pasquinade of the period we find,—

> "Hence did the assembly's title first arise,
> And Kit-cat wits sprung first from Kit-cat pies."

The Kit-cat Club, at a later period, held its meetings at the residence of its secretary, the celebrated Jacob Tonson, at Barn Elms. This house, which is rendered still more interesting by having formerly been inhabited by Cowley, the poet, is still standing.

was far prettier than any lady on their list. The other members demurred, because the rules of the club forebade them to elect a beauty whom they had never seen. 'Then you shall see her,' cried he; and, in the gaiety of the moment, sent orders home to have her finely dressed, and brought to him at the tavern, where she was received with acclamations, her claim unanimously allowed, her health drunk by every one present, and her name engraved in due form upon a drinking-glass. The company consisting of some of the most eminent men in England, she went from the lap of one poet or patriot or statesman to the arms of another, was feasted with sweetmeats, overwhelmed with caresses, and, what perhaps already pleased her better than either, heard her wit and beauty loudly extolled on every side. Pleasure, she said, was too poor a word to express her sensations; they amounted to ecstasy. Never again, throughout her whole future life, did she pass so happy a day."

Another disadvantage (arising from her father being a widower) which Lady Mary had to encounter as she increased in years, was the prevalence of male society at his table. A woman, thrown into constant intercourse with the other sex, will unquestionably find her wit sharpened, and will acquire increased confidence in her own powers; moreover, where the society is of a superior order, she may add to her stock of knowledge, and

improve her taste; but, on the other hand, the finer feelings of the woman are imperceptibly destroyed, and she acquires that masculine tone of thought and speech which was peculiarly the characteristic of Lady Mary.

Among the duties which, as the mistress of the domestic portion of her father's establishment, Lady Mary was called upon to perform, was the then formidable task of doing the honours of his table. People still cling to the barbarism of carving huge joints, and inhaling their obnoxious smells, at dinner; but in the commencement of the last century the case was still worse. Not only was it imperative on the lady of the house to tease her guests till they ate to repletion, but it was necessary that every guest should be individually helped, and every joint operated upon, by her hand. Lady Mary used to mention, as curious illustrations of the fashionable manners of her youth, that carving masters used to attend young ladies for the purpose of perfecting them in the art, and that she herself had been compelled to take lessons from one of these professors three times a week. She added that, such was the laborious task of presiding at table on one of her father's public days, she was always obliged to eat her own dinner beforehand.

Lady Mary was in the zenith of her beauty when she formed the acquaintance of Mr. Edward Wortley Montagu, a man, apparently, of some tal-

ent, of sound sense, of a classical taste, and of an original cast of mind. On the other hand, he was miserly in his habits, and we glean from Lady Mary's letters to him that no flattery was too gross for his palate. Still it is evident, from the literary correspondence of the period, that he was the intimate friend of Addison, and that Steele, Congreve, and Garth were among his acquaintance. Thus, a congenial taste for literature and wit existed between Lady Mary and himself. He naturally became enamoured of a woman who, to the possession of great beauty, superadded those intellectual qualities which he most valued and admired; and Lady Mary, though she confessed to him her inability to return his passion with a warmth equal to his own, yet freely admitted that she entertained a regard and partiality for him which she had never experienced toward any other suitor. On this, Montagu made his proposals to her father; but, either from an inability to make a settlement, or rather, as it would appear, from a prejudice against settling property on unborn children, of whose good or bad qualities he could know nothing, his offers were peremptorily rejected by the Duke of Kingston.

The lovers, indeed, still kept up a correspondence, but it appears by Lady Mary's letters, written at the period, that it was constantly on the point of being broken off; not, indeed, by the vigilance and interference of her father, but by per-

petual jealousies and mistrusts on the part of Mr. Montagu, whose good sense pointed out to him how little suited they were to each other, and that, however charming Lady Mary might be as a mistress, she was little calculated to confer happiness on him as a wife. Still, he was unable to extricate himself from the toils of wit and beauty, and when Lady Mary announced to him her father's fixed determination to unite her to another person, the passion of the lover drowned the reflections of the man of sense, and having persuaded his mistress to elope with him, they were privately married by a special license, bearing date 12th August, 1712.

On the accession of George the First to the throne, the friends of Mr. Wortley came into power, and he received the reward of his Parliamentary exertions by being appointed a lord of the treasury. The duties of his office obliged him, of course, to reside principally in London, and, consequently, Lady Mary was recalled from the solitude of Wharncliffe, where she had hitherto resided since her marriage. According to her biographer, Dallaway, "her first appearance at St. James's was hailed with that universal admiration which beauty, enlivened by wit, incontestably claims." She speedily grew into favour with George the First, and in his son, afterward George the Second, seems to have excited a warmer sentiment. One evening, the prince hap-

pening suddenly to cast his eyes on her, desired the princess, who was playing at cards in another part of the apartment, to mark how very becomingly Lady Mary was dressed. To be interrupted in the excitement of play, and for the purpose, too, of noting the loveliness of a rival, must have been sufficiently disagreeable to the princess, and consequently we cannot be surprised that she retorted, with a marked sneer, "Lady Mary always dresses well!" This anecdote was recorded by Lady Mary in her private journal, apparently a curious repository of wit and scandal, which her daughter, Lady Bute, no doubt from very proper motives, thought proper to destroy, the loss of which, however, we cannot but regret.

The circumstance of Lady Mary being constantly invited to the private parties of George the First, had the effect of depriving her of the favour and admiration of his son. It has, indeed, ever been the peculiar characteristic of the heirs of the house of Hanover so far to reverse the order of nature as to deprecate the slightest respect shown to the author of their being; and, consequently, it was in the true spirit of this feeling that, when Lady Mary was known to be a favoured visitor at St. James's, she grew to be an object of distrust and dislike at Leicester House.

As regards, however, her admission to the select evening parties of George the First, the following anecdote, the substance of which was inserted in

her lost journal, is deserving of repetition: "She had on one evening a particular engagement that made her wish to be dismissed unusually early; she explained her reasons to the Duchess of Kendal, and the duchess informed the king, who, after a few complimentary remonstrances, appeared to acquiesce. But when he saw her about to take her leave, he began battling the point afresh, declaring it was unfair and perfidious to cheat him in such a manner, and saying many other fine things, in spite of which she at last contrived to escape. At the foot of the great stairs she ran against Secretary Craggs[1] just coming in,

[1] James Craggs, the younger, who succeeded Addison as secretary of state, was equally distinguished for his abilities as a statesman, for his handsome person, his ingratiating manners, and social pleasantry. His father, James Craggs the elder, had been footman to Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, and by the influence of that celebrated woman, as well as by his own strong sense and excellent conduct, rose to be postmaster-general, and was enabled to amass an almost princely fortune. The younger Craggs died on the 16th of February, 1720, at the age of thirty-five, and about a month afterward his father followed him to the grave. The former was buried in Westminster Abbey, where there is a monument to him, inscribed with the well-known epitaph of his friend Pope:

> "Statesman, yet friend to truth; of soul sincere,
> In action faithful, and in honour clear:
> Who broke no promise, served no private end,
> Who gained no title, and who lost no friend;
> Ennobled by himself, — by all approved,
> Praised, wept, and honoured by the muse he loved!"

Alluding to the lowness of his origin, and to the circumstance of his dying before his father, Peter Leneve, the herald, pro-

who stopped her to inquire what was the matter. Were the company put off? She told him why she went away, and how urgently the king had pressed her to stay longer, possibly dwelling on that head with some small complacency. Mr. Craggs made no remark, but when he had heard all, snatching her up in his arms as a nurse carries a child, he ran full speed with her up-stairs, depositing her within the antechamber, kissed both her hands respectfully (still not saying a word), and vanished. The pages seeing her returned, they knew not how, hastily threw open the inner doors, and before she had recovered her breath she found herself again in the king's presence. "*Ah, la revoilà!*" cried he and the duchess, extremely pleased, and began thanking her for her obliging change of mind. She was bewildered, fluttered, and entirely off her guard; so beginning giddily with, "Oh, Lord, Sir! I have been so frightened!" she told his Majesty the whole story exactly as she would have told it to any one else. He had not done exclaiming, nor his Germans wondering, when again the door flew open, and the attendants announced Mr. Secretary Craggs, who, but that moment arrived, it should seem, entered with the usual obeisance,

posed that his inscription should be: "Here lies the last, who died before the first of his family." Both the Craggs are believed to have been deeply implicated in the memorable and infamous South Sea bubble.

and as composed an air as if nothing had happened. "*Mais comment donc, M. Craggs,*" said the king, going up to him, "*est-ce que c'est l'usage de ce pays de porter des belles dames comme un sac de froment?*" ("Is it the custom of this country to carry about fair ladies like a sack of wheat?") The minister, struck dumb by this unexpected attack, stood a minute or two, not knowing which way to look; then, recovering his self-possession, answered, with a low bow: "There is nothing I would not do for your Majesty's satisfaction." This was coming off tolerably well, but he did not forgive the tell-tale culprit, in whose ear, watching his opportunity when the king turned from them, he muttered a bitter reproach, with a round oath to enforce it, — "which I durst not resent," continued she, "for I had drawn it upon myself, and, indeed, I was heartily vexed at my own imprudence."

On the 5th of June, 1716, Mr. Wortley was appointed ambassador at Constantinople, whither Lady Mary, either from affection or curiosity, consented to accompany him. To the Princess of Wales, she writes from Adrianople on the 1st of April, 1717: "I have now, madam, finished a journey that has not been undertaken by any Christian since the time of the Greek emperors; and I shall not regret all the fatigues I have suffered in it, if it gives me an opportunity of

amusing your Royal Highness by an account of places utterly unknown amongst us, the emperor's ambassadors, and those few English that have come hither, always going on the Danube to Nicopolis." She was not, indeed, as was formerly supposed, the first Englishwoman of rank who had visited the Levant, for it seems that Lady Paget and Lady Winchelsea had each previously accompanied their husbands on their several embassies. Her inquiring disposition, however, and her ingratiating manners appear to have brought her into greater familiarity with the Turkish ladies, than had been achieved by any other of her countrywomen, either before or since. "The ladies of Constantinople," she said to Spence, "used to be extremely surprised to see me go always with my bosom uncovered. It was in vain that I told them that everybody did so among us, and alleged everything that I could in defence of it. They could never be reconciled to so immodest a custom, as they thought it; and one of them, after I had been defending it to my utmost, said: 'Oh, my sultana, you can never defend the manners of your country, even with all your wit; but I see you are in pain for them, and shall therefore press it no further."

Nor was this the only occasion where the habits and manners of Lady Mary appear to have excited astonishment in the minds of the ladies of the

East. "One of the greatest entertainments in Turkey," said Lady Mary to Spence, "is having you to their baths, and when I was introduced to one, the lady of the house came to undress me, which is another high compliment that they pay to strangers. After she had slipped off my gown, and saw my stays, she was very much struck at the sight of them, and cried out to the other ladies in the bath: 'Come hither and see how cruelly the poor English ladies are used by their husbands; you need boast, indeed, of the superior liberties allowed you, when they lock you up thus in a box.'" Lady Mary, it need scarcely be remarked, relates the same anecdote in one of her charming letters, with some other less delicate circumstances.

During her absence in the East, several strange stories were circulated respecting Lady Mary in England, the truth or falsehood of which it is now difficult to ascertain. Among other eccentric adventures, it was believed by many that she conferred her favours on the Sultan, Achmed the Third. This story, whether truly or not, Lady Mary attributed to the invention of Pope. "The word malignity," she writes, some years afterward, to Lady Pomfret, "and a passage in your letter, call to my mind the wicked wasp of Twickenham. His lies affect me now no more; they will be all as much despised as the story of the seraglio and the handkerchief, of which I am persuaded he

was the only inventor. The man has a malignant and ungenerous heart, and he is base enough to assume the mask of a moralist, in order to decry human nature, and to give his vent to his hatred of man and womankind." It seems, indeed (notwithstanding an opinion to the contrary has long been prevalent), that Lady Mary never even obtained access to the interior of the seraglio. There is certainly nothing in her letters to show that this extraordinary indulgence was ever awarded to her, and, in later times, when the wife of one of our ambassadors applied for a similar favour, — pleading the visit of Lady Mary as a well-known precedent, — the Turks pronounced the story to be as false as it was ridiculous.

One important result, consequent on the visit of Lady Mary to the East, was her being the means of introducing into this country the Oriental practice of inoculating for the smallpox. Posterity, at this distance of time, can scarcely comprehend the vast service which she thus performed in the cause of humanity. According to the *Plain Dealer* (No. xxx., July 3, 1724), "It is a godlike delight that her reflection must be conscious of, when she considers to whom we owe that many thousand British lives will be saved every year, to the use and comfort of their country, after a general establishment of this practice, — a good so lasting and so vast that none of those wide endowments and deep foundations of public

charity which have made most noise in the world deserve at all to be compared with it." The more recent and more valuable discovery of vaccination, though it has superseded the boon which Lady Mary conferred on mankind, yet detracts in no degree from her personal merit, or her claims on the gratitude of her contemporaries. Indeed, when we remember the violent opposition which she had to encounter in her attempt to benefit mankind; the obloquy and ridicule which her new theory entailed upon her; the undaunted resolution with which she pursued her thankless task, as well as the extraordinary blessings which she ultimately conferred on humanity, words are insufficient to express our admiration of her noble and disinterested conduct.

In October, 1718, Lady Mary returned with her husband to England, and shortly afterward we find her renewing her intercourse with the court and the wits. Distinguished by high rank, and gifted with beauty and wit which have become historical, we cannot wonder that she grew to be the idol of that celebrated circle which numbered Gay, Swift, Pope, Parnell, Arbuthnot, and Garth among its brightest ornaments. At the suggestion of Pope, with whom she was as yet on good terms, she took a house at Twickenham, and it was either under her own roof, or at the residence of the poet, that in this, the most classical of English villages, the above men-

tioned brilliant assemblage of talent was frequently associated.

The friendship, however, which existed between Lady Mary and Pope was destined to be of shorter duration and of less celebrity than their subsequent quarrel, of which we have little to add beyond that which the reader is already acquainted with. Pope, as is well known, after having lived on terms of intimacy with Lady Mary for some years, and having on all occasions written and spoken of her rather as a goddess than a woman, suddenly changed his tone of panegyric into that of invective, and, under the names of Lady Mary and Sappho, stigmatised in the most unjustifiable manner her private habits and moral conduct. It is remarkable that, many years before Pope distinguished himself as a satirist, Addison should have put Lady Mary on her guard against the spiteful nature and latent satirical vein of the poet. "Leave him as soon as you can," was the advice of Addison; "he will certainly play you some devilish trick else; he has an appetite for satire." Addison unquestionably alluded to the celebrated satire on himself, the unfinished sketch of which Pope is known to have sent him in MS.[1]

[1] Addison and his friends, it would seem, had been in the habit of discussing Pope's character and genius in rather too free a manner, in the London coffee-houses and elsewhere; on which, says Pope, "I wrote a letter to Mr. Addison, to let him

In regard to the immediate cause of quarrel between Pope and Lady Mary, the explanation which she herself gave to her relations not only affords the best apology for Pope, but presents the easiest and most probable solution of a difficult question. Pope, she said, addressed to her a passionate declaration of love, the effect of which was so ludicrous that she burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, and from that moment the poet became her implacable enemy.

Such appears to have been the secret history of the quarrel between Lady Mary and Pope. The poet himself says, in the "Epistle to Arbuthnot," thus giving a pointed meaning to an otherwise unintelligible couplet:

> "Yet soft by nature, more a dupe than wit,
> Sappho can tell you how this man was bit."

There is extant, moreover, a copy of verses addressed by Pope to Gay, occasioned, it seems, by the latter congratulating him on the completion of his villa at Twickenham, which goes far

know that I was not unacquainted with this behaviour of his; that if I was to speak severely of him in return for it, it should not be in such a dirty way, and that I should rather tell himself freely of his faults, and allow his good qualities; and that it should be something in the following manner. I then adjoined the first sketch of what has since been called my satire on Addison. Mr. Addison used me very civilly ever after, and never did me any injustice that I know of from that time to his death, which was about three years after."

to prove that the poet had conceived a hopeless and unhappy attachment for Lady Mary.

"Ah! friend, 'tis love — this truth you lovers know —
In vain my structures rise, my gardens grow;
In vain fair Thames reflects the double scenes
Of hanging mountains, and of sloping greens:
Joy lives not here; to happier seats it flies,
And only dwells where Wortley casts her eyes.

"What are the gay parterre, the chequered shade,
The morning bower, the evening colonnade;
But soft recesses of uneasy minds,
To sigh unheard in, to the passing winds?
So the struck deer in some sequestered part
Lies down to die, the arrow at his heart;
There, stretched unseen, in coverts hid from day,
Bleeds drop by drop, and pants his life away."

Lady Mary, in transmitting these verses to her sister, Lady Mar, observes that she has thought proper to "stifle" them, and requests that they may go no farther than her sister's closet. It is remarkable that Pope afterward published the last eight lines only as a fragment. Having quarrelled with the goddess of his idolatry, he was of course unwilling to publish a fulsome panegyric; which, while it might have afforded a triumph to her, must only have given a disagreeable publicity to his own weakness and unhappy love.

Under no circumstances is rejection by a woman a very palatable consummation of a pleasing delusion; but, in the present instance, the pain was

enhanced by the constitutional and almost morbid sensibility of Pope, and by the cruel consciousness of his personal deformity. With such a man, and under such circumstances, the withering effect of Lady Mary's unfeeling and contemptuous laugh may be more easily imagined than described.

Lady Mary appears to have missed no single opportunity of vexing the irritable poet. In a letter to Arbuthnot, which she was well aware would meet the eye of Pope, she writes: "I wish you would advise poor Pope to turn to some more honest livelihood than libelling. I know he will allege in his excuse that he must write to eat, and he is now grown sensible that nobody will buy his verses, except their curiosity is piqued to it, to see what is said of their acquaintance." Remarks of a similar malicious tendency, of which Lady Mary was the author, were constantly conveyed to Pope by his friends. Indeed, in her determination to be avenged on her maligner, she seems occasionally to have outstepped the bounds of truth, and to have invented one or two ingenious stories to Pope's discredit, which had the effect of cutting the poet to the quick. Among others, an account, which was published at the period, of Pope having been cudgelled by two gentlemen in Ham Walk, near Twickenham, has been attributed to Lady Mary; and so annoyed was Pope at the publicity obtained by the unfounded anecdote, that he drew up the following solemn refutation, which was

inserted in the *Daily Post* of the 14th of June, 1718 :

"Whereas there has been a scandalous paper cried aloud about the streets, under the title of 'A Pop upon Pope,' insinuating that I was whipped in Ham Walk, on Thursday last : — This is to give notice, that I did not stir out of my house at Twickenham on that day ; and the same is a malicious and ill-grounded report. — A. P."

According to Pope's sister, Mrs. Racket, the poet was but little susceptible of fear. Even after the publication of the "Dunciad," when he was several times threatened with castigation by the persons whom he had satirised, he still continued his solitary ramblings in Ham Walk. He adopted, however, the precaution of taking with him a large Danish dog, named Bounce,[1] who

[1] When Bounce died, Pope had a notion of burying him in his garden, at Twickenham, and placing over him a piece of marble, with the inscription, —

"O Rare Bounce!"

He thought it possible, however, that it might be construed into disrespect toward Ben Jonson's memory, and the project was consequently dropped. Bounce, it may be remarked, is the hero of Gay's "Epistle from Bounce to Fop, from a dog at Twickenham to a dog at Court." Bounce is there made to exclaim :

"My eldest born resides not far,
Where shines great Strafford's glittering star ;
My second (child of Fortune) waits
At Burlington's palladian gates ;
A third majestically stalks
(Happiest of dogs) in Cobham's walks ;

was much attached to him, and of arming himself with pistols. "With pistols," he said, "the least man in England was above a match for the largest without."

In the summer of 1739, Lady Mary proceeded to the Continent, with the express intention of remaining an exile for the remainder of her life. As she was unaccompanied by her husband, and, moreover, as during the twenty-one following years which preceded the death of Mr. Wortley they never again appear to have met, we may presume that they separated, either on account of domestic differences, or from increasing feelings of mutual distaste.

Having, in the first instance, visited the classical scenes of Rome and Naples, Lady Mary hired a palace at Brescia, where, with the exception of occasional visits to Genoa, Padua, and Florence, she continued chiefly to reside till her death. About a twelvemonth after she quitted England, Horace Walpole, who was occasionally thrown into her society at Florence, draws a curious picture of her appearance and habits, as she presented herself in her fifty-first year. In a letter addressed to the Hon. H. S. Conway, dated 25th September, 1740, he writes: "Did I tell

> One ushers friends to Bathurst's door,
> One fawns at Oxford's on the poor.
> Nobles, whom arms or arts adorn,
> Wait for my infants yet unborn;
> None but a peer of wit and grace
> Can hope a puppy of my race."

you Lady Mary is here? She laughs at my Lady Walpole, scolds my Lady Pomfret, and is laughed at by the whole town. Her dress, her avarice, and her impudence must amaze any one that never heard her name. She wears a foul mob, that does not cover her greasy black locks that hang loose, never combed or curled; an old mazarine blue wrapper, that gapes open and discovers a canvas petticoat. Her face swelled violently on one side with the remains of a ——,[1] partly covered with a plaister, and partly with white paint, which for cheapness she has bought so coarse that you would not use it to wash a chimney."

To those whose imaginations have pictured Lady Mary Wortley Montagu in no other light than as the charming possessor of wit and beauty, the effect of the foregoing passage will have been somewhat startling. Walpole, however, in a letter to Richard West, dated a few days afterward, again canvasses Lady Mary's failings, and with increased acrimony. After speaking of "a grave young man from Oxford," who, it appears, had rendered himself extremely popular with the Englishwomen residing at Florence, he proceeds:

[1] It is needless, perhaps, to recall to the reader's memory the well-known couplet of Pope, in which there is the same indecent and scandalous allusion to the supposed effects of Lady Mary's frailty:

"From furious Sappho scarce a milder fate,
——'d by her love, or libell'd by her hate."

"Lady Mary is so far gone that, to get him from the mouth of her antagonist [Lady Walpole], she literally took him out to dance country-dances last night at a formal ball, where there was no measure kept in laughing at her old, foul, tawdry, plastered personage. She played at faro two or three times, at Princess Crayon's, where she cheats horse and foot. She is really entertaining. I have been reading her works, which she lends out in manuscript, but they are too womanish."

It is needless to remark that Lady Mary's want of personal cleanliness is, on more than one occasion, severely satirised by Pope. In the "Imitation of the First Epistle of the First Book of Horace" we find:

"You laugh, half beau, half sloven if I stand,
My wig all powder, and all snuff my band;
You laugh, if coat and breeches strangely vary,
White gloves, and linen, worthy Lady Mary."

And again, in the "Essay on Women:"

"Rufa, whose eye, quick glancing o'er the park,
Attracts each light, gay meteor of a spark,
Agrees as ill with Rufa studying Locke,
As Sappho's diamonds with her dirty smock;
Or Sappho, at her toilet's greasy task,
With Sappho fragrant at an evening mask.
So morning insects, that in muck begun,
Shine, buzz, and fly-blow in the setting sun."

Pinkerton, in his amusing little work, the "Walpoliana," reports Horace Walpole to have said: "Lady Wortley Montagu was a playfellow of mine when both were children. She was always a dirty little thing. This habit continued with her. When at Florence, the grand duke gave her apartments in his palace. One room sufficed for everything. When she went away, the stench was so strong that they were obliged to fumigate the chamber with vinegar for a week." Whatever credit is to be placed in the latter part of this passage, the assertion that Lady Mary and Horace Walpole were playfellows is a ludicrous and unaccountable mistake. Walpole was born on the 5th of October, 1717, at least three years after Lady Mary had become a mother.

Of the conversational wit of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu but few specimens have been handed down to us; the following, however, will serve as an illustration. Lady Sundon,[1] mistress of the

[1] Wife of William Clayton, Lord Sundon. The influence of the Duchess of Marlborough procured her introduction to Queen Caroline, who subsequently conferred upon her the appointments of woman of the bedchamber and mistress of the robes. The secret of her influence over the queen — an influence of which even Sir Robert Walpole himself was jealous — is known to have been a discovery which she made of the queen being ruptured, an infirmity which her Majesty was morbidly anxious to conceal. Lady Sundon is accused on more than one occasion of having turned her court influence to pecuniary advantage. She once, in the enthusiasm of vanity and success, proposed to Sir Robert Walpole to unite their several

robes to Queen Caroline, and a great favourite with that princess, had been presented by Lord Pomfret with a magnificent pair of diamond earrings, valued at fourteen hundred pounds, as a bribe for having procured for him the appointment of master of the horse to the queen. One day Lady Sundon happened to wear these suspicious jewels when on a visit to the old Duchess of Marlborough. When she had gone, "What an impudent creature that is," said the duchess, "to go about with her bribe in her ear!" "Madam," replied Lady Mary, who was present, "how would you have people know where wine is sold, unless a sign is hung out to show them?"

Apparently, we have been deprived of some of the wittiest of Lady Mary's letters in consequence of their discussing subjects, and recording anecdotes, totally unfit for publication. Doctor Young, the author of the "Night Thoughts," is said, a short time before his death, to have destroyed a

interests, and govern the kingdom together. Sir Robert bowed and begged her patronage, but remarked that he thought no one fit to govern the kingdom but the king and queen. Another anecdote is related of Lady Sundon by Horace Walpole. "One day Sir Robert was at dinner with Lady Sundon, who hated the Bishop of London as much as she loved the Church. 'Well, said she to Sir Robert, 'how does your Pope do?' 'Madam, replied he, 'he is my Pope, and shall be my Pope; everybody has some Pope or other; don't you know that you are one? They call you Pope Joan.' She flew into a passion, and desired he would not fix any names on her; that they were not so easily got rid of."

large number of her letters, alleging as his motive that they were too indecent to meet the public eye.

During the last years of Lady Mary's life she suffered constant annoyance and anxiety from the vices and follies of her only son, whose eccentricities were carried to the verge of insanity. Of this singular personage, a brief notice may perhaps be acceptable to the reader.

Edward Wortley Montagu was born at Wharncliffe Lodge, in Yorkshire, about the year 1714. Distinguished in his youth by an utter disregard of truth, and a dislike to wholesome control, his first exploit was to run away from Westminster School, and enter the service of a chimney-sweeper. From his long and unaccountable absence, his family had given him up as lost, when a gentleman happened to recognise his face in the streets, and succeeded in restoring him to his friends. Wedded, however, to a vagabond life, he contrived to elope a second time, and, on this occasion, engaged himself as an apprentice to the master of a fishing-smack. He subsequently shipped himself on board a vessel bound for Spain, and in that country served for some time as a muleteer; however, he was again discovered and brought back to his friends, by whom he was placed under the charge of a private tutor, and subsequently sent to travel on the Continent.

But neither his restoration to civilised society,

nor the watchful care of his tutor, had the slightest effect in giving stability to his character or improving his mind. At one time we find him affecting to be a religious enthusiast, and at another engaged in philosophical speculations. He made himself further conspicuous by contracting a very improvident marriage with a woman of low birth, whom he deserted in a few weeks; he was always in debt and in scrapes, and in whatever town abroad he took up his residence he speedily made himself notorious by his eccentricities.

In the month of June, 1742, Lady Mary had an interview with her son at Valence, of which, in one of her letters to her husband, she gives the following interesting account: "I am just returned from passing two days with our son, of whom I will give you the most exact account I am capable of. He is so much altered in person I should scarcely have known him. He has entirely lost his beauty, and looks at least seven years older than he did; and the wildness that he always had in his eyes is so much increased it is downright shocking, and I am afraid will end fatally. He is grown fat, but he is still genteel, and has an air of politeness that is agreeable. He speaks French like a Frenchman, and has got all the fashionable expressions of that language, and a volubility of words which he always had and which I do not wonder should pass for wit with inconsiderate

people. His behaviour is perfectly civil, and I found him very submissive; but in the main no way really improved in his understanding, which is exceedingly weak; and I am convinced he will always be led by the person he converses with, either right or wrong, not being capable of forming any fixed judgment of his own. As to his enthusiasm, if he had it, I suppose he has already lost it, since I could perceive no turn of it in all his conversation. But, with his head, I believe it is possible to make him a monk one day, and a Turk three days after. He has a flattering, insinuating manner, which naturally prejudices strangers in his favour. He began to talk to me in the usual silly cant I have so often heard from him, which I shortened by telling him I desired not to be troubled with it; that professions were of no use where actions were expected; and that the only thing that could give me hopes of a good conduct was regularity and truth." Lady Mary concludes her letter: "The rest of his conversation was extremely gay. The various things he has seen have given him a superficial universal knowledge. He really knows most of the modern languages; and if I could believe him, can read Arabic and has read the Bible in Hebrew. He said it was impossible for him to avoid going back to Paris; but he promised me to lie but one night there, and to go to a town six posts from thence, on the Flanders road, where he would wait your

orders." It seems by a subsequent letter of Lady Mary that Mr. Montagu, who was travelling under the assumed name of M. du Durand, had given her the "most solemn assurances" that no human being should know of their meeting at Valence. "Yet," she adds, "he rode straight to Montelimart, where he told at the assembly that he came into this country purely on my orders, and that I had stayed with him two days at Orange; talking much of my kindness to him, and insinuating that he had another name, much more considerable than that he appeared with."

About the end of 1747, Mr. Montagu obtained a seat in Parliament, as member for Huntingdon; and four years afterward we find him achieving increased notoriety by suffering imprisonment with Mr. Taaffe, another member of Parliament, in the Grand Chatelet at Paris, on the charge of cheating and robbing a Jew. Horace Walpole writes to Sir Horace Mann, on the 22d of November, 1751: "All the letters from Paris have been very cautious of relating the circumstances. The outlines are, that these two gentlemen, who were faro-bankers to Madame de Mirepoix, had travelled to France to exercise the same profession, where it is supposed they cheated a Jew, who would afterward have cheated them of the money he owed, and that, to secure payment, they broke open his lodgings and bureau, and seized jewels and other effects; that he accused them; that they were

taken out of their beds at two o'clock in the morning; kept in different prisons, without fire or candle, for six and thirty hours; have since been released on excessive bail; are still to be tried; may be sent to the galleys or dismissed home, where they will be reduced to keep the best company; for I suppose nobody else will converse with them. Their separate anecdotes are curious. Wortley, you know, has been a perfect Gil Blas."

Horace Walpole writes the same year to Sir Horace Mann: "Our greatest miracle is Lady Mary Wortley's son, whose adventures have made so much noise. His parts are not proportionate, but his expense is incredible. His father scarce allows him anything, yet he plays, dresses, diamonds himself, and has more snuff-boxes than would suffice a Chinese idol with a hundred noses. But the most curious part of his dress, which he has brought from Paris, is an iron wig; you literally would not know it from hair. I believe it is on this account that the Royal Society have just chosen him of their body." At a later period Mr. Montagu fixed his abode in Egypt, where he resided several years. While in that country he adopted the dress and habits, and, apparently, the religion of the Turks, taking especial care to avail himself of the advantage of the plurality of wives, which is permitted by the Mahomedan code.

On the death of his father in 1761, Mr. Montagu could scarcely be astonished at finding him-

self disinherited. The family estate, which should properly have descended to him, was bequeathed to the children of his sister, Lady Bute, with the especial proviso, however, that should he leave an heir born in marriage, the estate should return to that child. For fifteen years Mr. Montagu appears to have quietly succumbed to the will of the departed. A short time, however, before his own decease, being then resident at Venice, he caused (through the medium, it is said, of his friend Romney, the painter) the following extraordinary advertisement to be inserted in the *Public Advertiser* of the 16th of April, 1776:

"A gentleman who has filled two successive seats in Parliament; is nearly sixty years of age; lives in great splendour and hospitality; and from whom a considerable estate must pass if he dies without issue, hath no objection to marry a widow or single lady, provided the party be of genteel birth, polite manners, and is five or six months gone in her pregnancy. Letters directed to —— Brecknock, Esq., at Will's Coffee-house, will be honoured with due attention, secrecy, and every mark of respect."

In London, as in all great cities, money will purchase anything, and a rich man has only to make known his wishes to have them gratified. Lord Wharncliffe, Mr. Montagu's great-nephew, informs us: "It has always been believed in the family that this advertisement was successful, and

that a woman, having the qualifications required by it, was actually sent to Paris to meet Mr. E. Wortley, who got so far as Lyons on his way thither; there, however, while eating a beccafico for supper, a bone stuck in his throat and occasioned his death." Before closing our notices of Mr. Edward Wortley Montagu, it may be remarked that he united the character of an author to his other eccentricities. In addition to some "Observations on the Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire," in which his tutor was thought to have had the principal share, he was unquestionably the writer of some "Observations on Earthquakes," as well as an account of the "Written Mountains in Arabia," which were published in the "Philosophical Transactions."

Of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu but little remains to be said. After an absence from her native country of twenty-two years, she returned to England on the death of her husband,[1] and had

[1] Horace Walpole writes to George Montagu on the 7th of February, 1761: "Have you heard what immense riches old Wortley has left? One million three hundred and fifty thousand pounds! It is all to centre in my Lady Bute; her husband is one of Fortune's prodigies." Gray also writes, about the same period: "You see old Wortley Montagu is dead at last, at eighty-three. It was not mere avarice, and its companion abstinence, that kept him alive so long. He every day drank, I think it was, half a pint of tokay, which he imported himself from Hungary in greater quantity than he could use, and sold the overplus for any price he chose to set upon it. He has left better than half a million of money."

the satisfaction to find that her literary reputation had not faded, and that she was still an object of curiosity to the world. Horace Walpole writes to George Montagu, on the 2d of February, 1762: "Lady Mary Wortley is arrived; I have seen her; I think her avarice, her dirt, and her vivacity are all increased. Her dress, like her languages, is a galimatias of several countries; the groundwork rags, and the embroidery, nastiness. She needs no cap, no handkerchief, no gown, no petticoat, no shoes. An old black-laced hood represents the first; the fur of a horseman's coat, which replaces the third, serves for the second; a dimity petticoat is deputy, and officiates for the fourth; and slippers act the part of the last." Her family inform us that she had acquired foreign tastes and foreign habits, and consequently the exchange from the gloomy magnificence of an Italian palace to a small, three-storied house in the neighbourhood of Hanover Square appears to have been almost as striking as it was inconvenient. "I am most handsomely lodged," she said, "for I have two very decent closets, and a cupboard on each floor."

Lady Mary survived her return to England only ten months. She had for some time been afflicted with a cancer in the breast, the ravages of which terminated her life on the 21st of August, 1762, in the seventy-third year of her age.

CHAPTER XIV.

MARY BELLENDEN.

Daughter of the Second Lord Bellenden — At an Early Age Appointed Maid of Honour to the Princess of Wales — Her Great Vivacity and Wit — Horace Walpole's Description of Her — Extract from Gay's "Welcome to Pope" — George the Second's Admiration of Her — Anecdotes — Her Private Marriage in 1720 to Colonel Campbell, Afterward Duke of Argyle — Specimen of Her Epistolary Style from the "Suffolk Correspondence" — Period of Her Death — Enumeration of Her Family.

THIS lively and beautiful woman was a daughter of John, second Lord Bellenden, by Mary, daughter of Henry Moore, first Earl of Drogheda, and widow of William Ramsay, third Earl of Dalhousie. At an early age she was appointed a maid of honour to Queen Caroline, then Princess of Wales, at whose court, with the single exception of her beautiful friend, Mary Lepel, there was no one who rivalled her in wit, and few who approached her in loveliness. The names of the two friends are frequently associated together. Gay says, in his ballad of "Damon and Cupid:"

"So well I'm known at court,
None ask where Cupid dwells;

But readily resort,
To Bellenden's or Lepel's."

Horace Walpole speaks of Miss Bellenden, as having been "exquisitely beautiful;" and, in noticing various persons connected with the court of George the First, he observes: "Above all, for universal admiration, was Miss Bellenden. Her face and person were charming; lively she was almost to *étourderie*, and so agreeable was she, that I never heard her mentioned afterward by one of her contemporaries, who did not prefer her as the most perfect creature they ever knew." Gay, in his "Welcome to Pope from Greece," commemorates her with her sister Margaret:

"Madge Bellenden, the tallest of the land,
And smiling Mary, soft and fair as down."

And as regards her character for liveliness, we find in a ballad of the period:

"But Bellenden we needs must praise,
Who, as down-stairs she jumps,
Sings 'over the hills and far away,'
Despising doleful dumps."

George the Second, when Prince of Wales, is said to have entertained a stronger passion for Miss Bellenden than he had been known to feel for any other woman except his own wife. "Miss Bellenden," says Walpole, "by no means felt a reciprocal passion. The prince's gallantry was by

no means delicate, and his avarice disgusted her. One evening, sitting by her, he took out his purse, and counted his money. He repeated the numeration. The giddy Bellenden lost her patience, and cried out, 'Sir, I cannot bear it; if you count your money any more I will go out of the room;' the chink of the gold did not tempt her more than the person of his Royal Highness."

On another occasion, when the prince was counting his money in her presence, her feelings of disgust are said so entirely to have mastered her respect for royalty that, by a sudden motion, either of her foot or hand, she scattered his guineas about the floor, and contrived to escape from the apartment while he was eagerly employed in picking them up. Nor are these the only evidences of the slighting manner in which she treated her royal lover. In one of her letters to Mrs. Howard, speaking of the recent introduction of a new maid of honour at court, she says: "I hope you will put her a little in the way of behaving before the princess, such as not turning her back; and one thing runs mightily in my head, which is, crossing her arms, as I did to the prince, and told him I was not cold, but I liked to stand so."

At the period when Miss Bellenden was subjected to the addresses of the prince, her heart was engaged to another. This circumstance was subsequently discovered by the prince, who, however, with much generosity of feeling, assured her

that if she would promise not to marry without his knowledge he would not only consent to the match, but would extend his regard to her husband. Miss Bellenden gave the required promise, but without discovering the name of her lover. It seems, however, that she subsequently repented of the pledge, and fearing lest the prince should throw some insurmountable obstacle in the way of her marriage, privately gave her hand to Colonel John Campbell, afterward fourth Duke of Argyle, to whom she was married in 1720.

The prince was naturally provoked and annoyed at this implied suspicion of his good faith; so much so, that whenever Mrs. Campbell entered the drawing-room at Leicester House, it was his custom to step up to her and whisper some unpleasant reproach in her ear. His anger, however, was certainly not extended toward her husband. He not only retained him in his post of groom of the bedchamber, but continued him in the appointment on his own accession to the throne.

A few of Mrs. Campbell's letters have recently been published among the "Suffolk Correspondence;" but, in regard to the wit which might have been expected from the character of the writer, they are even more disappointing than those of her beautiful friend, Mary Lepel. Of these letters, the following one, though somewhat tainted by the indelicacy of the age, affords the liveliest, and, unquestionably, the most characteristic specimen:

To Mrs. Howard.

"BATH, 1720.

"O, Gad, I am so sick of bills, for my part I believe I shall never be able to hear them mentioned without casting up my accounts; bills are accounts, you know. I do not know how your bills go in London, but I am sure mine are not dropped, for I have paid one this morning as long as my arm, and as broad as my ——. I intend to send you a letter of attorney, to enable you to dispose of my goods before I can leave this place, such is my condition. I was in hopes to have found the good effects of your present; but I have found nothing to brag of but your goodness, which is always more than my desert. I am just a-going to the king's garden, — I wish to God it belonged to my lord mayor, as the saying is. Pray give my duty to my grandmother, and tell her I love her, and wish her the desert of the good, and prosperity of the wicked. My dear Howard, God bless you, and send health and liberty. Don't show this, I charge you, at your peril."

Of Mrs. Campbell, from the period of her marriage, we know little but that she maintained her character for good sense and unspotted virtue. Of the date of her decease also we have no record, but it would seem that her existence was scarcely prolonged beyond middle age. By Colonel Campbell, she was the mother of five children: John,

fifth Duke of Argyle; Henry, killed at the battle of La Feldt; William, who represented the county of Argyle, and who was a captain in the navy; Frederick, member for Rutherglen, and a councillor at law; and Caroline, who married, first, Charles Bruce, Earl of Aylesbury, and afterward the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway, the relation and correspondent of Horace Walpole.

CHAPTER XV.

GEORGE THE SECOND.

His Birth in 1683 — Early Neglected by His Father, George the First — His Marriage — Made a Knight of the Garter in 1706, and Created Duke of Cambridge, with Precedence over All Other Peers — Serves under Marlborough, and Is Present at the Battle of Oudenarde in 1708 — His Daring Valour on That Occasion — Anecdote of Him — Created Prince of Wales on the Accession of His Father to the Throne — Extract from Lady M. W. Montagu's Works — Origin of the Misunderstanding between the Prince and His Father — Extract from Horace Walpole — Put under Arrest, and Deprived of the Appurtenances of Royalty — Singular Paper, Relative to the Prince, Found in George the First's Cabinet after His Death — Extract from the Marchmont Papers — The King's Attempt to Deprive the Prince and Princess of All Power over Their Own Children — The Twelve Judges Consulted on the Occasion — Sir Robert Walpole Effects a Partial Reconciliation between the King and the Prince — Death of George the First, and Proclamation of the Prince as George the Second — Burns His Father's Will.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS, the only son of King George the First, by the unfortunate Sophia Dorothea of Zell, was born at Hanover the 30th of October, 1683. As it was not till many years after he had passed the period of childhood that there appeared any probability of his succeeding to the throne of

England, the people of this country naturally took but a slight interest in the heir of a distant and petty electorate, and, consequently, we are left almost entirely in the dark respecting the early history of the future sovereign. To his father he was indebted for little but his birth. The elector, who grew to detest his son in after life, appears to have neglected him even in childhood, and by confiding the charge of his heir to his own mother, the celebrated Electress Sophia, would seem to have gladly relieved himself of a disagreeable duty.

With the exception of a visit which the young prince paid to William the Third at Loo, in 1699, we discover no event in his history of any interest, till the occasion of his marriage, on the 2d of September, 1705, with Wilhelmina Dorothea Carolina, eldest daughter of John Frederick, Margrave of Brandenburg-Anspach. This remarkable woman will form the subject of the next memoir.

The celebrated act of the legislature, which entailed the sovereignty of these realms on the Protestant descendants of James the First, having placed the electoral prince in the immediate line of succession, the English ministry considered it necessary to confer on him a share of those honours of which he was afterward destined to be the distributor. Accordingly, on the 4th of April, 1706, Queen Anne bestowed upon him the Order of the Garter, and on the 20th of November fol-

lowing he was created, by that princess, Baron of Tewkesbury, Viscount Northallerton, Earl of Milford Haven, and Marquis and Duke of Cambridge, with precedence over every other peer of Great Britain.

Personal courage and the taste for a military profession have for centuries, with scarcely a single exception, formed the chief characteristics of the princes of the house of Hanover. Inheriting in an eminent degree the ruling passion of his family, and probably influenced by a natural desire to display himself in a favourable light to the English nation, and to show himself not unworthy of the honours which had recently been conferred upon him, the electoral prince was induced to enter the ranks of the British army, and accordingly enlisted himself under the standard of the Duke of Marlborough. He served under that illustrious general during the campaign of 1708, in which year he had the good fortune to be present at the battle of Oudenarde. Though apparently little qualified to figure as a great general, he, nevertheless, during that celebrated engagement, performed a creditable and even conspicuous part. Placing himself at the head of the Hanoverian dragoons, he charged the enemy with an intrepidity which almost amounted to rashness. His daring nearly cost him his life. His horse was shot under him, and the officer commanding the squadron was killed by his side.

It is remarkable that the exiled son of James the Second — his cousin and afterward his competitor for dominion — displayed equal valour in the opposite ranks.

On the death of Queen Anne, and the consequent accession of his father to the throne of England, the prince was unable to conceal his extraordinary elation at the event. In the fullness of his heart he exclaimed to an English gentleman, "I have not one drop of blood in my veins which is not English, and at the service of my father's subjects." He landed with his father at Greenwich on the 17th of September, 1714, and on the 27th of the same month was created Prince of Wales. The same year the titles of Earl of Chester and of Flint were conferred upon him. It has been mentioned, as a singular fact, that, since the time of Edward the Black Prince, he was the only Prince of Wales who had children alive in the lifetime of his father.

Of George the Second, previously to his succession to the throne, but few particulars have been handed down to us, and those few, with the exception of his conduct at Oudenarde, are but little to his credit. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu observes, in her "Account of the Court of George the First:" "I have not yet given the character of the prince. The fire of his temper appeared in every look and gesture, which, being unhappily under the direction of a small understanding, was

GEORGE DE II
KONING VAN GROOT BRITANIE,
Keurvorst van Hanover.

every day throwing him upon some indiscretion. He was naturally sincere, and his pride told him that he was placed above constraint, not reflecting that a high rank carries along with it a necessity of a more decent and regular behaviour than is expected from those who are not set in so conspicuous a light. He was so far from being of that opinion, that he looked upon all the men and women he saw as creatures he might kick or kiss for his diversion, and, whenever he met with any opposition in those designs, he thought his opposers insolent rebels to the will of God, who created them for his use, and judged of the merit of all people by the ready submission to his orders, or the relation they had to his power."

The disgraceful misunderstanding which estranged the prince from his father, inasmuch as it throws light on the manners of a past age and on the characters of the parties immediately concerned, deserves a passing notice in our pages.

The breach between the father and son is attributed by Horace Walpole and other writers to some unpleasant circumstances connected with the christening of one of the prince's children. The prince, it seems, had proposed that the king, and his own uncle, the Bishop of Osnaburgh, should be sponsors to his young child. The selection was clearly an unexceptionable one, and consequently the prince was not a little irritated when the king, after consenting to accept the

office for himself, nominated the Duke of Newcastle,[1] a man personally disagreeable to the prince, as his colleague on the occasion.

"Nothing," says Walpole, "could equal the indignation of his Royal Highness when the king named the Duke of Newcastle for second sponsor, and would hear of no other; the christening took place as usual in the princess's bedchamber. Lady Suffolk, then in waiting as woman of the bedchamber, and of most accurate memory, painted the scene to me exactly. On one side of the bed stood the godfathers and godmother, on the other the prince and princess's ladies. No sooner had the bishop closed the ceremony than the prince, crossing the feet of the bed in a rage, stepped up to the Duke of Newcastle, and, holding up his hand and forefinger in a menacing attitude, said, 'You are a rascal, but I shall find you;' meaning, in broken English, I shall find a time to be revenged. 'What was my astonishment,' continued Lady Suffolk, 'when, going to the princess's apartment the next morning, the yeomen in the guard-chamber pointed their halberts at my breast, and told me I must not pass. I urged that it was my duty to attend the princess; they said, "No matter," I must not pass that way.' In one word, the king had been so provoked at the prince's outrage

[1] Thomas Pelham, Duke of Newcastle, the celebrated minister, and at this period lord chamberlain of the household. He died in July, 1776, in his eighty-third year.

in his presence that it had been determined to put a still greater insult on his Royal Highness. His threat to the duke was pretended to be understood as a challenge, and to prevent a duel he had actually been put under arrest. As if a Prince of Wales could stoop to fight with a subject! The arrest was soon taken off, but at night the prince and princess were ordered to leave the palace."

Such, according to Horace Walpole, was the origin of this memorable misunderstanding; but Walpole, though charming as a writer of gossip, is, as a historian, not always to be implicitly relied upon. True it is, indeed, that the affair of the christening rendered wider the breach between the father and son, and, moreover, owing to the prince having been openly expelled from his father's court, the public were now, for the first time, made acquainted with their unfortunate differences. Still, there is unquestionable evidence that the king and his heir-apparent had long lived in the most violent opposition to each other. Henry Pelham,[1] in a letter dated the day after the birth of the young prince,[2] and consequently written antece-

[1] Henry Pelham, only brother of Thomas, Duke of Newcastle, was born in 1696. He held, at different periods, the appointments of lord of the treasury, secretary at war, and paymaster of the forces, and on the fall of Sir Robert Walpole was named first lord of the treasury and chancellor of the exchequer. He died in 1754, leaving behind him the character of a sound statesman and a good man.

[2] This child, George William, was born at St. James's, on the

dently to the disgraceful scene at the christening, observes: "Politics are much as you left them, the difference running as high between the two courts as ever. The king forbade the lord of the bedchamber inviting Lord Townshend and Walpole to dine with him at Newmarket; all others were very welcome." We have evidence, indeed, that these unhappy discords were in existence as far back as during the residence of the royal family in Hanover. They seem to have been originally fomented by the contempt which the Electress Sophia displayed for the capacity of her son, George the First, and her marked partiality for her grandson; but, unquestionably, the prince's greatest crime, in the eyes of his father, was the respect and affection which he invariably showed for his unfortunate mother, Sophia of Zell.

Circumstances of later occurrence had served to aggravate the misunderstanding between the king and his heir. The proposal of the Tories to settle a revenue of £100,000 a year on the prince, independently of his father; the undisguised eagerness with which the former had sought to obtain the title and office of regent during the absence of the king in his German dominions in

2d of November, 1717, and died the 6th of February, 1718. Singularly enough, it fell to the lot of the Duke of Newcastle, as lord chamberlain, to superintend the funeral obsequies of the royal infant. It was on this occasion observed that the duke had twice the honour to introduce the prince into the church, once into the bosom and once into the bowels of it.

the preceding summer; the general satisfaction which he gave during his brief administration, and, moreover, the exceeding popularity of the princess (a person whom George the First detested even more than he did his own son), had thoroughly provoked the jealousy and indignation of the king. The prince, on his part, however culpable he may have been in forgetting his duties as a son, had also various causes of complaint. The suffering and wrongs of his unhappy mother had early excited his indignation against his remaining parent, at whose hands she had experienced them. The unequivocal aversion, moreover, which the king invariably displayed toward the prince's consort; the endeavours which had been made to keep him in a state of pecuniary dependency; some invidious attempts to curtail his powers as regent, and recently the dismissal from his household of the Duke of Argyle, a nobleman who was supposed to have influenced and abetted him in his opposition to his father, had effectually eradicated all trace of filial affection from the mind of the prince.

Under these circumstances, it may be easily credited that the affair of the christening led to an open and violent rupture. The king, who up to the present moment had restrained his irritability within decent bounds, was now thoroughly exasperated and provoked; indeed, so far did his indignation get the better of every feeling of self-

interest, that, forgetting his sense of propriety in his detestation of his son, he adopted measures which at once proclaimed their unnatural dissensions to the world. His subjects were on a sudden astounded with the tidings that the heir to the throne had been put under arrest, and that a Prince of Wales had been driven to seek refuge in a private lodging. In addition to this act of oppression, the prince was deprived of his guards and other appurtenances of royalty, and a notice was actually inserted in the *London Gazette*, that no person who visited the Prince or Princess of Wales would hereafter be received at St. James's.

It seems to have been the opinion of those best acquainted with the private feelings of George the First, that such was his hatred of his son that he would willingly have listened to any scheme, however detestable, which would enable him to rid himself of his heir. Certain it is that, after his death, a paper was found in his cabinet, containing an infamous proposal of the Earl of Berkeley [1] to carry off the prince to America, and to place him under such close durance as should effectually prevent his ever being heard of again. George the First, according to Horace Walpole, was too humane to listen to such a scheme. However, as he exhibited no marked resentment at

[1] James, third Earl of Berkeley, a Knight of the Garter, and first lord of the admiralty from 1718 to 1727. He died at the Castle of Aubigny, in France, in 1736.

the atrocious overture, and even retained Berkeley in his post of first lord of the admiralty during the remainder of his reign, we may, perhaps, infer that the scheme was rejected more from its impracticability than from its exceeding baseness. When the paper in question fell into the hands of George the Second, on his father's death, his feelings of indignation may be readily conceived. The document happened to be in the handwriting of Charles Stanhope, elder brother of William, first Earl of Harrington, and, although that person was but the transcriber, the king would never consent to his being employed in any post under the government, notwithstanding Sir Robert Walpole warmly interceded in his behalf.

The following letter, which was addressed (shortly after the prince's dismissal from court) by Sir Gustavus Hume, groom of the bedchamber to George the First, to Alexander, Earl of Marchmont, throws an interesting light on the state of parties at this juncture.

"24th December, 1717.

"I beg your pardon, my dear lord, for having been so long without paying my respects to you in a letter, but I have been out of town, and was so when all the bustle happened at St. James's, the news of which, I dare say, you received with the utmost surprise. The prince and princess, after having been both very ill, are now perfectly

recovered; they are still at my Lord Grantham's in Albemarle Street, where they saw company last Sunday for the first time. I am told his Highness's levee was very slender, not above three or four noblemen, and they such as have not appeared at St. James's for a long time. All such as are admitted to the king's court are under strict orders not to go at any time to the prince or princess's, more particularly all of us that have the honour to be immediately in his Majesty's service. This unhappy difference gives a sensible disturbance to all honest men, and as much pleasure to all those that are enemies to the family; and though nothing is so much to be wished as a reunion, yet I see but very little appearance of it, no material step that I know of being yet made toward it; nor do I see how this difference can end, unless a certain person can be prevailed on to reflect on his being both a son and a subject. The translations of three of the prince's letters to the king have appeared in print, by what means I know not. I send your lordship copies of them. The king, I thank God, is in perfect good health, and has the same cheerful, unruffled countenance he ever had. His Majesty diverts himself three times a week in the drawing-room, where he never fails to play at ombre, and where the ladies appear in greater numbers than they did before the separation. Your lordship, no doubt, has the votes sent regularly to you. The closest division that has

been this session was upon the quantum for paying the army, which the court carried in a very full house but by fourteen voices. In this and all other divisions the prince's servants have generally voted against the court. Both houses adjourned yesterday for three weeks, and all the material business of the session is looked upon as over. The lords have scarce had anything to do. I wish your lordship health and happiness, and a merry Christmas, and am ever yours, etc."

The king's indignation at his son's conduct subsequently carried him to such lengths that he endeavoured to deprive the prince and princess of all power over their own children, and claimed, as a part of the royal prerogative, that they should be delivered to his sole charge as sovereign of the realm. In accordance with the king's commands, Lord Chancellor Cowper took the opinion of the twelve judges, "Whether the education and care of his Majesty's grandchildren, and the ordering the place of their abode, and appointing their governors and governesses, and other instructors, attendants, and servants, and the care and approbation of them, when grown up, belongs of right to his Majesty as king of this realm or not?" Ten of the judges were complaisant enough to declare their opinions to be in consonance with the king's wishes. Baron Price, however, and Mr. Justice Eyre made a noble stand against the

royal authority. "The education and care of his Majesty's grandchildren," they said, "belonged wholly to the prince their father; but the care and approbation of their marriage when grown up, belonged to his Majesty as king of this realm, though not exclusive of the prince their father." Moreover, the dissentient judges ventured to assure the king that there was no single expression in the English code to warrant the opinion delivered by their colleagues.

It was left to Sir Robert Walpole to effect a decent kind of reconciliation between the father and son, an event, however, which did not take place till more than two years after the date of the foregoing letter. Walpole, with the aid of the Duke of Devonshire, prevailed on the prince to address a submissive letter to his father, which was followed by the latter waiting on the king, on St. George's Day, 1720. The interview was strictly private, and was only known to be satisfactory by the prince, on his return to Leicester House, being attended as formerly by the royal guards. The king was, to all appearance, pacified; and henceforth an apparent reconciliation, though amounting in fact but to a cold and distant intercourse, was effected between the father and son.

The degree of notoriety acquired by the dissensions at St. James's, as well as the joy with which the retainers of either court received the tidings of a renewal of kindly intercourse between the

prince and his father, may be gleaned from the following extract of a letter, addressed by a Mrs. Molesworth [1] to the prince's celebrated mistress, Lady Suffolk. "I suppose," says the writer, "you have had no small share in the joy this happy reconciliation has occasioned. I heartily congratulate you upon it. Mr. Molesworth testified his zeal at the expense of his sobriety, for he was not satisfied to make his men drunk, but got drunk himself; and it was no fault of his that I was not so, too; in short, he celebrated the news in a manner that alarmed the country people; for, after he had made them ring the bells all day, in the evening he made his troop draw up before his lodging, and he at the head of them, and began the king and prince's health together and then the princess's; and after, the rest of the royal family; at every health he made his troop fire around a volley of shot; he invited several gentlemen to pledge these healths, and when they had done they threw the glasses over their heads. When this was done, he carried them all with him to drink a bowl of punch. As to his men, after they had despatched a barrel of ale, they thought themselves not glad enough, and he, to make them so, went amongst them and gave them money to fin-

[1] Elizabeth Welwood, daughter of Doctor James Welwood, the author of some well-known historical memoirs, and wife of Captain Walter Molesworth, a younger son of the first Lord Molesworth.

ish in wine. He is at present a little disordered with that night's work, and desires his best service to you." According to one of the public journals of the period, the officers of the two courts "kissed, embraced, and congratulated one another" upon this auspicious reconciliation.

George the First died suddenly at Osnaburgh on the 11th of June, 1727, and on the 14th a despatch from Lord Townshend announcing the event was received by the English ministers in London. "Sir Robert Walpole," says Lord Marchmont, "was the first who received the news of the king's death; and went from the Treasury to Chelsea, where he took his coach and six, and went to Richmond. When he came, the prince and princess were asleep. He had them awakened; as soon as the princess saw Sir Robert she swooned away, thinking he was come to tell her that the Princess Emily was dead." According to another account, when Walpole arrived at Richmond, the prince, as was his custom, was enjoying a short sleep after dinner. The minister immediately caused him to be acquainted with the tidings of his father's death; but for a considerable time he could not be prevailed upon to place any credit in the report. At length, being informed that Walpole was waiting in the adjoining apartment, he started up, and though only half dressed at the time, and indeed "with his breeches in his hand," directed that the minis-

ter should be admitted to his presence. Walpole knelt down and kissed his hand, but it was not till the despatch from Lord Townshend was actually produced that he could be prevailed upon to believe himself in reality a king. The following day the new sovereign was proclaimed as George the Second, and on the 11th of October, the same year, was crowned with his queen in Westminster Abbey.

One of the first acts of George the Second, on ascending the throne, was the commission of a crime which, had he been born in any other sphere of life, would have subjected him to the severest penalty of the law. "At the first council held by the new sovereign," says Horace Walpole, "Doctor Wake, Archbishop of Canterbury, produced the will of the late king, and delivered it to the successor, expecting it would be opened and read in council. On the contrary, his Majesty put it into his pocket, and stalked out of the room without uttering a word on the subject. The poor prelate was thunderstruck, and had not the presence of mind, nor the courage, to demand the testament's being opened; or at least, to have it registered. No man present chose to be more hardy than the person to whom the deposit had been trusted, — perhaps none of them immediately conceived the possible violation of so solemn an act so notoriously existent. Still, as the king never mentioned the will more, whispers, only by de-

grees, informed the public that the will was burnt; at least, that its injunctions were never fulfilled."

Among those whom the king defrauded by destroying his father's will is reported to have been his own sister, the Queen of Prussia. Her son, Frederick the Great, is said to have implicitly believed the fact; and, as he bore but little affection for his uncle, we may easily credit a statement of Horace Walpole's, that he made one or two rough demands for justice at the hands of his royal relative. Among other persons who ought to have benefited by the missing testament, was not improbably the late king's mistress, the Duchess of Kendal; report, indeed, affirmed that she had been bequeathed a legacy of £40,000. The duchess herself succumbed quietly to the wrong but at her death the celebrated Lord Chesterfield, who had married her niece, is said to have threatened to bring the affair before a court of justice, and by this means to have been bribed into silence with £20,000. George the First, estimating his son's probity by his own, had the precaution to leave two wills, which in all probability were duplicates. The one he placed in the hands of Doctor Wake, Archbishop of Canterbury, the other he committed to the care of the Duke of Wolfenbüttel. The fate of the former testament we have already seen. The other was procured for a pecuniary consideration from the Duke of Wolfenbüttel, and, as appears by a letter from the

Duke of Newcastle to the first Earl of Waldegrave, on its receipt from Germany was committed by George the Second to the flames, without his having the curiosity, in the first instance, to make himself acquainted with its contents. Probably he considered the crime would lie lighter on his conscience, if he remained ignorant of the names of the individuals whom he had injured.

CHAPTER XVI.

GEORGE THE SECOND.

Personal Habits and Tastes of George the Second — His Love of Punctuality — Cause of His Dislike to the Duke of Newcastle — His Fondness for Hunting — His Personal Appearance — His Social Character — His Cold and Phlegmatic Manners — Anecdote of His Generosity — Account of His Last Interview with Sir R. Walpole as Minister — His Sensibility on That Occasion — Singular Story Related by Hume — George the Second's Toleration in Religion and Politics — His Belief in Vampires — His Military Tastes — Challenges His Brother-in-law, the King of Prussia, to Single Combat — Successful Interference of the Prussian Ambassador — George the Second's Bravery at the Battle of Dettingen — Enthusiasm of the English on the Occasion — Amusing Anecdote — His Overwhelming Attachment to His German Possessions — His General Severity toward His Children — His Grief for Their Loss — His Occasional Irritability — Strikes His Grandson, George the Third — His Mistresses — His Affectation of Gallantry in His Old Age — Vast Sums Expended by Him in Defence of Hanover — His Kindness to Voltaire — His Contempt for Literature and the Fine Arts — Anecdotes — George the Second's Love of a Joke — Characteristic Anecdotes — The King's Popularity in His Declining Years — His Sudden Death in 1760 — Summary of George the Second's Character.

THE court of George the Second was neither more brilliant nor more lively than that of his predecessor. Like his father, the new sovereign possessed no redeeming partiality for literature

or the fine arts, neither was his admiration of women more limited or more refined. At the period when he ascended the throne he was in his forty-fifth year; he had never displayed any taste for magnificence; he was distinguished by no graces either of mind or person; he had usually confined his society to his mistresses, and a chosen few; and in his feelings and habits was almost as much a stranger as his father, in the country over which he was called to rule.

The king's peculiar characteristic was punctuality, which consequently became the order of his court. "His servants," says Lord Waldegrave, "are never disturbed with any unnecessary waiting, for he is regular in all his motions to the greatest exactness, except on particular occasions, when he outruns his own orders, and expects those who are to attend him before the time of his appointment. This may easily be accounted for; he has a restless mind which requires constant exercise. His affairs are not sufficient to fill up the day; his amusements are without variety, and have lost their relish. He becomes fretful and uneasy, merely for want of employment, and presses forward to meet the succeeding hour before it arrives."

So regular were the king's habits that Lord Hervey once remarked of him, "He seems to think his having done a thing to-day an unanswerable reason for his doing it to-morrow." His dis-

like to the Duke of Newcastle is said to have originated in the well-known want of method which was the characteristic of that minister. He once said of the duke, "You see I am compelled to take the Duke of Newcastle as my minister, who is not fit to be chamberlain in the smallest court of Germany."

As a striking proof of the king's exactness, even in the minutest affairs of life, it may be mentioned that, on his accession to the throne, happening to perceive a knife, fork, and spoon of gold, which he remembered to have seen in the palace of Herenhausen in former days, he ordered them to be immediately sent back to Hanover, to which country they properly belonged. He himself used to observe, as a singular fact (and the circumstance shows the niceness of his observation), that, after his accession, he could call to mind no single article of any value, either in the cabinets or about the apartments of the English palaces, which he remembered to have seen there during a visit he had paid to England in the days of Queen Anne. Such had been the rapacity of his father's mistresses, that of all the valuables, once the property of that princess, a pearl necklace alone fell to the share of the new queen.

To such an extent did George the Second carry his love of exactness that he never allowed even his pleasures to interfere with it. For some years after he had ascended the throne, his cus-

tom was to visit his mistress, Lady Suffolk, every evening at nine o'clock. Sometimes he was dressed and in readiness before the prescribed time, and on these occasions, we are told, he used to pace his apartment for ten minutes together with his watch in his hand, waiting till the moment of departure had arrived.

"After dinner," says Wraxall, "he always took off his clothes, and reposed himself for an hour in bed, of an afternoon.[1] In order to accommodate himself to this habit, or infirmity, Mr. Pitt, when as secretary of state he was sometimes necessitated to transact business with the king during the time he lay down, always knelt on a cushion by the bedside; a mark of respect which contributed to render him not a little acceptable to his Majesty. At his rising, George the Second dressed himself a second time, and commonly passed the evening at cards, with Lady Yarmouth, in a select party."

Some additional light is thrown by Horace Walpole on the king's private habits and personal peculiarities. "At nine at night," he says, "the king had cards at the apartment of his daughters, the Princesses Amelia and Caroline, with Lady Yarmouth, two or three of the late queen's ladies, and as many of the most favoured officers of his own

[1] Wraxall seems to have been in ignorance that the queen invariably retired to bed with her husband, on these occasions of after-dinner repose.

household. Every Saturday, in summer, he carried that uniform party, but without his daughters, to dine at Richmond. They went in coaches and six, in the middle of the day, with the heavy horse-guards kicking up the dust before them; dined, walked an hour in the garden, returned in the same dusty parade, and his Majesty fancied himself the most gallant and lively prince in Europe." When he hunted — and he was fond of the amusement — he was usually attended by the queen, one or more of the princesses, the maids of honour, and a number of the courtiers of both sexes. It appears, by the periodical publications of the day, that the sport was not unfrequently attended with accidents, and on one occasion the Princess Amelia had a narrow escape with her life. "We hunt," writes Mrs. Howard to Gay, the poet, "with great noise and violence, and have every day a very tolerable chance to have a neck broke." The king usually hunted in Richmond Park, where, after the fatigues of the day, Sir Robert Walpole was in the habit of entertaining him.

Though George the Second had never been handsome, his appearance in middle age is described as being neither unpleasing nor altogether undignified. His face, of which the distinguishing characteristics were prominent eyes and an aquiline nose, wore a pleasing and good-humoured expression; and his figure, though so short

as almost to come under the denomination of diminutive, is said to have been extremely well proportioned. In reference to the smallness of his person, the "Ballad on the Seven Wise Men," in introducing Richard, afterward Lord Edgecombe,[1] contains the following lines :

"When Edgecombe spoke, the prince in sport
Laughed at the merry elf;
Rejoiced to see within his court
One shorter than himself:
I'm glad, cried out the quibbling squire,
My lowness makes your highness higher."

George the Second, as did his father, confined his society to a chosen few, and in this particular circle was regarded as an easy master and a kind friend. One of his most favoured attendants, the amiable and high-minded Lord Waldegrave,[2] draws

[1] Richard, first Lord Edgecombe, and chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster on the downfall of Sir Robert Walpole's administration. Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, in alluding to the elevation of William Pulteney to the peerage, observes :

"Then say how he marked the new year,
By increasing our taxes and stocks:
Then say how he changed to a peer,
Fit companion for Edgecombe and Fox."

Lord Edgecombe died in 1758.

[2] James, second Earl of Waldegrave, was born 14th March, 1715. He was selected by George the Second to be his private friend, an honour that he well merited from his prudence, his strong sense, and unimpeachable probity. In addition to his being a member of the Privy Council, George the Second appointed him a lord of the bedchamber, master of the stannaries, and subsequently, in 1752, made him governor to the Prince of

the following sketch of the king's character in social life: "In the drawing-room he is gracious and polite to the ladies, and remarkably cheerful and familiar with those who are handsome, or with the few of his old acquaintance who were beauties in his younger days. His conversation is very proper for a *tête-à-tête*. He then talks freely on most subjects, and very much to the purpose; but he cannot discourse with the same ease, nor has he the faculty of laying aside the king in a larger company; not even in those parties of pleasure which are composed of his most intimate acquaintance."

There is reason to believe that George the Second had every wish to make himself a popular sovereign, but unfortunately he was as deficient in the art of pleasing as in that of governing a state. Phlegmatic in his disposition; stern in his notions of justice; easily irritated by trifles; rigidly exact in matters of etiquette; a foreigner in all his prejudices and tastes; and possessing but

Wales, afterward King George the Third. He was also a Knight of the Garter. He married, when rather advanced in life, a young, beautiful, and admired woman, Maria, natural daughter of Sir Edward Walpole, and granddaughter of Sir Robert Walpole; a lady who, notwithstanding the disparity in their ages, had the good sense to appreciate his virtues and talents, and who entirely devoted herself to confer on him the happiness which he deserved. Lord Waldegrave died of the smallpox on the 28th of April, 1763, at the age of forty-eight. His widow subsequently became the wife of William Henry, Duke of Gloucester, brother of King George the Third.

an indifferent command of the English language, which he is said to have spoken with a "bluff Westphalia accent," he was little likely to render himself popular beyond the immediate circle of his mistresses and friends. However charming he may have been in his social hours, his manners to the world in general were ever distant, repulsive, and reserved.

Nevertheless, George the Second was what may be styled a good-natured man. Though stern, he was just; though cold in his manners, he frequently gave evidences of feeling which almost amounted to sensibility; and though fond of money even to penuriousness, he could be generous when his better feelings were awakened. When a young officer of marines, who had lost both his legs at the siege of Fort St. Philip, represented to him that he had in vain memorialised the government for compensation for his wounds, the king not only presented him with £500, but peremptorily insisted on his being granted a pension of £200 a year. The tenderness, also, with which he mourned for his deceased queen, as well as his kind and considerate conduct to Sir Robert Walpole, when that minister was driven from power, are proofs that neither a want of gratitude nor of susceptibility are to be numbered among his faults. The last interview between the king and Walpole was, perhaps, the most affecting which ever took place between a

sovereign and his fallen minister. Of late, time and disappointments had in some degree soured the tempers of both, and some unpleasant asperities had recently roughened their personal intercourse; but now at this, their last parting, every feeling of unpleasantness was forgotten, and the king embraced his old servant and tried friend, with a tenderness to which it would be difficult to do justice. "On Walpole kneeling down to kiss his hand," says Coxe, "the king burst into tears, and the ex-minister was so moved with that instance of regard that he continued for some time in that posture; and the king was so touched that he was unable to raise him from the ground. When he at length rose, the king testified his regret for the loss of so faithful a counsellor, expressed his gratitude for his long services, and his hopes of receiving his advice on important occasions." It was to the credit of George the Second that, though surrounded by the enemies of Walpole, he continued to respect and consult the fallen minister to the last day of his life.

The king's character for good-humour may be illustrated by the following anecdote: At the battle of Quebec, an old soldier, a Scotchman of the name of Donald Macpherson, found himself separated from his companions, and in the midst of several of the enemy. In this situation, unaided, except by his own arm, he laid about him with such extraordinary vigour and skill that by

the time his comrades came to his assistance a number of his opponents lay dead at his feet. As soon as he found himself master of the field, he was seen to sit down quietly by a heap of the slaughtered foe, and, after wiping the perspiration from his face, to take his "mull" from his pocket, and indulge in a hearty and protracted pinch of snuff. The story was much talked of at the period; the old soldier and his "mull" became objects of general curiosity, and on the return of the regiment to which he belonged, from Canada, the king expressed a desire to behold the hero of the day. Accordingly, the gallant fellow was formally introduced at court by his captain, and on his kneeling down, the king as usual, extended his hand to him to kiss. Partly, however, from being abashed at the novelty of his situation, and partly, perhaps, from being accustomed to have frequent demands made on his mull by those who knew of its connection with his act of prowess, the man, instead of complying with the forms required by etiquette, drew the mull from his pocket, and presented it open to his sovereign. The king laughed as he took a pinch from the horn, and, when the offender against courtly etiquette quitted his presence, gave directions that he should be promoted to the rank of lieutenant, with permission to retire on half pay for life.

The following amusing instance of the king's good-humour is related to have occurred during

one of his journeys through Holland, on his return from his German dominions. His carriage happening to break down at some distance from a town, he was compelled, with Lord Delamere and his other attendants, to take refuge in a neighbouring public-house. The place afforded but wretched accommodation for a court, the only articles of refreshment which could be obtained being coffee and schiedam; and yet, when the bill was produced, the man had the impudence to demand a hundred pounds. The king naturally expressed some anger at the imposition, and, during an expostulation which followed, Lord Delamere inquired indignantly whether coffee and gin were such scarce articles in those parts? "No," said the man, "but kings are!" George the Second laughed heartily at the rejoinder, and, in spite of the value which he usually attached to money, ordered the bill to be paid.

That the king was desirous of rendering himself popular with his English subjects there can be no question. One day, on visiting Richmond Gardens, he found the gate locked, and some well-dressed persons waiting outside for admission. He sent directly for the head gardener, and in a tone of anger desired him immediately to open the gate. "My subjects, sir," he said, "walk where they please." The same gardener, complaining to him on one occasion that the visitors to the gardens were in the habit of stealing the flower roots and

tearing up the small shrubs, "Plant more, then, you blockhead!" he said, at the same time shaking his cane in the face of the complainant.

Hume, the historian, in a letter to Sir John Pringle, dated 10th February, 1773, relates an anecdote of George the Second which is much to his credit. After giving his reasons for believing that the Pretender paid a secret visit to England in 1753:[1] "About five years ago," he proceeds, "I told this story to Lord Holderness, who was secretary of state in the year 1753, and I added that I supposed this piece of intelligence had at that time escaped his lordship. 'By no means,' said he, 'and who do you think first told it me?—it was the king himself, who subjoined: "And what do you think, my lord, I should do with him?"' Lord Holderness owned that he was puzzled how to reply, for if he declared his real sentiments, they might savour of indifference to the royal family. The king perceived his embarrassment, and extracted him from it by adding: 'My lord, I shall just do nothing at all; and when he is tired of England he shall go abroad again.'" "I think," adds Hume, "that, for the honour of the late king, this story ought to be more generally known." This anecdote speaks no less in favour of the

[1] The Pretender had previously paid a visit to England in 1750, on which occasion he actually slept five nights in London. On one evening during his stay he drank tea with Doctor King, at his lodgings.

king's liberality of feeling than of his good-nature. He was inclined, indeed, to use power with moderation, and to be equally tolerant in religion as in politics. One of the first sentiments which he gave utterance to, after ascending the throne, is said to have been in favour of toleration in spiritual matters. As long, he said, as he wore the British crown, no subject of his should be molested on account of his religion.

Liberal as was George the Second on these subjects, and though a latitudinarian, it is believed, in regard to his religious principles, he was, nevertheless, singularly addicted to superstition. Adopting the idle prejudices of his native country, he placed implicit faith in the German notion of vampires; indeed, so bigoted was his credulity in these matters, that he is known to have more than once quarrelled with Sir Robert Walpole for speaking irreverently of those "imaginary blood-suckers."

Like most of the members of his family, George the Second appears to have been a stranger to fear. His passion was the military profession, and the only taste which he possessed was for military parade. During the rebellion of 1745 he entertained serious thoughts of placing himself at the head of his troops, and leading them against the invaders. About the same period, happening to enter the council-chamber, when the members present were discussing the best means of protecting his person in the event of danger, "Gen-

tlemen," he said, "take care of yourselves, for my part, I am resolved to die King of England."

A remarkable proof of the king's readiness, and even anxiety, to incur danger was afforded by the extraordinary fact of his challenging his brother-in-law, Frederick William, King of Prussia, to single combat. The quarrel, it seems, originated in George the Second having proposed his second daughter, instead of the princess royal, as the wife of the heir-apparent to the throne of Prussia, — a distinction which the King of Prussia chose to regard as a personal affront to himself. Accordingly, a correspondence took place between the two courts, which, after a succession of mutual recriminations, terminated by a suggestion on the part of one monarch, which was readily listened to by the other, that their disputes could be settled by no other means than the sword. They were to have met in the territory of Hildesheim, between Hanover and Saltzdahl, the affair proceeding to such lengths, that Brigadier-General Sutton was named by the King of England, and Colonel Derscheim by the King of Prussia, as their respective seconds. That the quarrel did not terminate in a personal encounter was not the fault of George the Second. It was, indeed, only prevented by the prompt interference of Borche, the ambassador of Frederick William at the court of St. James's, who hastened to Berlin as soon as the danger became imminent. On his introduction to

his royal master, he found him in an ungovernable passion; when, instead of vainly attempting to dissuade him from the contest, by making use of the obvious arguments suggested by state expediency, he affected to agree with him that he had received an irreparable insult, admitting that the affair could only be terminated by a duel. At the same time, however, he reminded his master that he had but recently risen from a bed of sickness; that he was still in a weak state; that he might possibly meet with a relapse on the very eve of the encounter; and in that case, he added, the world would naturally put the worst construction on his conduct, should he unfortunately be prevented from keeping his engagement. These arguments produced the desired effect. Borche obtained his master's consent to take no steps in the affair for a fortnight, and the two monarchs being thus afforded leisure for their passions to subside, the misunderstanding terminated in a peaceable, if not an amicable arrangement.

The last opportunity afforded to George the Second of displaying his personal gallantry was at the successful but unimportant engagement near Dettingen, in 1743. The king joined the headquarters of the English general, the Earl of Stair, on the 19th of June in that year, and on the 27th the battle was fought. Previously to the engagement, he rode between the first and second lines with his sword drawn, exhorting the

troops to fight for the honour of England, and no sooner did the action commence than he was seen to expose himself unflinchingly, and almost rashly, to a heavy discharge of musketry and cannon. His intrepidity nearly cost him his life. In the heat of the engagement his horse became unmanageable, and galloped with him directly toward the enemy's lines. Frederick the Great observes, in his "History of His Own Times:" "The King of England was on horseback, and rode forward to reconnoitre the enemy. His horse, frightened at the cannonading, ran away with his Majesty, and nearly carried him into the midst of the French lines. Fortunately, one of his attendants succeeded in stopping him. The king then abandoned his horse, and fought on foot, at the head of his Hanoverian battalions. With his sword drawn, and his body placed in the attitude of a fencing-master who is about to make a lunge in *carte*, he continued to expose himself, without flinching, to the enemy's fire." The person whose good fortune it was to arrest the king's progress toward the enemy's lines was General Cyrus Trapand, at this period only an ensign, but whom the king afterward advanced rapidly in his profession. As soon as the king alighted from his runaway charger, he observed, with some humour, "Now I am on my legs again, I can be certain of not running away."

There is extant a curious letter, written by an

officer of the name of Kendal, who fought in Lord Ashburnham's troop, which contains a spirited account of the king's gallantry and personal demeanour on the field of battle. "The French," says the writer, "fired at his Majesty from a battery of twelve cannon, but levelled too high. I saw the balls go within half a yard of his head. The Duke d'Aremburg desired him to go out of danger. He answered, 'Don't tell me of danger; I'll be even with them.' He is certainly the boldest man I ever saw. His horse being frightened, ran away with him, but he soon stopped him. The French got into the corner of a wood to flank our right. The king then drew his sword, and ordered the Hanoverian foot and horse, and some English, through the wood, and rode about like a lion. He drew them up in line of battle himself, ordered six cannon to the right, and bade them fire on the flank of the French. He stood by till they fired; they did great execution, killing thirty or forty at a shot. Then he went to the foot, and ordered them not to fire till the French came close, who were about a hundred yards distant. Then the French fired upon us directly, and the shot flew again as thick as hail. Then the king flourished his sword, and said, 'Now, boys, now for the honour of England; fire, and behave bravely, and the French will soon run.' Then the French foot gave a huzza, and fired very fast, but our men fired too fast for

them, and soon made them retreat, and then gave another huzza, and fired. We had neither victuals, drink, nor tents to lie in after the work was done. The king stood in the field till ten that night."

The regiment that principally distinguished itself at the battle of Dettingen was the Scotch Grays, who repulsed the French *gens-d'armes* with much loss, and, in consequence, grew to be in great favour with their sovereign. Some years afterward the king happened to be reviewing some English regiments before the French ambassador, when the latter, after admitting that they were fine troops, remarked disparagingly, "But your Majesty has never seen the *gens-d'armes* of France?" "No," replied the king, "but I can tell you, and so can they, that my Scotch Grays have." The gallantry displayed by George the Second at the battle of Dettingen was fully appreciated by his English subjects; nor would it be easy to exaggerate the enthusiasm which the tidings of the victory, and the reports of the king's personal prowess, excited in England. The Duke of Newcastle writes to Lord Carteret, a few days after the victory: "It is impossible to describe the general satisfaction and joy that appear everywhere; and what particularly affects all honest men, is the share the king has personally had in this great action, which I verily believe will be of lasting service to him, and make impressions in his favour

which falsehood and malice will not be able hereafter to efface." "We are all mad," writes Horace Walpole to Mr. Chute; "drums, trumpets, bumpers, bonfires! The mob are wild, and cry, 'Long live King George and the Duke of Cumberland,[1] and Lord Stair, and Lord Carteret, and General Clayton that's dead;' my Lord Lovel says:

"'Thanks to the gods that John[2] has done his duty.'"

Among other honours paid to the king's valour, and to the success of his arms, was an ode, which was set to music, and which the king to the close of his long life took delight in having performed in his presence. On these occasions it was his invariable custom to appear in the identical dress and accoutrements which, thirty-five years before, he had worn at the battle of Oudenarde, when serving under the great Marlborough. In this, the dress of a past generation, excited by the recollection of his valour, and the inspiriting sounds of the music, the old monarch was accustomed to strut proudly about the drawing-room at St. James's, to the great amusement of the younger courtiers.

As far as we have hitherto proceeded in our

[1] The celebrated Duke of Cumberland, second son of George the Second, who exhibited great proofs of courage during the battle of Dettingen, in which action he was shot through the calf of the leg. This was his first campaign.

[2] John Bull.

task of delineating the character of George the Second, the portrait has not been an uninviting one. There is a reverse, however, to every picture; it is necessary to balance the evil with the good, and, in the performance of this duty, it will be shown that the king was not without many failings, both as a monarch and a man. As a sovereign, his principal offence was the unfair preference which he gave to the interests of his native electorate over those of the country which had called his family from obscurity, and had elevated them to become the rulers of her great destinies. As a private individual, his chief failings were avarice, an undue attachment to women, and his unworthy conduct both as a son and a father.

A summary of the lives which have been sacrificed, and of the misfortunes which have accrued to England, in consequence of the overweening attachment, both of the first and second George, to their German possessions, would form a striking and melancholy episode in our annals. In reference to the enormous abuses to which this unfortunate partiality gave birth, Lord Chesterfield, in a debate in the House of Lords, on the best means of defeating the intrigues of the Pretender, observed, with his usual caustic severity: "If we have a mind effectually to prevent the Pretender from ever obtaining this crown, we should make him Elector of Hanover,

for the people of England will never fetch another king from thence." About the same period that Lord Chesterfield uttered this bitter sarcasm, a considerable sensation was created by the appearance of a pamphlet (the authorship of which was commonly attributed to Hugh, third Earl of Marchmont) in which it was maintained that, in every peace made since the accession of the house of Brunswick, the interests of England had uniformly been sacrificed to those of Hanover. One particular fact is worthy of being recorded, that, during the discussions on the celebrated Act of Settlement, which entailed the crown of England on the descendants of the Electress Sophia, Lord Halifax, and others of the English ministry (foreseeing those evils and inconveniences which were subsequently produced by the union of the two countries), endeavoured to obtain a provision, that no member of the house of Hanover, who should hereafter be called to the throne of this country, should, at the same time, retain his German dominions. According to Speaker Onslow, a proposition to this effect was actually made to the elector, afterward George the First, but was immediately rejected by that monarch. On such terms, he said, he could not think of quitting his own country, where he had at least the advantage of certain possession.

Another remarkable circumstance, which affects the present subject, is the fact that both George

the First and George the Second, though unwilling to forego their claim to the possession of Hanover in their own lifetime, yet discovered the strongest anxiety to deprive their respective heirs of the succession. In each case they seem to have been influenced partly by personal pique, and partly by a desire to purchase popularity from the English portion of their subjects, to whom the name of Hanover had long been an offence. In the case of George the First, his dislike to his eldest son carried him to such lengths that he long contemplated the feasibility of obtaining an Act of Parliament, which should compel his heir to resign his German dominions as soon as he should be called to the throne. The king's wishes were actually considered at a solemn conference of the ministers and others, and it was only by the decided dissent of the Lord Chancellor Parker, afterward Earl of Macclesfield (who declared the measure to be "inexpedient and impracticable, and liable to be followed by very dangerous consequences"), that the proposition was prevented from taking effect.

George the Second, whose dislike of his eldest son, Frederick, Prince of Wales, was only exceeded by the aversion with which he himself had been regarded by his own father, subsequently endeavoured to gratify that dislike, and to reap popular applause, by the same means which had

formerly been attempted to be practised on himself. In reviving this singular method of annoying the heir to the crown, the king had the good fortune to obtain the concurrence of Sir Robert Walpole. It was at the period when that minister was hurrying toward his memorable downfall; and as he was thus afforded an opportunity of gratifying alike the king's aversion to the Prince of Wales, and the people's antipathy to Hanover, we cannot wonder that he should gladly have hailed so apparently favourable an occasion of retrieving his own lost influence.

The elation which Walpole experienced in contemplating these cheering prospects is evident from a curious conversation which he held, about this period, with Speaker Onslow. The latter himself informs us: "A little while before Sir Robert Walpole's fall (and as a popular act to save himself, for he went very unwillingly out of his offices and power), he took me one day aside, and said: 'What will you say, Speaker, if this hand of mine shall bring a message from the king to the House of Commons, declaring his consent to having any of his family, after his own death, incapable of inheriting and enjoying the crown, and possessing the electoral dominions at the same time?' My answer was, 'Sir, it will be as a message from heaven.' He replied, 'It will be done.' But it was not done, and I have reason to believe it would have been opposed and rejected at that

time, because it came from him and by the means of those who had always been most clamorous for it; and thus, perhaps, the opportunity was lost; when will it occur again?" It has been thought, indeed, that Frederick, Prince of Wales, would have gladly joined his father in effecting this important measure, had he been certain that the credit of it would attach to himself.

While referring to the jealousy which existed between George the Second and his heir, we may mention that the king's unequivocal detestation of his eldest son led him to the commission of a crime which, if it did not actually amount to murder, was only because it was not cognisable by the laws. The circumstances of the case were as follows: A young man of the name of Paul Wells was tried at Oxford in the autumn of 1749 for having committed a comparatively trifling offence. Being sued by a Mrs. Crooke for a sum of money, amounting to somewhat more than nine pounds, he altered the date of the bond to the ensuing year, for the purpose of evading the suit for twelve months. The offence was clearly brought home to him, but as it was of a very trifling nature, and scarcely amounted to forgery, he was assured of his pardon, and subsequently recommended to mercy by the judge. The king, however, contrary to all precedent, refused to commute the sentence, and this, not because he had formed a different opinion in regard to the magnitude of the offence,

but because the judge, Willes, from whom the recommendation emanated, was a friend and favourite of the Prince of Wales. Wells was accordingly executed at Oxford, on the 1st of September, 1749.

The conduct of George the Second toward his children, more especially when young, was not such as to induce them to enter very heartily into his wishes and views. It was not in his nature to care much for children, and, in addition to a want of sympathy with their pleasures and pursuits, he seems, in his own family, to have been a rigid and unfeeling disciplinarian. Previously to his accession to the throne, the celebrated Duchess of Marlborough happened to pay a visit to the nursery of his princess, when one of the royal children, who had recently received a severe castigation, was crying bitterly from the effects of the punishment. The duchess good-naturedly endeavoured to console the child, when the prince, with an air of triumph, interrupted her. "The reason," he said, "that you English are never well bred, is because you are never whipped when you are young." Only when his children were swept away from him by death, did his feelings as a father seem to have been sensibly aroused. When his daughter, the Queen of Denmark, died, "This," he said, "has been a fatal year to my family! I lost my eldest son, — but I am glad of it; then the Prince of Orange died, and left everything in confusion. Poor little Edward has been cut

open,[1] and now the Queen of Denmark is gone! I know I did not love my children when they were young, I hated to have them running into my room; but now I love them as well as most fathers." When he was deprived of his eldest son, Frederick, Prince of Wales, opposed to each other as they had long been, he showed himself, in the first instance, deeply affected by the event. He was seated at a card-table when the tidings were announced to him by Lord North. He immediately arose, and descended to the apartments of Lady Yarmouth, before whom he presented himself, looking extremely pale and agitated. The only words which escaped him were, "*Il est mort!*"

Although constitutionally a good-natured man, George the Second, when anything particular occurred to ruffle the usually equable disposition of his mind, was in the habit of displaying an irritability of temper which probably went far in alienating from him the affections of his children. It is a fact, well known to the surviving sons of George the Third, that when that monarch was Prince of Wales his grandfather actually struck him in a moment of ungovernable passion. The incident occurred in one of the apartments at Hampton Court, and it is a tradition in the royal family that, such was the disgust which it produced on the mind of George the Third, on his accession to the throne he could never be pre-

[1] He was operated upon for an imposthume in his side.

vailed upon to think of Hampton Court as his residence. It would be interesting, could we trace the secret history of this occurrence, but unfortunately it is a case where research is of little avail. Lord Waldegrave, indeed, in his memoirs, mentions an interview between George the Second and his grandson, when the king's manner was "not quite gracious," and the prince was "flustered and sulky;" but there was nothing in his narrative to show that their disagreements proceeded to the lengths we have recorded.

It was the custom of George the Second, in particular moments of impatience and fretfulness, to give vent to his passion by kicking his hat about the room. "When incensed, either with his ministers or his attendants," says Wraxall, "he was sometimes not master of his actions, nor attentive to preserve his dignity. On these occasions his hat and, it is asserted, his wig became frequently the objects on which he expended his anger."

On an occasion of his suffering severely from a pain in his thumb, finding that the remedies prescribed by his regular physicians afforded him no relief, he sent for a Doctor Ward, a celebrated quack practitioner of the period. This person, in the course of examining the nature of the hurt, on a sudden caused the king such acute though momentary torture that the latter not only cursed him as a rascal, but accompanied the abuse with

a kick on the shins. Subsequently, Ward had the good fortune to effect a complete cure, and so grateful was the king at obtaining relief from the pain, that he presented the doctor with a very handsome carriage and horses, and gave his nephew an ensigncy in the guards. The latter afterward rose to be a general in the royal service.

That George the Second could sometimes listen to reason, even in moments when he was unusually irritated or enraged, is proved by the following agreeable anecdote related by the Duchess of Marlborough. A person, who supposed he had reason to complain of an act of oppression which he had experienced at the hands of the minister, contrived to obtain an audience of his sovereign, and formally demanded the justice which he believed to be his due. The king listened to him with the greatest impatience, and was about to reply, evidently in very angry terms, when the other boldly, though respectfully, anticipated him. Apologising for his interruption, he implored that, before his Majesty answered him, he would remember he was speaking to a gentleman! "This," says the Duchess of Marlborough, "changed his Majesty's countenance, and he complied with what was desired."

One of the ruling weaknesses of George the Second was an inordinate love of women, and, like his father, he maintained more than one pro-

fessed mistress about his court. In respect to the libertinism of George the First, some excuse might be advanced for his infringement of the laws of religion and society. He had the misfortune to be separated from his wife; he was ignorant of the manners, and even of the language, of the people among whom he dwelt; the society of a foreign land was particularly disagreeable to him; and, moreover, his professed mistresses, both from their signal want of beauty, and their being considerably advanced in years, rather tended to excite ridicule than to set an example of profligacy. On the other hand, George the Second was married to a woman whom he affected to love and respect. He could advance the excuses of neither solitude, youth, nor strong passions; and, indeed, it would seem that he was more influenced by the unworthy ambition of acquiring a character for gallantry and intrigue, than from any other motive.

Unlike his father, however, George the Second neither allowed his mistresses to squander his money, nor to interfere unduly in matters connected with the state. He was too fond of money to allow it readily to quit his possession, and is said too deeply to have lamented the example his father had set him, of being governed by his mistresses, to be likely to fall into a similar error. Of the two celebrated mistresses of George the Second, the Countesses of Suffolk and Yarmouth,

it may be questioned whether the former ever had it in her power to assist a single friend; and it is known that when the latter was once desirous of obtaining an unimportant situation for one of her servants, she was compelled to apply to a third person to solicit the favour from the king. "Do not mention," she said, "that it is my request, for if it is known that I have applied, I have no chance of succeeding." Even in his old age the king continued to affect a character for gallantry, and to pay a chivalrous homage to beauty. When his grandson, afterward King George the Third, rejected the hand of the Princess Sophia of Brunswick Wolfenbüttel, a charming and sensible young lady, the old king observed, with great eagerness, to Lord Waldegrave, "If I were only twenty years younger, the princess, instead of being refused by a Prince of Wales, should at once have been Queen of England."

The king's love of money was another unfavourable feature in his character, and one which was sufficiently notorious to his subjects. It was related of him, as a characteristic anecdote, that the House of Commons having gratified him on some point in which the interests of his darling Hanover were concerned, he sent a summons for his German cook to attend him. "Get me a very good supper," he said, "get me all the varieties;" and, in the fullness of his heart, he added, "I don't mind expense."

Horace Walpole, in a letter to Sir Horace Mann, dated the 31st of January, 1750, has a passage on the subject of the king's parsimoniousness, which is not unamusing. "You will hear little news," he says, "from England, but of robberies; the numbers of disbanded soldiers and sailors have all taken to the road, or, rather, to the street; people are almost afraid of stirring after it is dark. My Lady Albemarle was robbed the other night in Great Russel Street by nine men; the king gave her a gold watch and chain the next day. She says, 'The manner was all;' and indeed so it was, for I never saw a more frippery present, considering how great a favourite she is, and my Lady Yarmouth's friend." "The monarch," adds Walpole, "is never less generous than when he has a mind to be so; the only present he ever made my father was a large diamond, cracked quite through; once or twice, in his younger and gallant days, he has brought out a handful of maimed topazes and amethysts, and given them to be raffled for by the maids of honour."

George the Second, however, could occasionally be liberal; and indeed his thriftiness seems to have shown itself rather in the value which he attached to a single guinea, and in his habit of begrudging the disbursement of very small sums, than on occasions when his better feelings were aroused, or when he was called upon to display a becoming magnificence. "Too great

an attention to money," says Lord Waldegrave, "seems to be his capital failing; however, he is always just and sometimes charitable, though seldom generous." He is known to have once spent a considerable time in turning over logs of wood to discover a guinea which he had accidentally dropped; and yet at another period we find him presenting £2,000 to Trinity College, Cambridge, as the price of an evening's entertainment in their hall.

In support of our assertion that the king was inclined to be niggardly in small sums, rather than sparing of large ones, it may be mentioned that at his death his savings proved to be no very considerable sum. With his frugal habits, and taking into account the large income which he derived from Hanover and the civil list, it was expected that he would die the possessor of great wealth. He was, however, found to be possessed of no more than £350,000, although at the period of his accession to the throne he is known to have been worth within £50,000 of that sum.

Mr. J. Wright, under secretary of state, writes to Sir Andrew Mitchell on the 7th of November, 1760, about a fortnight after the king's death: "The king's will is so variously reported that I do not presume to vouch any one of them. That of the most authority I have is, that he left only £35,000, to be equally divided between the duke,[1]

[1] The Duke of Cumberland.

Princess Amelia,[1] and the Landgravine of Hesse.[2] A small parcel of bank-notes, about £6,000, was found in his drawer, with a desire of their being sent to the countess,[3] which, with two thousand guineas the king[4] found loose, were sent immediately, and I hear was all he left; that the great distresses in Germany since this war began had run away with all that he might otherwise have left."

Hanover, it seems, was frequently a severe tax on his purse. He loved money much, but he loved the electorate more. According to a memorandum found in his own handwriting, the last war, in defence of his German dominions, cost him as much as £2,500,000, nearly the amount of the savings of thirty years. In addition to this sum he had borrowed £200,000 in England, which were spent in support of the war; and, moreover, 200,000 rix-dollars, of which he had obtained a loan from the Hanoverian chancery, were expended in furthering this favourite object.

England had conferred so vast a benefit on George the Second and his family, by making them the rulers of her destinies and the dis-

[1] The king's second daughter.

[2] The Princess Mary, the king's fourth daughter.

[3] Amelia de Walmoden, Countess of Yarmouth, the king's mistress.

[4] George the Third.

pensers of her vast wealth, that she could not but feel indignant at the invidious disposition of those means, which, instead of being expended in promoting industry, or fostering science at home, went to advance the interests of a foreign and unimportant principality. Between England and her early German sovereigns there existed no natural or endearing tie. George the Second cared little either for the prosperity or aggrandisement of this country; his affections were with the petty electorate which gave him birth; he was ignorant of the character of the people among whom he dwelt; he had no feeling for science, in the very country where science had its birthplace; and he had no taste for the fine arts among a people who affected particularly to cherish them.

The only man of genius whom he is known to have fostered was a foreigner. That foreigner was Voltaire. On the arrival of the latter in England, he found that the house of business on which he had brought letters of credit had failed, and consequently that he was reduced to difficulties, if not to absolute want. George the Second immediately sent him a sum of money, and by lending his name to a subscription for the "Henriade," assisted in rendering his residence in England alike profitable and agreeable.

Horace Walpole says of George the Second: "I believe he would have preferred a guinea to a composition as perfect as 'Alexander's Feast.'"

Pope, perhaps, intended to ridicule his want of taste when he exclaimed:

"Poems I heeded (now be-rhymed so long)
No more than thou, Great George! a birthday song."

For poetry he seems to have entertained the utmost contempt; music had but slight charms for him; and painting came not within the scope of his taste. Some few pictures were purchased by him, which are now heirlooms of the Crown; these, however, from the stamp of voluptuousness which characterises them, were evidently purchased rather with the view of gratifying a depraved taste than from any genuine feeling for the arts. These pictures, some of which are not without merit, are shut up from view in some of the untenanted apartments of Hampton Court.

When the great Hogarth had completed his picture of the march of the guards to Finchley Common, it was carried to George the Second for his inspection and approval. When the king had regarded it for some time, he turned to the lord in waiting, and inquired, "Who is this Hogarth?" Being told that he was professionally a painter, "I hate painting and poetry both," he said; "neither one nor the other ever did any good." Some attempt was made to explain to him that the representation was intended to be merely an amusing and harmless burlesque. "What, a painter burlesque a soldier!" was the angry reply; "he

deserves to be picketed for his insolence; away with his trumpery." Hogarth had originally designed to dedicate the engraving from his celebrated picture to the king, but this scene having been described to him, he wisely refrained from putting his intentions in practice.

For the stage George the Second had some feeling, though it was accompanied by but an indifferent taste. At the time when Garrick was first attracting the admiration of the town, the king attended one of his representations of Richard the Third. The genius, however, of the great actor had no charms for him; while, on the other hand, an indifferent performer, who represented the part of the lord mayor, obtained from him the loudest and most unequivocal applause. The whole interest which he conceived in the play was derived from the appearance of this personage on the stage, and, when deprived of the gratification which his appearance afforded him, he could not conceal his impatience from his attendants. "When," he said, "will that lord mayor come again? I like that lord mayor; when will that lord mayor come again?"

The king, in the last year of his life, is said to have derived considerable amusement from hearing Macklin's farce of "Love à la Mode" read to him, the blunders and eventual success of the Irishman affording him high enjoyment. The infirmities of age rendering his appearance at the theatre irk-

some, he paid Macklin the compliment of sending to him for the loan of his manuscript.[1] The person who read it aloud to him was one of his German attendants, whose knowledge of the English language was so limited that the farce is said to have occupied eleven weeks in reading.

George the Second once attended the Haymarket Theatre for the purpose of seeing Foote perform the humorous character of Major Sturgeon, in his agreeable comedy of "The Mayor of Garret." Foote, whose admirable representation of his own fantastic conception is well known, received the king on his arrival at the theatre in the grotesque dress of the city militia officer, Major Sturgeon. His habits of burlesquing real life rendered his obeisances somewhat ludicrous, and as his personal appearance was either unknown to or forgotten by the king, his repeated bows and ludicrous costume could not but attract the attention of the sovereign. At length, as Foote kept backing and bowing before him, the king, with utter amazement depicted on his countenance, turned to the lord in waiting. "Who on earth," he said, "is that man in regimentals, and in what corps can he possibly serve?"

The king's frequent habit of attending the theatre may be traced rather to a native love of the ridiculous, than to any higher motives of either

[1] "Love à la Mode" was brought out at Drury Lane Theatre in 1760, and was first printed, in 4to, in 1793.

regard or admiration for the histrionic art. The most ludicrous burlesque of the manners of ordinary life seems to have been preferred by him to a tragedy of the highest order; no one more heartily enjoyed a joke; and those who had favours to demand of him appear, on more than one occasion, to have succeeded in their objects rather by exciting the king's risibility at some whimsical and original mode of preferring their solicitations, than by calling to their aid the advocacy of others, or trusting to their own individual merits. An officer of the name of Otway, whose professional services had long been neglected, and who had seen several officers, junior in rank to himself, preferred to the command of regiments which from time to time became vacant, at length determined to memorialise his sovereign on the subject of his wrongs. Being a person whose education had been somewhat neglected, he was compelled to employ the chaplain of his regiment to draw up the requisite petition, which the latter concluded according to a long established form: "And your petitioner will ever pray." The word "pray" grated on the ear of the soldier, who, accordingly, insisted that, however appropriate might be the phrase when made use of by one of the clerical profession, the word "fight" ought unquestionably to be substituted when the petitioner happened to be a soldier. The chaplain warmly argued with him on the absurdity of his reasoning, but, in spite

of all he could say, Otway eventually presented a memorial to the king concluding, "And your petitioner will ever fight." George the Second is said not only to have laughed heartily at this original form of appeal, but to have presented Otway with the command of a vacant regiment, notwithstanding a very decided opposition on the part of his ministry, who were desirous of conferring the appointment on one of their own political supporters.

The king was once seated at a card-table at Kensington, when the Countess of Deloraine,[1] who usually formed one of his intimate society, and who, indeed, was thought to be the rival of Lady Yarmouth for his affections, happened to be one of the party at the game. In the midst of the play one of the princesses quietly glided behind Lady Deloraine, and, suddenly drawing the chair from under her, caused her to fall in a very ludicrous posture on the ground. The king, by his repeated laughter, showed himself highly diverted at the disaster of his favourite, a circumstance

[1] Elizabeth Fenwick, widow of Henry Scott, third Earl of Deloraine, and governess to the young princesses, daughters of George the Second. There is a passage in an indifferent lampoon by Lord Hervey, which would lead us to suppose that her conduct was far from being exemplary. Lord Carteret, addressing the king, is supposed to say :

> "There's another court booby, at once hot and dull,
> Your pious pimp Schutz, a mean Hanover tool ;
> For your card-play at night he too shall remain,
> With virtuous, aud sober, and wise Deloraine."

Lady Deloraine died at an advanced age in 1794.

which so enraged the insulted lady that, some time afterward, seizing the king's chair, she occasioned him the same mishap which she had recently experienced herself. "The monarch," says Horace Walpole, "like Louis the Fourteenth, was mortal in the part which touched the ground." Diverted as he had been when the misfortune occurred to another, he regarded the insult as unpardonable when offered to himself, and henceforward Lady Deloraine was banished the court.

A practical joke, which was played by the Duke of Montagu on Heidegger, the "Swiss Count" of the *Tatler*, and once a celebrated conductor of operas and masquerades, is said to have been heartily enjoyed by George the Second. A few days previous to one of Heidegger's famous masquerades, at which the king had promised to be present, the Duke of Montagu invited the German to sup with him at the Devil's Tavern,[1] in Fleet

[1] The Devil's Tavern, which for nearly three centuries was celebrated as a place of recreation, stood on the south side of Fleet Street, a few doors from Temple Bar. "Near Temple Bar," says Pennant, "is the Devil's Tavern, so called from its sign of St. Dunstan seizing the evil spirit by the nose with a pair of hot tongs. Ben Jonson has immortalised it by his 'Leges Conviviales,' which he wrote for the regulation of a club of wits, held here in a room he dedicated to Apollo, over the chimney-piece of which they are preserved. The tavern was, in his days, kept by Simon Wadloe; whom, in a copy of verses over the door of the Apollo, he dignified with the title of King of Skinkers." The Devil's Tavern was pulled down about fifty years since, and Child's Buildings erected on its site.

Street, and plied him with wine till he became helplessly intoxicated. While in a state of insensibility Mrs. Salmon,[1] a well-known modeller in wax, was introduced to take a cast of his face, which was afterward painted to the very image of life. At the same time, the duke procured a suit of clothes exactly resembling Heidegger's ordinary costume, and having discovered a person whose voice and figure closely assimilated with those of the German, he contrived, with the aid of these adjuncts, to create an admirable counterfeit of his unfortunate butt.

When the evening of the masquerade arrived, and the king and his suite made their appearance, Heidegger, with his usual courtly promptitude, gave the signal to the band to strike up the national anthem. At the same moment the counterfeit Heidegger, who had placed himself in an equally conspicuous position, commanded them to play the then offensive Jacobite tune of "Over the water to Charley." Both the king and the musicians seem to have been in the secret of the joke, for the former laughed immoderately, and the latter zealously followed the orders of the fictitious manager. The scene which followed

[1] Mrs. Salmon's Wax-works are celebrated in the *Spectator*, and for nearly half a century constituted one of the "sights" of London. A print of the exterior of her residence in Fleet Street, published by Smith, in 1793, is well known to the curious in London antiquities.

may be more easily imagined than described. Heidegger, in the exuberance of his rage, is said to have exhibited all the gestures of a madman, and while in this state of fury the Duke of Montagu, with every appearance of serious formality, intimated to him that the king was highly and very properly exasperated at his countenancing the insolence of the musicians, and recommended him by all means to repair immediately to the royal box, and make the best apology in his power. He had just commenced a warm vindication of his conduct, when he was interrupted by the false Heidegger, who, with the same asseverations of innocence, and with an assumption of the same indignant wrath at being imposed upon, affirmed that he was not the person who had so grossly insulted his sovereign. The king allowed the joke to last for some time, till at length it became evident that the unfortunate Heidegger was suffering real pain from the calm assurances and overwhelming impertinence of his rival, when the king terminated the affair by ordering the counterfeit Heidegger to pull off his mask. It may be mentioned that, on the 19th of May, 1729, a grand jury had presented Heidegger and his masquerades as nuisances. Either his entertainments, however, had become more reputable, or the king continued to patronise them in spite of their being denounced by the law.

It was the fortunate and peculiar lot of George the Second to behold his prospects brighten as he

declined in years. Only a few years had elapsed since he was notoriously the most unpopular sovereign in Europe. Then it was that he was surrounded and enthralled by a corrupt ministry, men equally without genius, without patriotism, and without political courage. A war followed, which was only less inglorious in comparison with the ignominious peace by which it was succeeded. The national treasury was drained, and the country groaned under extraordinary burthens. Men regarded almost with horror their alien prince and his foreign prejudices. And yet this same monarch, devoid as he was of all native genius, and without any feeling for the country over which he ruled, had latterly the good fortune to find himself the idol of a flourishing people, to see all his military operations crowned by the most glorious triumphs, to behold colony after colony attached to the English dominion, to find commerce keeping pace with military renown, and finally to be able to leave the undisputed succession of his kingdom to his heirs, a circumstance which his former unpopularity, and the increasing power of the Jacobites, had rendered somewhat problematical. Such was the vast debt which George the Second owed to the mighty genius of the great Lord Chatham! In addition to the blessings thus conferred upon him, he was permitted, at the close of his long life, to yield up his existence without a pang. He died, moreover, almost at the very

moment when defective hearing, and a threatened extinction of sight,[1] seemed to indicate that, had his days been lengthened, they would have proved a burthen to him rather than a blessing.

George the Second, moreover, to the close of his long life enjoyed almost uninterrupted health. "The king," says Lord Waldegrave, "is in his seventy-fifth year; but temperance and an excellent constitution have hitherto preserved him from many of the infirmities of old age." Only a few months before he died, he is described, during a very cold season, as having left off fires and wearing a silk coat. Considering, therefore, the natural strength of his constitution, and the regularity of his habits, we cannot wonder that his sudden dissolution should have occasioned as much surprise to his subjects as to those who

[1] Wraxall observes, in his memoirs: "His sight had greatly failed him for some time preceding his decease. I have heard Mr. Fraser say, — who was during many years under secretary of state, — that in 1760, a few months before the king died, having occasion to present a paper to him for his signature, at Kensington, George the Second took the pen in his hand, and having, as he conceived, affixed his name to it, returned it to Fraser, but so defective was his vision, that he had neither dipped his pen in the ink, nor did he perceive that of course he had only drawn it over the paper without making any impression. Fraser, aware of the king's blindness, yet unwilling to let his Majesty perceive that he discovered it, said: 'Sir, I have given you so bad a pen that it will not write, allow me to present you a better for the purpose.' Then dipping it himself in the ink, he returned it to the king, who, without making any remark, instantly signed the paper."

immediately surrounded his person. Of his decease there is an interesting account in one of Horace Walpole's letters to Sir Horace Mann. "On Friday night," he writes, "the king went to bed in perfect health, and rose so the next morning at his usual hour of six; he called for and drank his chocolate. At seven, for everything with him was exact and periodic, he went into the closet to dismiss his chocolate. Coming from thence, his *valet de chambre* heard a noise, waited a moment, and heard something like a groan. He ran in, and in a small room between the closet and bedchamber he found the king on the floor, who had cut the right side of his face against the edge of a bureau, and who, after a gasp, expired. Lady Yarmouth was called, and sent for Princess Amelia; but they only told the latter that the king was ill and wanted her. She had been confined some days with the rheumatism, but hurried down, ran into the room without further notice, and saw her father extended on the bed. She is very purblind, and more than a little deaf. They had not closed his eyes; she bent down close to his face, and concluded he spoke to her, though she could not hear him; — guess what a shock when she found the truth! What an enviable death!" adds Walpole. "In the greatest period of the glory of this country, and of his reign; in perfect tranquillity at home, at seventy-seven, growing blind and deaf, to die without a pang, before

any reverse of fortune, or any distasteful peace, nay, but two days before a ship-load of bad news, could he have chosen such another moment!"

The same writer, in a letter to George Montagu, dated the day following the king's death, gives a similar and no less interesting account of that event, though the tone of elation which characterises his narrative says but little for the goodness of heart. "Was ever," he writes, "so agreeable a man as King George the Second, to die the very day it was necessary to save me from ridicule! I was to have kissed hands to-morrow, but you will not care a farthing about that now, so I must tell you all I know of departed majesty. He went to bed well last night, rose at six this morning as usual, looked, I suppose, if all his money was in his purse, and called for his chocolate. A little after seven he went into the etc., etc.; the German *valet de chambre* heard a noise, listened, heard something like a groan; ran in and found the hero of Oudenarde and Dettingen on the floor, with a gash on his right temple, by falling against the corner of a bureau. He tried to speak, could not, and expired. Princess Emily was called, found him dead, and wrote to the prince.[1] I know not a syllable, but am come to hear and see as much as I can. I fear you will cry and roar all night; but one could not keep it from you." It appears by other accounts, that on

[1] King George the Third.

the morning of his decease the king rose at his usual early hour, drank his cup of chocolate, made, as was customary with him, an inquiry about the wind, and appeared anxious respecting the arrival of the foreign mails. He then opened one of the windows of his apartment, and, observing that the weather was favourable, expressed his intention of strolling in the gardens of the palace. A few minutes afterward he retired for some private purpose, and almost immediately one of his German attendants was startled by the sound of a heavy fall. He hastened to the spot, and found the king stretched on the floor, with the blood trickling from his right forehead. He was speechless, and after a vain endeavour to express himself expired. An attempt was made to restore animation by bleeding him ; but the remedy could not fail to be unavailing, as, on a post-mortem examination, it was found that he had burst the right ventricle of the heart, and a flow of blood having rushed into the surrounding pericardium, the effusion necessarily produced almost instant dissolution. The case, in a medical point of view, is stated to have been a peculiar one. The king was not only a person of a vigorous constitution and of very temperate habits, but he had attained to that advanced period of life when the blood, having become stagnated by age, but rarely forces itself through its natural channels. The death of George the Second took place on the 25th Octo-

ber, 1760, in the seventy-eighth year of his age, and the thirty-fourth of his reign over England.

Horace Walpole, who walked in procession at the funeral of George the Second, has bequeathed us an interesting account of the ceremony. It is impossible, indeed, to peruse the letter to George Montagu, in which he paints the melancholy scene, without being forcibly struck with his powers of graphic delineation, and without acknowledging that he has completely triumphed in his epistolary art. His description of the scene itself; the contrast presented in his narrative between the manly grief and commanding figure of the Duke of Cumberland, and the affected and maudlin sensibility of the Duke of Newcastle; the intrusion, also, of Walpole's own petty feelings of pride, — his "dread" of being selected by the heralds to walk in the procession with a "boy," — render his narrative as curious as it is interesting.

"Do you know," he writes, "I had the curiosity to go to the burying t'other night. I had never seen a royal funeral; nay, I walked as a rag of quality, which I found would be, and so it was, the easiest way of seeing it. 'Tis absolutely a noble sight. The prince's chamber hung with purple, and a quantity of silver lamps; the coffin under a canopy of purple velvet, and six vast chandeliers of silver, on high stands, had a very good effect. The ambassador from Tripoli, and his son, were carried to see that chamber; the procession

through a line of foot-guards, every seventh man bearing a torch; the horse-guards lining the outside; their officers with drawn sabres, and crape sashes, on horseback; the drums muffled; the fifes; bells tolling, and minute guns; all this was very solemn; but the charm was the entrance to the abbey, where we were received by the dean and chapter in rich robes; the choir and almsmen bearing torches; the whole abbey so illumined that one saw it to greater advantage than by day; the tombs, long aisles, and fretted roof, all appearing distinctly; and with the happiest chiaro-oscuro, there wanted nothing but incense, and little chapels here and there, with priests saying mass for the repose of the defunct, — yet one could not complain of its not being Catholic enough. I had been in dread of being coupled with some boy of ten years old, but the heralds were not very accurate, and I walked with George Grenville, taller and older, to keep me in countenance. When we came to the chapel of Henry the Seventh all solemnity and decorum ceased; no order was observed; people sat or stood where they would or could; the yeomen of the guard were crying out for help, oppressed by the immense weight of the coffin; the bishop read sadly, and blundered in the prayers; the fine chapter, 'Man that is born of a woman,' was chanted, not read, and the anthem, besides being immeasurably tedious, would have served as well for a nuptial.

"The real serious part was the figure of the Duke of Cumberland heightened by a thousand melancholy circumstances; he had a dark brown adonis, and a cloak of black cloth with a train of five yards. Attending the funeral of a father could not be pleasant; his leg extremely bad, yet forced to stand upon it near two hours; his face bloated and distorted with his late paralytic stroke, which has affected, too, one of his eyes; and placed over the mouth of the vault into which, in all probability, he must himself so soon descend: think how unpleasant a situation! He bore it all with a firm and unaffected countenance. This grave scene was fully contrasted by the burlesque Duke of Newcastle. He fell into a fit of crying the moment he came into the chapel, and flung himself back into a stall, the archbishop hovering over him with a smelling-bottle; but in two minutes his curiosity got the better of his hypocrisy, and he ran about the chapel with his glass, to spy who was or who was not there, spying with one hand and mopping his eyes with the other. Then returned the fear of catching cold, and the Duke of Cumberland, who was sinking with heat, felt himself weighed down, and turning around, found it was the Duke of Newcastle standing upon his train to avoid the chill of the marble. It was very theatric to look down into the vault where the coffin lay, attended by mourners with lights. Clavering, the groom of the bedchamber, refused

to sit up with the body, and was dismissed by the king's order."

We have already so fully illustrated the character of George the Second by a variety of passing anecdotes as scarcely to render it necessary to say anything further on the subject. If evil be found to preponderate in his character, we shall at least discover some redeeming traits sufficient to claim forbearance, if not esteem. If he was a bad father, and a worse son, he was at least a considerate and an affectionate husband; though easily excited to anger, he was rarely revengeful; if avaricious by nature, he could be generous from principle; if careless to the interests of England, he was less so than his father had been before him; if his manners were occasionally harsh and forbidding, yet his nature was essentially kind; and if deficient in matters of taste, he was at least eminently brave, and strictly veracious. His love of women seems to have originated in some absurd feelings of personal vanity, and in appearance only does it seem to have been carried to excess. His mistresses, indeed, appear to have been his mistresses in little more than in name; he allowed them neither to influence his actions nor to become a burden on the state; the uninitiated, indeed, paid their court to them for the advancement of their views, but the more knowing were aware that the king's affections were with the queen only, and that the rays of royal favour emanated from her

alone. The principal and more heinous offences which have been laid to the charge of George the Second are comprised in the barbarous execution of poor Wells, and in the destruction of his father's will. For the former offence there can be neither excuse nor extenuation, while as regards the latter act of iniquitous fraud, little more can be said than that it seems a solitary instance in which want of integrity can be laid to his charge. Even his father, though he detested him, allowed him to be strictly honest. "*Il est fougueux*," he said, "*mais il a de l'honneur.*"

CHAPTER XVII.

CAROLINE, QUEEN OF GEORGE II.

Born in 1683 — Educated at the Court of Berlin — Her Personal Attractions — Refuses the Hand of the Archduke Charles — Her Marriage to George the Second — Seized Soon Afterward with the Smallpox — George the First's Dislike of the Princess — Dignity and Decorum of the Princess as Queen — Her Patronage of Men of Wit and Learning — Her Levees — The Queen Patronises Butler, Savage, and Stephen Duck — Philosophical Disputation between Clarke and Leibnitz Referred to the Queen as Arbitress — Her Fondness for Divinity — Promotes the Arian Doctrines — Her Patronage of Doctor Clarke — Offers Him the See of Canterbury, which He Declines — Curious Interview on the Subject between Clarke and Walpole — The Queen's Dislike of Fashionable Masquerades — Her Uniform Support of Sir R. Walpole — The Queen Dines Frequently with Sir R. Walpole, at Chelsea — Strict Etiquette on These Occasions — Causes of Walpole's Great Influence over the Queen's Mind — The Queen's Adroit Management of the King, and Commanding Influence over Him — Anecdote of the King and Queen — The King's Affection for His Wife — Her Toleration of His Mistresses.

CAROLINE WILHELMINA, daughter of John Frederic, Margrave of Anspach, by the Princess of Saxe-Eysenach, was born in 1683, the same year as her future husband. Her father dying when she was very young, and her mother contracting

a second marriage with John George, Elector of Saxony, she was sent to be educated at the court of Berlin, under the care of her aunt, the accomplished and fascinating Sophia Charlotte, sister of King George the First. From the example and precepts of this amiable woman, she not only derived that dignity of demeanour and propriety of conduct which afterward distinguished her as a queen, but also imbibed a taste for philosophical investigation and metaphysical inquiry, which formed as striking, though less pleasing, features in her character.

Caroline, at this period of her life, is said to have been extremely handsome.[1] In person she was above the common stature; her hand and arm are described as models of perfect symmetry; her carriage was dignified; her countenance wore an expression of majesty or mildness, as the occasion suited; her eyes were penetrating and expressive, and her voice soft and musical. The fame of these accomplishments procured her a splendid offer of marriage from the Archduke Charles, son of the Emperor Leopold the First, and afterward himself emperor. The offer was rejected by her on account of her religious scruples, which forbade her to accept the hand of a Roman Catho-

[1] Lady Mary Wortley Montagu merely says: "She was esteemed a German beauty;" but Speaker Onslow, in noticing her early career, observes: "She was then very handsome, as I have heard from many who saw her at that time."

lic prince. So uncommon an instance of forbearance, in one so young, subsequently obtained for her an abundance of panegyrics from her English subjects. Bubb Doddington exclaims, in an elegy on her death:

> "Her charms superior shone
> To every gay temptation of a throne."

And Dr. Joseph Smith, Provost of Queen's College, Oxford, observes:

> "Above all empire in her early youth,
> True piety she prized, and sacred truth."

Addison, also, in one of the numbers of the *Freeholder*, pays her a proper, but rather ponderous compliment, on her "exalted virtue" and "Christian magnanimity;" and Gay exclaims, in his "Epistle to a Lady:"

> "The pomp of titles easy faith might shake;
> She scorned an empire for religion's sake:
> For this on earth the British crown is given,
> And an immortal crown decreed in heaven."

In 1705, in her twenty-third year, Caroline became the wife of George the Second, then Electoral Prince of Hanover. Shortly after this event she had the misfortune to be attacked by the smallpox, which impaired, if it did not altogether destroy, her beauty. The poets, however, with their usual complaisance, continued, notwithstanding the ravages of time and the smallpox, to cele-

brate her with as much warmth as if she were still in the heyday of youth and the zenith of her beauty. Tickell says, in his poem of "Kensington Gardens:"

"Here England's daughter, darling of the land,
Sometimes surrounded with her virgin band,
Gleams through the shades. She, towering o'er the rest,
Stands fairest of the fairer kind confest;
Form'd to gain hearts that Brunswick's cause denied,
And charm a people to her father's side."

Gay also celebrated her as "the lovely parent of a lovely race," and in one of his epistles exclaims:

"The soul, transpiercing through the shining frame,
Forms all the graces of the princely dame.
Benevolence her conversation guides,
Smiles on her cheek, and in her eye resides.
Such harmony upon her tongue is found,
As softens English to Italian sound.
Yet in those sounds such sentiments appear,
As charm the judgment while they soothe the ear.
Religion's cheerful flame her bosom warms,
Calms all her hours, and brightens all her charms."

On the accession of George the First to the throne, the princess accompanied the royal family to England. For many years, however, after this event she seems to have been regarded but as an inconsiderable personage, whose good opinion or good offices it was equally unimportant to obtain. This was partly owing to the misunderstanding

that existed between the king and her husband, which excluded her, except on state occasions, from the society of St. James's, and confined her to the limited circle of her own little court at Leicester House, and partly to the celebrity of her husband's amours, which naturally induced the world to conclude that where a husband publicly maintains a mistress the wife could retain but slight influence over either his actions or his heart. George the First, however, who had better means of information, was well aware of the influence which the princess secretly possessed over his son's mind, and partly, perhaps, from this circumstance, grew to dislike her almost as heartily as he did her husband. These facts, which are now sufficiently notorious, were little more than whispered at the period. Count Broglio writes to the King of France, on the 20th of July, 1724: "For some years past the king has not spoken a word to the prince, nor the prince to him. The Princess of Wales, sometimes in public, attacks the king in conversation; he answers her; but some, who are well apprised that his Majesty likes her no better than the prince, have assured me that he only speaks to her on these occasions for the sake of decorum." Those who were still better versed in the secret history of the times have assured us that whenever the king named the Princess of Wales to his confidants it was his custom to style her, emphatically, "*Cette diablesse*,

Madame la Princesse." In public, however, he ever treated her with respect, and with apparent esteem.

At the time of her husband's accession to the throne, the princess had entered on her forty-first year. It was a period of life when she could scarcely be expected to encourage the gay frivolities of a court, or to conceive any particular interest in magnificence and parade. Both nature and education, however, had well qualified her to fulfil the various duties which she was called upon to discharge. Though united to a man whose fate it was frequently to render himself contemptible, and often absurd, she contrived to throw an air of decent dignity over her court by the propriety of her own conduct, and by her dignified and almost faultless demeanour.

It would not be easy to conceive a more arduous or a more unenviable part than that which Caroline found herself called upon to perform. Placed in the humiliating position of being compelled to admit her husband's concubines to her domestic circle, it seemed impossible for her to escape either contempt on the one hand or pity on the other; and to a proud and sensitive mind either result would have been sufficiently unpalatable. She extricated herself, however, both from the one and the other. With the single exception of her forced communion with her husband's female favourites, her court was distinguished by a strictness and a decorum of which she was

the sole promoter. She loved to surround herself with men of wit and eminent literary attainments, and more especially with the learned divines of the period. With the former she exchanged wit and repartee, and with the latter she indulged in her predilection for philosophical controversy. "Her levees," says Coxe, "were a strange picture of the motley character and manners of a queen and a learned woman. She received company while she was at her toilet; prayers, and sometimes a sermon, were read; learned men and divines were intermixed with courtiers and ladies of the household; the conversation turned on metaphysical subjects, blended with repartees, sallies of mirth, and the tittle-tattle of a drawing-room." It was her custom, while she dressed herself, to have prayers read in an outer room, in which hung a picture of a naked Venus. Doctor Maddox, afterward Bishop of Worcester, was one day the chaplain on duty, when the bedchamber-woman in waiting conveyed to him the queen's commands to begin the service. He looked up archly at the picture. "And a very pretty altar-piece is here, madam!" he said. Queen Anne had the same custom of dressing herself while her chaplain prayed. On one occasion, decency compelling the attendants to shut the door while the queen put on some of her undergarments, the chaplain suddenly stopped. The queen sent to inquire why he

did not proceed. "Because," he said, "I will not whistle the word of God through a keyhole."

Queen Caroline has been accused of affecting a regard for learned men which she did not feel, and a taste for studies which she could not appreciate. Possibly there may have been truth in the charge. She once told Sale,[1] the Oriental scholar, that she read Butler's "Analogy of Religion" every morning at breakfast. And yet this is a work of which Hoadley, Bishop of Winchester, remarked, that he could never read it without making his head ache; and, moreover, from the peculiar harshness of the author's style, and the almost unintelligible drift of his arguments, any attempt to appreciate its valuable doctrines presents to an ordinary reader, and more especially to a foreigner, a task of hopeless and almost insurmountable difficulty.

On the other hand, many instances occur to us of the queen having extended her patronage to

[1] The queen, while she patronised Sale, seems to have neglected to relieve the wants of that eminent scholar. "The learned Sale," says D'Israeli, "who first gave the world a genuine version of the Koran, and who had so zealously laboured in forming that 'Universal History,' which was the pride of our country, pursued his studies through a life of want; and this great Orientalist (I grieve to degrade the memoirs of a man of learning by such mortifications), when he quitted his studies, too often wanted a change of linen, and often wandered in the streets in search of some compassionate friend, who would supply him with the meal of the day!" George Sale, the learned translator of the Koran, died in obscurity in 1736.

learned and literary men. Many of the first divines of the period owed their advancement in their profession to her favour. She treated Smaldridge, Bishop of Bristol, with marked kindness; and after his death settled £300 a year on his widow. Entirely unsolicited, she drew Butler the "Analogist" from obscurity; appointed him clerk of her closet, and caused him to be nominated for a future bishopric.[1] She not only saved the life of Richard Savage, when condemned to death for a doubtful murder, but conferred on him a pension, which assisted to render that life bearable. Her respect for the genius of Milton induced her to relieve the necessities of his granddaughter. She delighted in the society of Swift and Gay, and she obtained the recall of Lord Lansdowne, the poet; as also of Carte, the historian, each of whom had been compelled to abscond on account of his political principles.

Another literary person, on whom she conferred her kindness, was Stephen Duck, a now forgotten poet. On this person — whom she had drawn from his obscurity as a poor husbandman — she settled twelve shillings a week, and appointed him keeper of her select library at Rich-

[1] The queen died before it was in her power to put her intentions in practice. Sir Robert Walpole, however, either out of regard for his old mistress, or from a feeling of deference to her recommendation, subsequently elevated Butler to the bench of bishops.

mond. Swift amusingly ridicules the good fortune and wretched verses of the favoured poet:

"The thresher Duck could o'er the queen prevail:
The proverb says, — 'No fence against a flail!'
From threshing corn, he turns to thresh his brains,
For which her Majesty allows him grains;
Though 'tis confest, that those who ever saw
His poems, think them all not worth a straw.
Thrice happy Duck! employed in threshing stubble,
Thy toil is lessened, and thy profits double."

Duck subsequently entered into holy orders, and obtained the living of Byfleet in Surrey. Perhaps it was no act of real kindness which had drawn him in the first instance from the humble sphere of life in which he was born. His existence was, apparently, far from a happy one; and, at length, in a fit of hypochondriacism, in 1750, he drowned himself in the Thames near Reading.

Although the learning of Queen Caroline was almost necessarily superficial, she had unquestionably read much. She had stored her mind with a mass of motley, perhaps dangerous, information; she was deeply versed in the principles of natural religion and philosophy, and frequently perplexed the divines of the period by her paradoxes on the subjects of fatality and free will. With Leibnitz she maintained a correspondence on the most abstruse sciences. The philosopher, in one of his letters to her, happening to express an opinion that the new doctrines of Sir Isaac Newton were

likely to strike at the root of revealed religion, she applied to the well-known controversialist, Samuel Clarke, to answer his objections. Such was the origin of the celebrated philosophical controversy between Clarke and Leibnitz, in which the queen entered with all the warmth of a professed disputant. In the end, both parties agreed to submit their arguments to her arbitration, a result which, considering the high rank of the arbitress, we should rather be inclined to ascribe to the subserviency of the philosophers than to their conviction of her individual merit, had we not the authority of Clarke, derived from his private conversations with Whiston, that the knowledge and judgment displayed by the queen, during the dispute, proved her capacity to be of the very highest order.

Besides a taste for polemical controversy, the queen, in seeking the society of churchmen, seems to have been influenced by an anxiety to settle her religious faith. The divines whose conversation afforded her the greatest satisfaction were Hoadley, Sherlock, Clarke, Secker, Butler, and Hare; and the correspondence which she maintained on religious subjects with these and other devout men was carried on through the medium of Mrs. Clayton, afterward Lady Sundon. "The queen's chief study," says Horace Walpole, "was divinity; and she had rather weakened her faith than enlightened it. She was at least not ortho-

dox ; and her confidante, Lady Sundon, an absurd and pompous simpleton, swayed her countenance toward the less believing clergy." Queen Caroline, indeed, was the great promoter of Arianism in England, and especially delighted to converse with those persons whose religious sentiments coincided with her own. It was owing to the peculiar notions respecting the Trinity, which she shared in common with Samuel Clarke, Sir Isaac Newton, and other learned men, that they were indebted for the extraordinary favour with which she regarded them. For Clarke especially she entertained the most unbounded admiration, and Speaker Onslow mentions a report that, when the death of Archbishop Wake was expected, the queen, notwithstanding Clarke's heterodox principles, prevailed on the king to consent to his elevation to the see of Canterbury. Whether it was ever seriously contemplated to raise him at once to the primacy of England cannot now be ascertained. Certain it is, however, that it was solely owing to Clarke's own scruples and pertinacious refusals, that he did not obtain a seat on the bench of bishops. The queen repeatedly attempted to persuade him to accept the honour ; but, finding all her arguments employed to no purpose, she at length induced Sir Robert Walpole to make a similar attempt. A remarkable conference took place between the minister and the churchman in one of the apartments of Ken-

sington Palace. On this occasion, such was Walpole's eagerness to gratify the queen's wishes, and so determined was Clarke, on the other hand, to reject the proffered dignity, that in the course of their protracted conference they allowed the candles to burn down to their sockets; and from the length of their interview, the pages were induced to enter the apartment to ascertain if they did not require fresh ones. And yet, at this very period the only clerical preferments held by Clarke were the rectorship of St. James's and the mastership of Wigston Hospital.

That the queen's secession from the doctrines of the Church of England was at least sincere, and originated in no vulgar affectation of singularity, or assumption of superior knowledge, is proved by the fact of her refusing to receive the sacrament when on her death-bed. Archbishop Potter was the person whose duty it was to administer it to her; and, on quitting the apartment, the courtiers, who were of course aware of the peculiarity of the queen's religious principles, hastily crowded around him to ascertain if his offices had been accepted. The archbishop, however, artfully eluded the question, merely remarking, with a tone of great devoutness, that "her Majesty was in a heavenly disposition." By this means the truth was, for some time, concealed from the public.

Peculiar as may have been the queen's opinions on religious subjects, there is no reason to believe

that she ever questioned the truth, or fundamental principles, of revealed religion. Her chaplain, Dr. Joseph Smith, observes, in his monody on her death :

> " Oft have I seen her, with submissive ear,
> The oracles of God unfolded hear.
> Oft have I seen her, with seraphic love,
> Her prayers preferring to the throne above :
> Where now the praises to the King of kings,
> Triumphant, with angelic notes, she sings."

She was strict in the performance of her devotional duties, and endeavoured to inculcate morality, alike in her own family and in her court. Speaker Onslow, who was well acquainted with her, especially records the high sense which she entertained of religion ; and, among other illustrations of her regard for its observances, informs us that she not only refused permission to her daughters to attend the fashionable masquerades of the period, but endeavoured, by her personal influence and example, to put a stop to this kind of amusement altogether. We cannot refrain from recording another pleasing anecdote of Queen Caroline in social life. She was one day much annoyed by observing one of the young princesses keeping a lady standing for a considerable time while engaged in conversation with her on some trifling topic. In the evening the princess came, as usual, to read to her, and was about to take a seat by her side. " No, my dear," said the queen,

"you must not sit down at present; I intend to keep you standing for as long a time as you kept Lady —— in the same position this morning."

No clearer evidence could be adduced in favour of the queen's strong sense and clear judgment than the support which she extended to Sir Robert Walpole, and the fact of her persuading the king to place him at the head of his counsels, notwithstanding that he was believed — an act seldom forgiven by a woman — to have made use of language personally insulting to herself. That Sir Robert uttered the language in question is confidently denied by his son Horace, though it is no less certain that the queen for many years continued fully satisfied of the fact. "Somebody," says Horace Walpole, "had told the princess, afterward Queen Caroline, that Sir Robert Walpole had called her a fat b—h. It was not true. But upon settling her jointure by Parliament, when she was Princess of Wales, and £50,000 being proposed, Sir Robert moved and obtained £100,000. The princess, in great good-humour, sent him word that the fat b—h had forgiven him." One of the arguments which she made use of to her husband, in order to induce him to admit Sir Robert to his counsels, was probably prompted by this pecuniary obligation. "Walpole," she said, "can convert stones into gold." On her death-bed she recommended, not Sir Robert to the king, but the king to Sir Robert. Some years afterward George

the Second, in a moment of feeling, reminded his minister of the fact. "You know," he said, "she confided me to you."

The kindness with which the queen ever regarded Walpole seems, in a great degree, to have been owing to the good offices of the Duke of Devonshire, who, when she was Princess of Wales, had impressed her with a high notion of his friend's abilities, adding that it was he alone who had counteracted the intrigues of the Jacobites, by discovering Atterbury's plot, and that it was solely owing to his genius and loyalty that the reigning family retained possession of the throne.

The queen, as a proof of her regard, was not unfrequently in the habit of dining with Sir Robert and his family. Even on these social occasions, however, etiquette was strictly adhered to; and, at a period so closely bordering on our own times, it is curious to find the prime minister of England thought unworthy to sit at table with the consort of his sovereign. On the occasions of the queen's visits to Sir Robert at Chelsea, she sat down to dinner with Lady Walpole, the lady in waiting, and such members of the royal family as accompanied her. Sir Robert always stood behind her chair, and handed her the first plate, after which he retired to another apartment, and sat down to dinner with the royal household.

There were two circumstances which tended, in a great degree, to preserve Walpole's extraordinary

influence over the queen's mind; and in both cases he was indebted to his own native shrewdness and peculiar powers of discrimination. We allude, in the first instance, to a discovery, which Walpole was the first to make, that however inconstant the king might be to his marriage vows, and fascinated as he appeared to be with the charms of the reigning mistress, still it was his wife alone who maintained any power over his actions, or any influence over his heart. Walpole's sagacity is rendered the more remarkable from the fact that every other candidate for royal favour (among whom were men distinguished for the clearness of their understanding and their intimate knowledge of the world) paid his court sedulously and blindly to the reigning mistress. Among the persons to whom we more immediately allude, were Bolingbroke, Chesterfield, and Swift. Bolingbroke's secret intrigues with the mistress proved of no avail; Chesterfield lost the post of secretary of state, and afterward the king's favour, by openly boasting of the favour of Lady Suffolk, and preferring it to that of the queen; and Swift, who rested his hopes of obtaining a bishopric on Lady Suffolk's influence, was doomed to find himself signally disappointed. The fate of poor Gay, whom Swift even speaks of as one of the queen's "led-captains," affords another case in point. Gay had possessed the peculiar advantage of having been acquainted with the queen during the time

she was only electoral princess;[1] he had subsequently attached himself to her on her becoming Princess of Wales, and had more than once panegyrised her in no indifferent verse. At her desire he had written his celebrated "Fables" for the young Duke of Cumberland; and the queen, in reference to the charming Fable of the "Hare and Many Friends," had been heard to say that she would not forget the "Hare." The expectations of the poet were naturally raised to a high pitch, and yet the only favour he could obtain from the court was the offer of the post of gentleman usher to the young Princess Louisa, a child of two years old, with a salary of £200; a boon which, by the advice of Swift and other friends, he disdainfully rejected. Swift exclaims:

> "Thus Gay, the Hare with many friends,
> Twice seven long years at court attends;
> Who, under tales conveying truth,
> To virtue formed a princely youth;
> Who paid his courtship with the crowd,
> As far as modish pride allowed;
> Rejects a servile usher's place,
> And leaves St. James's in disgrace."

And Pope evidently deprecates the queen's neglect of his friend, when he utters that touching and beautiful exclamation:

[1] Gay had been secretary to the Earl of Clarendon during a mission of that nobleman to Hanover.

"Blest be the Great, for those they take away,
And those they left me, for they left me Gay;
Left me to see neglected genius bloom,
Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb:[1]
Of all thy blameless life the sole return,
My verse and Queensberry weeping o'er thy urn!"

The true secret of Gay's disappointment is now sufficiently clear. Imagining that the influence of Mrs. Howard, afterward Lady Suffolk, was at least as powerful as that of the queen, he endeavoured to avail himself of her favour for the

[1] Pope alludes to his epitaph on Gay in Westminster Abbey. In that epitaph, however, Pope informs us that Gay lived among the Great, but he makes no mention of his having been neglected by them.

"Above temptation, in a low estate,
And uncorrupted even among the Great."

The Duchess of Queensberry, it is needless to add, was the considerate friend and affectionate patroness of poor Gay. To Pope the latter writes, about two years before his death: "My melancholy increases, and every hour threatens me with some return of my distemper. Not the divine looks, the kind favours and expressions of the divine duchess, who hereafter shall be in place of a queen to me, nay, she shall be my queen, nor the inexpressible goodness of the duke, can in the least cheer me. The drawing-room no more receives light from these two stars; there is now, what Milton says is in hell, 'darkness visible.' Oh, that I had never known what a court was! Dear Pope, what a barren soil, to me so, have I been striving to produce something out of? Why did I not take your advice before my writing fables for a duke, not to write them; or rather to write them for some young nobleman? It is my very hard fate, I must get nothing, write for them or against them." Gay died at the house of the Duke of Queensberry, in Burlington Gardens, on the 4th of December, 1732.

advancement of his views. To Swift he writes, in a tone of exultation: "Mrs. Howard has declared herself very strongly, both to the king and queen, as my protector." The protection of Mrs. Howard was his ruin, and Gay was left to lament his disappointment, and to degrade his genius by heaping invectives on a court which he had lately extolled to the skies.

These evidences of a want of discrimination in others afford the best proof of Sir Robert Walpole's extraordinary clear-sightedness. The queen, on her part, jealous of the power of her rivals, and comparatively neglected by other candidates for royal favour, could not fail to be highly gratified at Walpole's personal devotion to herself. In regard to the other instance of the minister's sagacity, as the circumstances connected with it are of a more delicate character, we will allow his son Horace to relate the story in his own words. "The queen's great secret," he says, "was her own rupture; which, till her last illness, nobody knew but the king, her German nurse Mrs. Mailborne, and one other person. To prevent all suspicion, her Majesty would frequently stand some minutes in her shift talking to her ladies; and though labouring with so dangerous a complaint, she made it so invariable a rule never to refuse a desire of the king, that every morning at Richmond she walked several miles with him; and more than once, when she had the gout in her foot,

she dipped her whole leg in cold water, to be ready to attend him. The pain, her bulk, and the exercise threw her into such fits of perspiration as vented the gout; but those exertions hastened the crisis of her distemper. It was great shrewdness in Sir Robert Walpole, who, before her distemper broke out, discovered her secret. On my mother's death, who was of the queen's age, her Majesty asked Sir Robert many physical questions; but he remarked that she oftenest reverted to a rupture, which had not been the illness of his wife. When he came home, he said to me, 'Now, Horace, I know by the possession of what secret Lady Sundon has preserved such an ascendant over the queen.'"

It may be remarked that the same mistaken feeling of delicacy which had induced the queen to keep her painful malady a secret from her physicians was also the cause of her rejecting the aid of any but her own sex at the different periods when she became a mother. This weakness, perhaps a solitary one in her character, on one occasion cost her the life of an infant child, and very nearly proved fatal to herself. Doctor White Kennet writes to Mr. Blackwell, in 1716: "I am now in waiting in court, and left it shut up on all sides this afternoon. The good princess had symptoms of labour on Sunday evening, and 'tis thought might have been safely delivered of a living son that night, or any time before Tues-

day morning, if Sir David Hamilton or Doctor Chamberlayne, who attended without, might have been admitted to her. But the Hanover midwife kept up the aversion of the princess to have any man about her; and so, notwithstanding the importunity of the English ladies and the declared advice of the lords of the council, she continued in pains till Friday morning between one and two, when the midwife alone delivered her of a dead male child, wounded in the head. She has since been extremely weak and subject to continual faintings, and 'tis said all things are not after the manner of women in that condition. This afternoon, about four, the Lord Belhaven, in waiting on the prince, came out of the women's chamber, and told me the princess had been asleep for about an hour, and was more easy after it, and had no return of her fainting fits; but we are every minute in sorrowful apprehensions, and God knows what may be the news before I seal up this."

It may be mentioned as a singular fact that our historians, in discussing the reign of George the Second, rarely, if ever, mention the name of Queen Caroline. She seems to have been regarded by them in the same light in which she was viewed by her contemporaries, as a mere harmless and uninteresting cipher. And yet this remarkable woman not only elevated Sir Robert Walpole to power, but maintained him there to the hour of her death; and, by her means alone, he

preserved his extraordinary influence over the king's mind. During the greater part of the reign of George the Second she was almost the sole dispenser of church patronage; and, moreover, Sir Robert Walpole is said to have brought forward no measure of importance but he previously consulted her on the subject.

Great, however, as was the queen's influence over the mind of her husband, she contrived, with as much policy as art, to keep her power a secret both from himself and from the world. She was aware how dangerous it would be to excite the king's jealousy by allowing him for a moment to suppose that he was under her guidance; and consequently, in his presence, she carefully assumed the character of the mere humble and submissive wife, who was equally unfit and unwilling to meddle in matters of state. She always affected to withdraw when Sir Robert Walpole entered the royal closet, and, on occasions when the king commanded her to stay, she pretended to take no interest in their conversation, and carefully avoided giving her opinion except when directly appealed to by her husband. Her usual answer was that she knew nothing about business; and yet such was her consummate art, and so ingeniously did she and Sir Robert play into each other's hands, that the very questions which now, for the first time, came before the king had, in most cases, been already discussed and decided upon between the

minister and the queen. "It is a fact," says Wraxall, "that Sir Robert Walpole and her Majesty managed matters with so much art as to keep up a secret understanding by watchwords, even in the drawing-room, when and where George the Second was present. According to the king's temper, frame of mind, or practicability on the points which Sir Robert wished to carry, the queen signified to him whether to proceed or to desist on that particular day. This communication was so well preconcerted, and so delicately executed, as to be imperceptible by the bystanders."

Sometimes the king would pertinaciously refuse to accede to Walpole's propositions, and yet would afterward yield on retalking over the subject with the queen. On these occasions he never acquainted Sir Robert of the true cause of his changing his opinion, but used to boast that he himself had better considered the subject.

The king's prevailing weakness, indeed, was a dread lest the world should consider he was governed by his wife, and it seems to have required no slight ingenuity to lull his suspicions to sleep. Doubts appear occasionally to have entered his mind that he was not altogether a free agent, and sometimes a hint would reach his ear that the world entertained a similar opinion. Such, however, was the queen's influence over him that, at their next interview, she always found means of lulling his suspicions to rest. We have already

seen that it was her custom to make a show of retiring from the royal closet whenever Sir Robert came to discuss affairs of state with the king. At these times she used to drop a curtsey, and retreat with all apparent humility toward the door. It was on an occasion of her making one of these retiring obeisances that the king turned complacently to Walpole, and observed: "There, you see how much I am governed by my wife, as they say I am! It is a fine thing, indeed, to be governed by one's wife!" The queen merely replied, with her accustomed tone of humility: "Oh, sir, I must be vain indeed to pretend to govern your Majesty!" Nothing the king liked more than to see his wife acting the part of the mere ignorant, unpretending woman, whenever a third person happened to be present.

It might reasonably be presumed, from the queen's understanding being so greatly superior to that of her husband, and from her being long accustomed to govern him at will, that she secretly entertained as little regard for his person as respect for his intellectual endowments. The contrary, however, appears to have been the case; and, notwithstanding the humiliating light in which it might be expected that he would have been viewed by her, she seems to have entertained as much affection for him as was consonant with the natural coldness of her disposition. Her submission to his will was most exemplary; it was the

study of her life to anticipate and gratify his slightest wishes; she frequently took upon herself the imputation of his faults; and more especially in cases where promises had been made which it was afterward found either inexpedient or impracticable to fulfil, she eagerly took the odium on herself, rather than any discredit should reflect on her husband. The king, on his part, appears to have fully appreciated her long endurance and unvarying affection, and, notwithstanding his many infidelities, certainly loved her more tenderly than any other woman. We are assured that he never sketched his idea of female beauty but he drew the picture of his own wife; and Sir Robert Walpole, who was intimately acquainted with his character and feelings, used to observe that he loved Queen Caroline's little finger better than Lady Suffolk's whole body. During his occasional absences in his German dominions, the letters which she addressed to him usually amounted each to nearly twenty pages, and yet the king is said to have almost invariably complained of their brevity.

Queen Caroline has been severely reproached, and, indeed, with some justice, with having encouraged her husband's amours, with the indirect purpose of preserving her influence over him unimpaired. "Her first thought on her marriage," says Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, "was to secure to herself the sole and whole direction of her

spouse; and to that purpose she counterfeited the most extravagant fondness for his person, yet at the same time was so devoted to his pleasures that, whenever he thought proper to find them with other women, she even loved whoever was instrumental to his entertainment, and never resented anything but what appeared to her a want of respect for him." The mere fact of fostering a rival, with the express object, too, of enchaining the affections of a husband, naturally strikes us, at first glance, both as a singular anomaly and a very disgusting fact. As a clew, however, to the enigma, it must be first borne in mind that, of the two established mistresses of George the Second, neither Lady Suffolk nor Lady Yarmouth were possessed of any very considerable share of personal beauty. The queen, moreover, was well aware from experience how little she had to fear from either their influence or their intrigues; and, consequently, it became her interest to retain them about her husband's person, to the exclusion of younger and more dangerous rivals.

The truth of the charge brought against Queen Caroline, of having pandered to her husband's profligacy, is denied with considerable warmth by Archdeacon Coxe, in his "Life of Sir Robert Walpole." "This severe representation," he says, "is totally devoid of truth, and proves little knowledge of her real disposition. It was a principle with her

not to disgust the king with remonstrances, nor to appear dissatisfied with his attentions to other women. But certainly never wife felt or lamented her husband's infidelities more than herself, although she had too much good sense and prudence and too much respect for her character to treat her rivals with marks of ill-humour, or to show by her outward behaviour symptoms of jealousy and displeasure." Willing as we should be to subscribe to the justice of these remarks, we fear they are not a little fallacious. Lord Chesterfield, in one of his letters to his son, distinctly affirms that the queen "even favoured and promoted the gallantries" of her husband; and what can we think when we find the king (who must have been the best judge of the nature of his wife's sentiments) remarking coolly to her, in one of his letters written at the commencement of his intrigue with Madame de Walmoden, afterward Countess of Yarmouth: "I am sure you will love the Walmoden, because she loves me!" Nor is this all. The queen, in one of her letters, openly encourages his infidelity, giving as the reason of her complaisance that she is grown old and is unworthy of him. So notorious, indeed, was her acquiescence with the king's will, that on one occasion Blackbourn, Archbishop of York, informed her with the utmost coolness that, having recently had some private conversation with Sir Robert Walpole respecting the new mistress, he was glad

to find her Majesty act so sensibly as to be willing to "divert" her husband.[1]

Considering the several objects which Queen Caroline had in view, namely, her desire of maintaining her legitimate influence over her husband, of rendering his life easy, and of preventing dissensions in her family, it cannot be denied that there existed some excuse for her otherwise immoral acquiescence in her husband's indiscretions. That, in following the line of conduct which she had laid down for herself, she conscientiously believed she was treading the path of duty, there is every reason to suppose. To her friends she frequently complained of the king's infidelities; and if, therefore, as seems highly probable, she lamented in private what she was compelled to endure in public, the world will perhaps be inclined to regard her rather as an object of pity than of blame. That she was a person, moreover, of no very strong affections, is also highly probable. The Duke of Grafton,[2] who seems to have

[1] The truth of this anecdote is corroborated by Horace Walpole. Speaking of the archbishop, he says: "One story I recollect, which showed how much he was a man of this world, and which the queen herself repeated to my father. On the king's last journey to Hanover, before Lady Yarmouth came over, the archbishop, being with her Majesty, said to her: 'Madam, I have been with your minister, Walpole, and he tells me that you are a wise woman, and do not mind your husband's having a mistress.'"

[2] Charles Fitzroy, second Duke of Grafton, and grandson of Charles the Second, was a Knight of the Garter, and held the

taken more liberties with her than any other person, used to insist to her face that she loved nobody. He once said to her, in allusion to some German prince with whom she was supposed to have been in love before her marriage, "G—d! madam, I wish I could see that man you could love!" "Why," she replied, "don't you think I love the king?" "I don't know," said the duke, "but if I were King of France I would be sure whether you did or not."

post of lord chamberlain during nearly the whole of the reign of George the Second. Lord Waldegrave says of him: "He had a particular manner of talking to his master on all subjects, and of touching upon the most tender points, which no other person ever ventured to imitate; he was a great teaser, and had an established right of saying what he pleased." The duke died on the 6th of May, 1757, in the seventy-ninth year of his age.

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